

DREW UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Phoebe Palmer

My Mother

(original)

Please do not take this book my friend
 Unless you really need it;
 Of course I'll not refuse to lend
 If carefully you'll read it,—
 But I how many books I lose!
Gone!!—just when I most need them!—
 If from my book-case works you choose
Return them as you read them

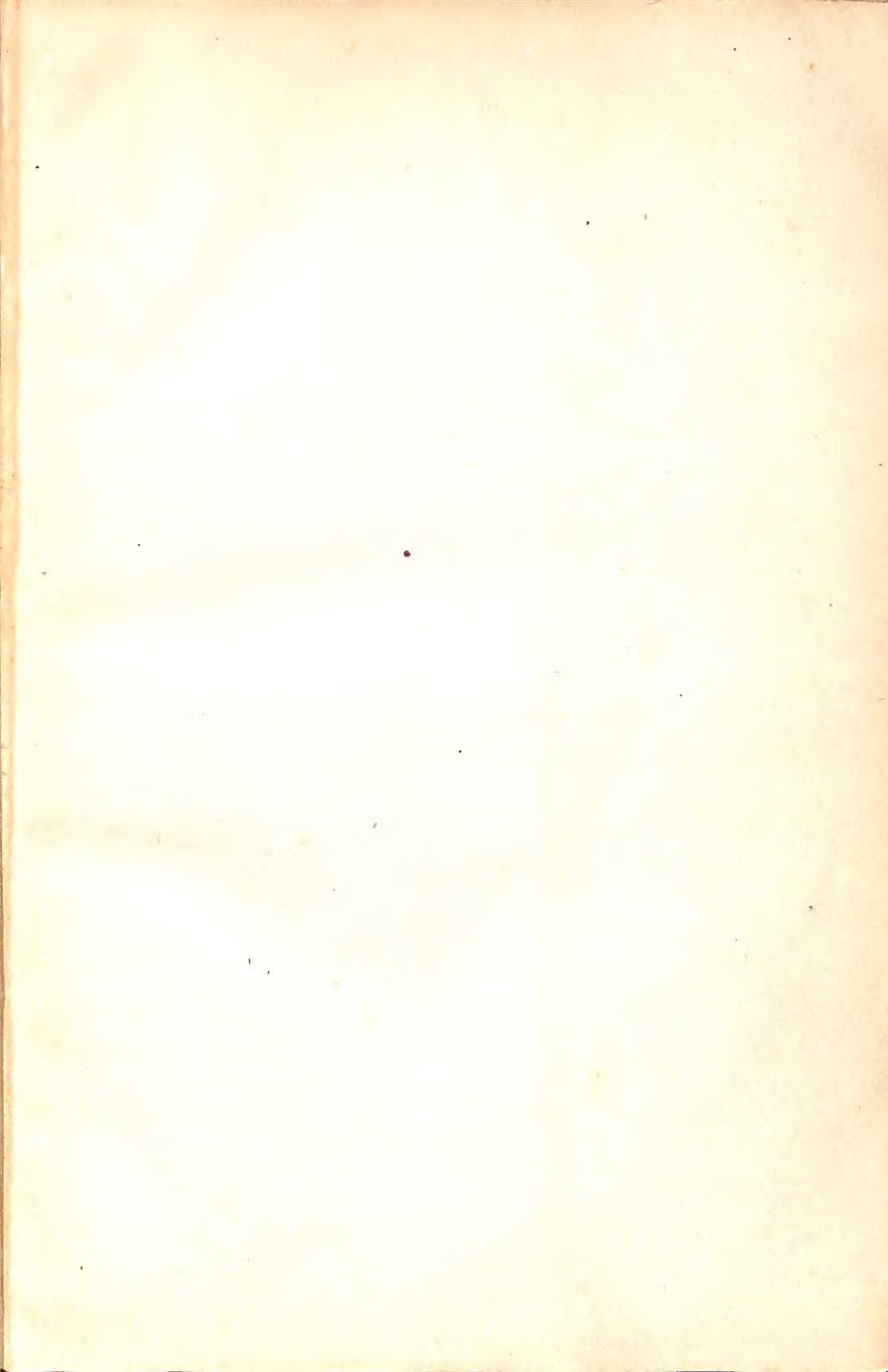
P. P.

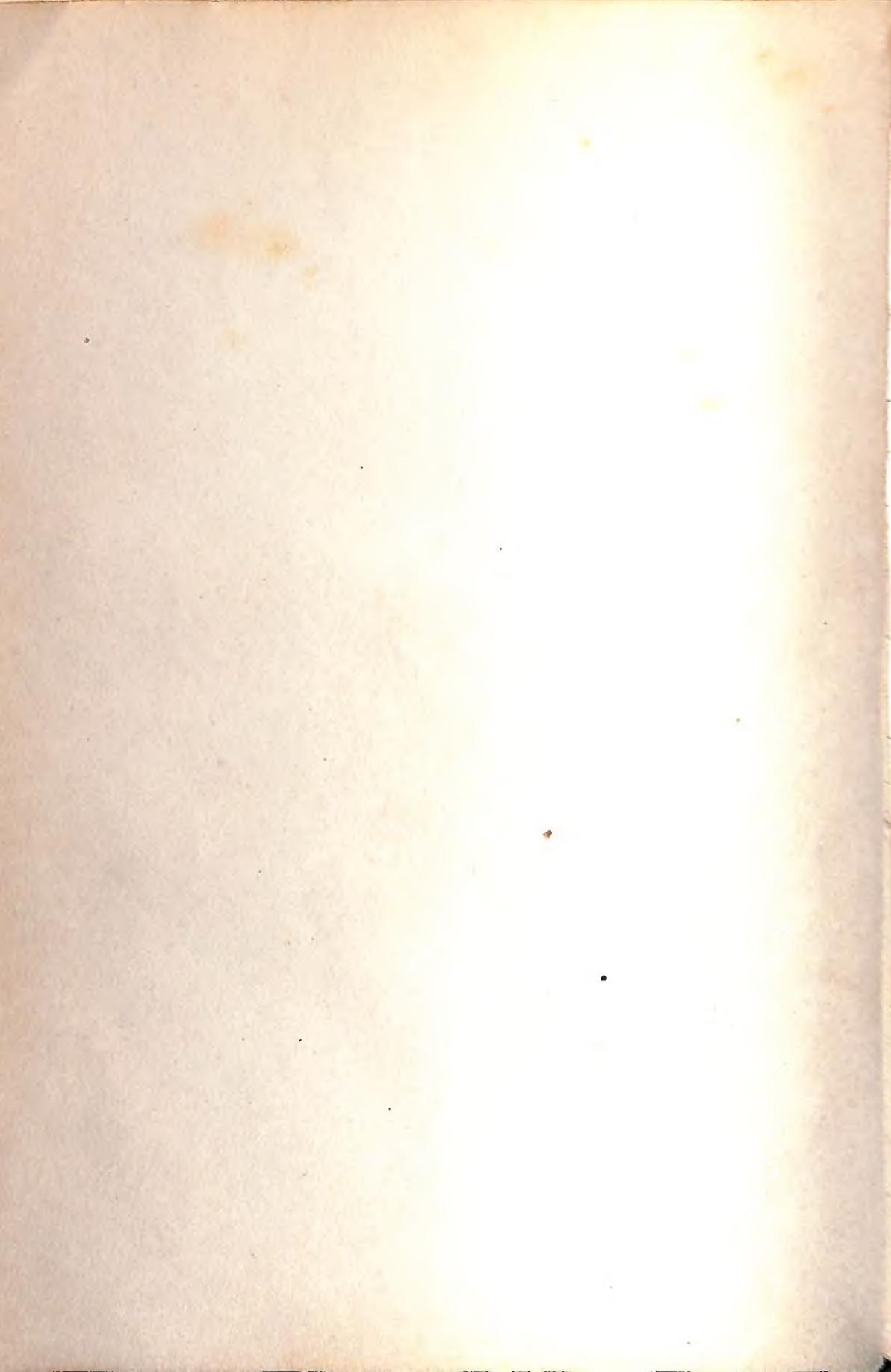
St Marks Place

New York

July 25 1865











OUR HOME IS BEYOND THE TIDE

THE

WALL

OF THE NEW YORK



3.

4,

NEW YORK



THE
GUIDE
TO
HOLINESS.

EDITORS:
REV. H. V. DEGEN, REV. B. W. GORHAM.

VOLUME XXXIII.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY HENRY V. DEGEN,
NO. 21 CORNHILL,
1858.

242646

Fasting,.....	105	Power of the Gospel, (<i>D. Sherman</i> ,).....	22
Fear of Man, <i>Tho. (B. M. Adams)</i> ,.....	103	Prayer,.....	60
Filled with God,.....	101	Prayer Chamber, <i>Tho.</i> ,.....	155
First Pure, then Peaceable,.....	90	Prayer Effectual,.....	179
Form of Consecration, (<i>Adam Clarke</i> ,).....	9	Preaching,.....	124
Gems of Thought,.....	74—138	Preparation of the Gospel, (<i>Rev. S. L. Leonard</i> ,).....	149
Gleanings from the Past, (<i>A. C. B. L.</i> ,).....	56	Presence of Jesus, (<i>B. S.</i> ,).....	102
God our Portion,.....	176	Religion and its Defenders,.....	67
Going Home,.....	25	Religion in Business,.....	115
Gracious Reviewings, (<i>Mrs. Palmer</i> ,).....	10—38	Religion of the Age,.....	6
Gratitude,.....	180	Responsibility of the Christian Minister, (<i>Rev. S. V. L.</i> ,).....	14
Gratitude for Life,.....	26	Scriptural Test, <i>A. (Rev. W. S. T.)</i> ,.....	144
Great Revival, <i>The</i> ,.....	117	Shining up Above,.....	89
Guide to Holiness, (<i>M. Lowry</i> ,).....	162	Silent Influence of Character on Life,.....	70
Happy Nancy—The True Secret,.....	59	Simplicity of Faith, (<i>Y. J.</i> ,).....	135
Harvest Home,.....	19	Sinners Awakened and Converted through Preaching the Doctrine of Holiness, (<i>Y.</i> ,).....	42
Have Faith,.....	13	Source of Happiness, <i>Tho. (J. Bate)</i> ,.....	76
He will lead you into all Truth, (<i>W. S. Turner</i> ,).....	16	Speak of Jesus,.....	60
Hint to Preachers,.....	124	Standard of New Testament Piety, (<i>W. McDonald</i> ,).....	4
Holiness, A thought or two on,.....	53	Struggle with Depravity, <i>The Christian's</i> ,.....	152
Holiness—its Effects, (<i>B. S.</i> ,).....	163	Suffering as a Discipline,.....	124
Holiness without Power, (<i>Mrs. E. R. Wells</i> ,).....	111	Talk with Jesus,.....	12
Humility,.....	87	Take the Cross, (<i>A. A. Phelps</i> ,).....	165
Hymn to the Savior, (<i>E. L. E.</i> ,).....	18	Teachings of Christ,.....	87
I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it, (<i>L. A. W.</i> ,).....	78	Temptations,.....	124
I Love Jesus, (<i>Sarah</i> ,).....	165	Testimony of an old Pilgrim,.....	88
Imperfection only is Intolerant of Imperfection,.....	37	The Burning, Fiery Furnace, (<i>J. T. Peck</i> ,).....	1
Influence, (<i>Mrs. R. H. Leonard</i> ,).....	84	The Consecrated at Conversion, (<i>E. Owen</i> ,).....	45
Is Holiness necessary? if so, when? (<i>A. J. Merchant</i> ,).....	81	The Fear of Death not taken away by our own courage, but by the Grace of God,.....	26
It is Finished, (<i>P. W.</i> ,).....	141	The Great Calm,.....	174
I will not let Thee Go,.....	86	The Secret of the Lord, (<i>Leila</i> ,).....	167
Jesus Christ, the same Yesterday, To-day, and Forever, (<i>M. A. Bernhard</i> ,).....	52	The Shining Path, (<i>Enola</i> ,).....	139
Joy,.....	184	The Spirit indeed is Willing, but the Flesh is Weak, (<i>A Student</i> ,).....	136
Knowledge of Christ, (<i>J. B. Pease</i> ,).....	149	Thoughts from my Journal, (<i>U. B.</i> ,).....	151
Letter from Rev. James Caughey,.....	50	Thoughts on Prayer, (<i>Mrs. E. R. Wells</i> ,).....	86
Letter on Spiritualism, (<i>P. L. U.</i> ,).....	132	Thy Will be Done,.....	92
Levity, (<i>Anna</i> ,).....	172	To Our Absent Loved One, (<i>Mrs. Palmer</i> ,).....	52
Look up to God for light, (<i>O. P. Allen</i> ,).....	23	To Professors of Sanctification, (<i>W. B. O.</i> ,).....	116
Loss of the Soul,.....	184	To Youthful Christians,.....	148
Lovest thou Me more than These, (<i>S.</i> ,).....	105	Trust in God,.....	47
Love to Christ,.....	122	Unbelief, and its Relation to Other Sins, (<i>J. D.</i> ,).....	170
Ministerial Responsibility and Fidelity,.....	57	Vicissitudes of the Church,.....	67
Ministering Angels, (<i>E. L. E.</i> ,).....	109	Voice from the West,.....	104
Music,.....		Way to Holiness, <i>The</i> ,.....	154
Glory to the Lamb,.....	64	Wayside Thoughts,.....	179
Remember Me,.....	160	What is the Reason? (<i>A. H.</i> ,).....	139
There'll be no Parting there,.....	96	Why Should I be Holy? (<i>D. Sherman</i> ,).....	122
Neglect,.....	162	Why Should I be Holy in the Congregational Church, (<i>S. G. B.</i> ,).....	131
Of Christ,.....	54	Witness, <i>A.</i> , in the Congregational Church, (<i>S. G. B.</i> ,).....	43
Of the Christ-life, or the Interior and Essential life of the soul, Considered as a source of Physical Health and Beauty, (<i>L. M.</i> ,).....	40	Witness for Jesus, <i>A.</i> ,.....	120
One Burning Word for Jesus,.....	80	Witness of Perfect Love Brought Out, <i>A.</i> , (<i>Mrs. Palmer</i> ,).....	92
Passing Away, (<i>S. V. L.</i> ,).....	165	Worldly Christians,.....	84
Pattern Showed in the Mount, <i>The</i> ,.....	79	World no Longer Mine, <i>The</i> , (<i>J. H. Reeves</i> ,).....	84
Pencilings by the Way, (<i>Dora</i> ,).....	12—55—85	Work of Holiness in Canada, (<i>W. S. Blackstock</i> ,).....	57
Personal Experience, (<i>Anna</i> ,).....	182	Work of Holiness in New York, Some Years Ago, (<i>A. Kent</i> ,).....	20—71
Power of Perfect Love in Usefulness,.....	68—97		

THE GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

“The Burning, Fiery Furnace.”

BY REV. J. T. PECK, D. D.

YES, the church is in the furnace, and the heat of the fire is increasing. She has not endured her prosperity well. She has not “come forth as gold,” and severer trials await her. Even now she has occasion to know that God has a controversy with her. She is called to show how she can endure the removal of abused treasures. In her career of gain and worldly splendor, she is suddenly brought to a solemn pause. Let us examine the facts.

The commerce of the world has been extended beyond any former precedent. Business men have seen immense profits within their reach, and have yielded to the temptation to increase their liabilities far beyond their capital. They have relied upon the continuance of uninterrupted prosperity, assumed that the demands for their goods would increase rather than diminish, and have risked every thing upon this contingency. Long impunity has given them unbounded confidence in their own skill and personal influence, and they have felt themselves equal to any emergency. The annual income has been estimated on *balance sheets*, with no just allowance for failures in collecting. Splendid mansions, in town and country, have been erected, or purchased, on borrowed capital or funds which belonged to creditors. Bank accounts have been overdrawn, or the credit side increased by discounts, and the names and estates of friends involved in endless complications. Larger and still

more desperate ventures have been made with the hope of sudden relief. New debts and heavier ones have been contracted to extinguish old ones. Mortgages piled upon mortgages have hopelessly buried real estate, not excepting the homestead, which has become the pride of elegant wives and daughters, all ignorant of the volcano on which they are alternately slumbering and dancing! The once careful, honest trader has become a stock gambler in Wall street. He has bought on time, gone into bank to furnish his “margin,” and depended upon sales, and rise in the market, to redeem his paper, and make his fortune. He has gained, become intoxicated with success, risked again, and more, and lost the whole.

In the mean time, God has seen that the vast business world is rapidly becoming dishonest—rotten indeed at its heart, and to its very extremities; that promises to pay are made under the pressure of necessity, or of personal ambition, and not at all in view of the means, and an unsound business reputation is temporarily sustained by exchange of creditors, literally robbing one man to indemnify another! He has seen that, amid all this excitement, the interests of the soul are utterly forgotten; that the people are becoming earthly and sensual; that every vice is growing rank, and the virtues are fast dying out; and he has suddenly interrupted the progress of affairs, and broken the spell with which the people were bound. He has touched the spring, and the scaffolding has fallen—fallen with a crash that has alarmed the commercial world!

Now we cannot claim that the members of the church have been free from the wrong of overtrading; that they have been careful to live within their means, and kept their hands unstained from the dishonest gains which may not be touched with impunity. Would that it were otherwise! But too many evidences thrust themselves upon our attention on every hand, to allow of a moment's doubt that, in large numbers, they have been drawn into the fearful vortex, and are involved in the common ruin.

As it must in this world, it occurs that many of the innocent suffer with the guilty. Multitudes, in and out of the church, are, so far as human eye can see, victims, and not criminals. Doubtless many suffer wrongs which will never be redressed till the day of final retribution. We would not venture indiscriminate condemnation, nor enhance the sufferings of the unfortunate. In each individual case, the responsible agent will answer to his own Master, and "happy is he that condemneth not himself in the thing that he alloweth." But every worldly-minded Christian, who has experimented in trade upon unreliable grounds, and is now in trouble, is brought to a scrutiny which he ought to regard as the purest mercy. The trial is, no doubt, severe. It is indefinitely more painful than would have been the humble circumstances which he has sought to avoid. In this crucible are many who may ultimately come out corrected and refined. We believe the number who have required the trial is so great that the church, as such, feels the pressure, and yet is in great need of having attention called to the significance, of the providential procedure.

Many others there are who have been duly cautious, whose business habits have been equitable and safe, and who have intended to "honor God with their substance, and the first fruits of all their increase." They have endeared themselves to their brethren by their devotion to all the interests of the church, and the monuments of

their Christian benevolence are, on every hand, at home, and in heathen lands. They have given, when it was convenient and inconvenient, given the fruit of their early toil, and their maturer business discretion and skill, always sharing with the poor, and never permitting the calls of God's cause to pass by unheeded. It seems inscrutable to us and yet many such noble spirits are now in the furnace! They are mourning to-day, not so much that their splendid homes are gone,—that their servants must be dismissed,—their superb furniture and equipage must be sold,—and they must begin the world almost anew; not so much for any personal inconvenience or mortification, they may be compelled to endure, as for their inability to respond when the claims of the church reach their ears and their hearts. To be obliged to hear the entreaties of the poor, and have nothing to give—the calls of the missionary treasury, and have no hundreds, or tens, or even ones, for its relief, is a deeper grief than they have ever known from poverty or disappointment. They are in the furnace. They must show how they can endure this deprivation of the greatest luxury they have ever known, the luxury of giving for the honor of their Master. The very heroes and benefactors of the church, are passing through this test. May God support them!

The great public enterprises of the church are brought into trial, partly by the facts we have delineated. There has been little opportunity to curtail expenditures, and the necessities of the world have cried out against the abandonment of one field of Christian labor, or one undertaking, for the rescue of sinners from the horrors of an endless hell. But the receipts have rapidly diminished, and "the treasury in debt," has come to be the alarming cry of almost every benevolent association in Christendom. The most desperate struggles are going on in many directions, to keep the drafts and notes of these societies from going to protest. There is imminent danger

that credit, which has been good, in any part of the world, for a score of years or more, will be sacrificed for want of a few thousand dollars. We are alarmed by the prospect of returning missionaries, the breaking up of missionary stations, the return of the dark enveloping clouds of heathenism, that had been pierced by the rays of heavenly light, the despair of the half-awakened, and the triumph of the powers of darkness, where their empire had been threatened with a speedy overthrow! We fear a pause in our Bible presses, an interruption of our tract and religious book publications and distribution, and the arrest of our educational enterprises! Not that any true mind has any idea of the ultimate failure of these schemes of gospel mercy, but the probability of serious interruption in any of them, is, in view of the state of the world, an appalling prospect to the good.

In the mean time, there are special and most astounding trials in some directions. One man, high in public confidence, has been found a defaulter, to a fearful amount, in the use of sacred credit, threatening the most serious interruption in the work of one of our largest and best balanced Christian associations! Another is in peril by a reduction of its funds from sectional strife! Again, a splendid edifice, the work of a princely benevolence, just ready for use, is suddenly reduced to ruins by the torch of the incendiary, throwing what would seem an almost insupportable burden upon a large number of struggling churches! Then the flames of war break out in one of our greatest mission fields, and the blood of missionary martyrs flows again in sight of the church! Our missionary houses are burned to ashes, and our brethren driven to caves and mountains for the safety of life.

What does all this mean? Much we are sure that we are by no means capable of understanding, but much also, that, to our minds, is perfectly clear. God will have a tried people. We had almost come to think it otherwise. We had—let no one

doubt it—come really to demand *ease*, rather than *sacrifice*, in the support of the church and her institutions. We had thought the conversion of the world, henceforth, a question of time, and not of self-sacrificing toil, and the peril of life. In short, we were fast becoming an effeminate race of Christians, and the hardy energy, the patient endurance, and triumphing faith of the fathers seemed as impracticable as they were inconvenient! But another style of battling for the Lord of hosts, appears in view. There seems now to be some chance to test the muscle, and prowess, and endurance of God's spiritual warriors. Who now will be able to stand?

A Day With Christ.

BY E. L. E.

Is there any greater enjoyment upon earth, than to spend a day with the friend we love best? Its pleasant intercourse, its undoubting confidence, its union of feeling, makes it the luxury of life. Then all the experiences of the past, the duties, trials and blessings of the present, and the hopes of the future are rehearsed, and the heart gathers strength for its burdens, and light for its shadows.

But do those who love Christ more than all others think much of spending days in his exclusive companionship? Does not even the heart, which at times has laid itself deliberately upon his altar, too often forget to seek light and strength in his immediate and continued presence?

How exquisitely sweet must be a day spent with Christ; to feel that he is near in every event of its passing hours; to look out, upon the beauties of earth and sky, and talk to him of things his hand hath formed; to execute the daily recurring duties, knowing that he is by, looking approval at the patient toil; and, in the times of relaxation and refreshment, to share the music, or the walk, or the refinements of art with one who delights in every pure and beautiful thing! An earthly friend

comes in; Christ is there, and the heart cannot slight so dear a guest by refusing an introduction to the new arrived. The soul that dwells with Christ will find little pleasure in any companionship where he is not admitted to full confidence. No talk of other friends will be sweet if he is excluded or slighted in the conversation; no plans for the future will be attractive if he does not share in the purpose; no source of enjoyment will promise a pleasure if the light of his countenance does not smile there. But, where Christ abides, is always joy; sorrow loses its sting, and adversity its bitterness, in his presence.

Then how sweet is rest after a day with Christ, no unforgiven sin leaving a thorn in the sleeper's pillow, no unhallowed emotion preparing a future pain, no sad forebodings of to-morrow stealing away the ability to repose. Christ giveth his beloved sleep.

What different Christians should we be, did we spend our days with Christ! How should we grow in holiness, in every grace of mind and heart! And how might our usefulness to others be increased, did we remember, in all our intercourse with our fellows, that Christ also is our guest, participating in all the honest socialities of life! There would then be no place for the idle word, the ungenerous remark, the unreasonable wish, the frivolous song, the envious glance, or selfish aspiration.

Will we not strive to remember that Christ is always here, whether we desire his companionship or not? Or rather, shall we not so yield up our hearts to his love, that there shall be no need of *striving*; his presence being so felt and cherished, that it is to us as much a reality, at all times, as though his form was one our eyes could look upon, and his voice was constantly heard repeating, "My peace I give unto you."

THE Word of God must not hang, like a jewel, only in the ear, but it must be cabined and locked up in the heart as its safest repository.—[Culverwell.

The Standard of New Testament Piety.

BY REV. W. MAC DONALD.

THE question is often asked, "What is the standard of New Testament piety to which we are called in this life?" Jesus answers,—*"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father, which is in heaven, is perfect."* But what is it to be as perfect as God is? We are not to be omnipotent, nor omnipresent, nor omniscient, nor eternal; and still, we are to be like God. We are to be made partakers of *"his holiness,"* or of the *"divine nature."* We are to be pure as he is. This is that *"image and likeness"* of God in which we were originally created, and to which we may be restored by the atonement.

Dr. A. Clark remarks: "This perfection is the restoration of man to the state of holiness from which he fell, by creating him anew in Christ Jesus, and restoring to him that *image and likeness of God which he lost*. A higher meaning it cannot have; a lower meaning it must not have." We are to receive, through Christ, according to Dr. Clark, *all we lost of purity, by the fall.*

Mr. Watson says: "Sanctification is that work of God's grace, by which we are renewed *after the image of God.*" The holiness of God is manifested, he says, "in restoring man to a sinless state, and to the *obliterated image of God* in which he had been created." According to Mr. Watson, the *"obliterated image of God"* is to be restored as we first received it.

St. Paul informs us that the *"new man,"* with which we may all be clothed, "is, after God, created in righteousness, and true holiness." We are to "walk in the light, as he is in the light;" "and in him is no darkness at all." "As he (God) is, so are we in this world" when our love is "made perfect." He who has the *"hope in him,"* of seeing God "as he is," "purifieth himself, even as he (God) is pure."

"Can we be as pure as God is?" Why

not? Is God unlike himself? If we are to be made partakers of *his holiness*, of *his nature*, and possess *his image and likeness*, which consists of "*righteousness and true holiness*," are we not as pure as he is?

"Then you make us Gods." Not at all. Is one ray of light from the sun, the sun? And yet, is it not like every ray that makes up the vast whole of the sun? Is one drop of water the ocean? And yet, is it not like every other drop that makes up the ocean? The quality is unchanged. The difference respects *quantity* and not *quality*. May we not then be *like* God and *not* God, as the drop is like the ocean, and not the ocean?

St. Paul informs us that, "when the body is dead because of sin, the *Spirit of God dwells in us*." Christ says: "*He will dwell in us*, that he and the Father will *make their abode with us*." Now, if we are "filled with the Holy Ghost," and have God and Christ dwelling in us, are we not like God?—have we not *God's nature* or *holiness*?

Suppose we fill a vessel with the water of the sea, and then submerge it in the sea, we have an illustration of Christ's saying, "I in you and you in me." The vessel is in the sea, and the sea is in the vessel. But mark: although the sea is in the vessel, yet all of the sea is not there. But what the vessel does contain, is as pure as that with which it is surrounded. It would be quite improper, however, for me to affirm, that, because the sea was in the bottle, every man who carried a bottle of sea water in his pocket, carried the whole ocean there. And yet it is true, that the only difference respects *quantity* and not *quality*. He has the ocean, but not all of it.

The perfection of God is *absolute*—to which nothing can be added. The perfection of man is neither *absolute* nor *comparative*, but *relative*. He is like God. Endless additions can be made to his perfection, and still he is not God.

To be perfect as God is, is to be *complete, wanting nothing*. Saint Paul says:

"Ye are complete in him." He exhorts us to "stand perfect and complete, in all the will of God." How much does this imply? Just enough to satisfy us. We ask no more; we are satisfied with nothing less. We are "filled with the Holy Ghost."

How much does a hungry man need to satisfy the demands of nature? Enough to *fill him*. When he has received that, he asks no more. If urged to eat more, he replies, "I have enough; I am satisfied; I have no farther need at present." Such was the measure received at Pentecost. This was their *perfection*—their *fulness*—their *completeness*—their *likeness to God*.

Such a *fulness* is so clearly taught in the Bible, it is a matter of surprise that all do not see it, and embrace it. David felt it, when he exclaimed, "My cup runneth over." Christ says, "The whole body shall be *full* of light—no part dark." "Your joy shall be *full*."

When *deacons* were to be chosen, men were selected who were "full of the Holy Ghost." Stephen was made choice of, because he was "full of faith and the Holy Ghost." Being "full of faith and power," he "did great wonders among the people;" and they were not able to resist the "wisdom and spirit by which he spake." John claims that they had "received of his fulness;" and Paul prays that the Thessalonians "may be filled with all the fulness of God." This is the standard of New Testament piety. Who can doubt it?

"But do you not exclude all growth in grace, by making the Christian complete, and perfectly satisfied with his present possessions?" We think not. Present fulness will no more satisfy for all coming time, than eating a hearty meal will prevent our hungering ever afterwards. Nor will the amount of food necessary for one period of life, be a sufficient amount for all periods of life. The amount of food necessary for a child will not be sufficient for a man, because the capacity of the latter is far superior to that of the former. Babies are

fed with milk, but men need meat. The heart is capable of indefinite expansion. The measure of grace which God gives, is "pressed down, shaken together, and running over." This process expands the heart, so that what is sufficient for to-day, will be a limited supply for to-morrow.

I illustrated a growth in holiness to some of my people—who were met to pray for clean hearts—in the following manner. A gas light was burning over my head. I raised my hand, and turned off the gas, so that a very small blaze was visible. I remarked that that burner was giving little light to what it was capable of giving. I then turned on the gas by degrees, until it diffused a bright light all through the room. I inquired if they could distinguish any difference between the greater and the lesser light? It was readily seen that the quality of the light was the same, but the quantity was greatly increased. In this manner a Christian may grow in grace through time and in eternity, and be *full of God* all of the time.

This fulness of which we speak, does not always imply *fulness of joy*; or, in other words, great *emotion*. It exists sometimes in the absence of all emotion. There is a *fulness of faith*, called, by the apostle, "*full assurance of faith*," which is much more reliable than our emotions.

In 1736, Mr. Wesley had a long conversation with Arvid Gradin, a German divine, of great purity, and deep experience in the things of God. Mr. Wesley requested him to give him, in writing, a definition of "*full assurance of faith*," which he did in the following words:

"Repose in the blood of Christ; a firm confidence in God, and persuasion of his favor; the highest tranquillity, serenity and peace of mind; with a deliverance from every fleshly desire, and a cessation of all, even inward sins."

This is what Mr. Wesley says he had learned from the oracles of God, and had been praying for, for several years, but had never heard it before from any living man.

But in a short time after this we hear him describing this blessed fulness thus:

"Heavenly Adam, life divine,
Change my nature into thine;
Move and spread throughout my soul,
Actuate and fill the whole."

"Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
And lost in thine immensity!"

We adopt this as a correct definition of the *fulness, completeness, perfection, purity, holiness*, for which we contend, and which constitutes the standard of New Testament piety. May we make it a subject of thought, of desire, of faith, and constantly pray,—

"Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole."

Religion of the Age.

THE religion of the age is an *easy-minded* religion, without conflict and wrestling, without self-denial and sacrifice; a religion which knows nothing of the pangs of the new birth at its commencement, and nothing of the desperate struggle with the flesh and with the devil, day by day, making us long for resurrection deliverance, for the binding of the adversary, and for the Lord's arrival. It is a *second-rate* religion; a religion in which there is no largeness, no grandeur, no potency, no noble-mindedness, no elevation, no self-devotedness, no all-constraining love. It is a *hollow* religion, with a fair exterior, but an aching heart, a heart unsatisfied, a soul not at rest, a conscience not at peace with God; a religion marked, it may be, by activity and excitement, but betraying all the while the consciousness of a wound hidden and unhealed within, and hence unable to animate to lofty doings, or supply the strength needed for such doings. It is a *feeble* religion, lacking the sinews and bones of hardier times; very different from the indomitable, much enduring, storm-brav-

ing religion, not merely of apostolic days, but even of the Reformation. It is an *uncertain* religion; that is to say, not rooted on certainty; it is not the outflowing of a soul assured of pardon, and rejoicing in the filial relationship between itself and God. Hence there is no liberty of service; for the question of personal acceptance is still an unsettled thing; there is a working *for* pardon, but not *from* pardon. All is thus bondage, heaviness, irksomeness. There is a speaking for God, but it is with a faltering tongue; there is a laboring for God, but it is with fettered hands; there is a moving in the way of his commandments, but it is with a heavy drag upon our limbs. Hence the inefficient, uninfluential character of our religion. It does not tell on others, for it has not yet fully told upon ourselves. It falls short of its mark, for the arm that drew the bow is paralyzed.—[Rev. H. Bonar.]

Bread upon the Waters.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"Ah, Jacob, now you see all your hopes are gone. Here we are, worn out with age—all our children removed from us by the hand of death, and ere long we must be the inmates of the poor-house. Where, now, is all the bread you have cast upon the waters?"

The old, white-haired man looked up at his wife. He was, indeed, bent down with years, and age sat trembling upon him. Jacob Manfred had been a comparatively wealthy man, and, when fortune smiled upon him, he had ever been among the first to lend a listening ear and a helping hand to the call of distress; but now misfortune was his. Of his four boys not one was left. Sickness and failing strength found him with but little, and they left him penniless. Various misfortunes came in painful succession. Jacob and his wife were alone, and gaunt poverty looked them coldly in the face.

"Don't repine, Susan," said the old man. "True, we are poor, but we are not yet forsaken."

"Not forsaken, Jacob? Who is there to help us now?"

Jacob Manfred raised his trembling fingers towards heaven.

"Ah, Jacob! I know God is our friend; but we should have friends here. Look back and see how many you have befriended in days long past. You cast your bread upon the waters with a free hand, but it has not yet returned to you."

"Hush, Susan, you forget what you say. To be sure, I may have hoped that some kind hand of earth would lift me from the cold depths of utter want; but I do not expect it as a reward for anything I may have done. If I have helped the unfortunate in days gone by, I have had my full reward in knowing that I have done my duty to my fellows. Oh! of all kind deeds I have done for my suffering fellows, I would not for gold have one blotted from my memory. Ah! my fond wife, it is the memory of the good done in life that makes old age happy. Even now, I can hear the warm thanks of those whom I have befriended, and again I see their smiles!"

"Yes, Jacob," returned the wife, in a low tone, "I know you have been good, and in your memory you can be happy; but, alas! there is a present upon which to look—there is a reality upon which we must dwell. We must beg for food, or starve!"

The old man started, and a deep mark of pain was drawn across his features.

"Beg," he replied, with a quick shudder, "No, Susan—we are—"

He hesitated, and a big tear rolled down his furrowed cheek.

"We are what, Jacob?"

"We are going to the poor-house!"

"Oh, God! I thought so," fell from the poor wife's lips, as she covered her face with her hands. "I have thought so, and I have tried to school myself to the thought; but my poor heart will not bear it."

"Do not give up, Susan," softly urged

the old man, laying his hand upon her arm. "It makes but little difference to us now. We have not long to remain on earth, and let us not wear out our last days in useless repinings. Come, come."

"But when—when shall we go?"

"Now—to-day."

"Then God have mercy upon us."

"He will," murmured Jacob.

The old couple sat for a while in silence. When they were aroused from their painful thoughts, it was by the stopping of a light cart in front of the door. A man entered the room where they sat. He was the porter of the poor-house.

"Come, Mr. Manfred," he said, "the guardians have managed to crowd you into the poor-house. The cart is at the door, and you can get ready as soon as possible."

Jacob Manfred had not calculated the strength he should need for this ordeal. There was a coldness in the very tone and manner of the man who had come for him that went like an ice-berg to his heart, and with a deep groan he sank back into his seat.

"Come—be in a hurry," impatiently urged the porter.

At that moment, a carriage drove up to the door.

"Is this the house of Jacob Manfred?"

This question was asked by a man who entered from the carriage. He was a kind-looking man, about forty-five years of age.

"That is my name," said Jacob.

"Then they told me truly," uttered the new-comer. "Are you from the workhouse?" he inquired, turning toward the porter.

"Yes."

"Are you after these people?"

"Yes."

"Then you may return. Jacob Manfred goes to no poor-house while I live."

The porter gazed inquisitively into the features of the man who addressed him, and then left the house.

"Don't you remember me?" exclaimed the stranger, grasping the old man by the hand.

"I cannot call you to my memory now."

"Do you remember Lucius Williams?"

"Williams?" repeated Jacob, starting from his chair, and gazing earnestly into the face of the man before him.

"Yes, Jacob Manfred—Lucius Williams—that little boy whom, thirty years ago, you saved from the house of correction—that poor boy whom you kindly took from the bonds of the law, and placed on board one of your own vessels."

"And are you—"

"Yes—yes, I am the man you made. You found me a rough stone from the hands of poverty and bad example. It was you who brushed off the evil, and who first led me to the sweet waters of moral life and happiness; I have profited by the lessons you gave me in early youth, and the warm spark which your kindness kindled up in my bosom, has grown brighter ever since. With an affluence for life, I settled down to enjoy the remainder of my days in peace and quietness, with such good work as my hands may find to do. I heard of your losses and bereavements. I know that the children of your flesh are all gone. But I am a child of your bounty—a child of your kindness, and now you shall be still my parent. Come, I have a home and a heart, and your presence will make them both warmer, brighter, and happier. Come, my more than father, and you, my mother, come. You made my youth all bright, and I will not see your old age doomed to darkness."

Jacob Manfred tottered forward, and sank upon the bosom of his preserver. He could not speak his thanks, for they were too heavy for words. When he looked up again, he sought his wife.

"Susan," he said, in a choking, trembling tone, "my bread has come back to me!"

"Forgive me, Jacob."

"No, no, Susan, it is not I who must forgive; God holds us in his hands."

"Ah," murmured the wife, as she raised her streaming eyes to heaven, "I will never doubt Him again."

A Form of Consecration.

Adopted by Dr. Adam Clarke, copied by his daughter from the original now in her possession.

JAN'Y 1st, 1784.

IN the name of God. Amen.

Through the abundant mercy and goodness of God, I have been convinced that by nature, I am a child of wrath, even as others, having every faculty of my soul stained by the original transgression; and, consequently, filthy and abominable in his sight, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity with the least allowance; and, finding that there was no way to escape the damnation of hell, which I have most justly merited by adding innumerable transgressions to my native depravity, but by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ;—by the grace of God, this I have been enabled to do, and can now call Christ Lord by the Holy Ghost which is given unto me. I am a living witness that Jesus pardons all who, sensible of their unrighteousness, and casting aside every other dependence, do take him for their Prophet, Priest, and King, and, with their whole heart, confide in his meritorious sufferings and death.

And, being made further sensible that, since I knew God, I have not thoroughly endeavored to glorify him as God, neither have I been truly thankful for the manifold blessings received from his beneficent hands, I now considering I am not my own, being bought with the immense price of the blood of the Son of God, and therefore, by right of redemption, belonging solely unto him; I do now covenant with thee, the most high God, to give up my spirit, soul and body, to thy service, direction and disposal, determining, through thy gracious assistance, to know only thee, the living and true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent. I determine also, through the same grace, to have the goings of my feet, the works of my hands, the words of my mouth, and the thoughts

of my heart ordered only by thee; that, in speaking, acting and thinking, I may constantly glorify thee, who hast called me from darkness into this state of salvation.

I am determined also to forsake all that is near or dear unto me rather than turn for a moment to the ways of sin. Also I will watch against all its temptations, whether of prosperity or adversity.

I embrace thee in thine offices. I take thee for all times and conditions, in sickness and in health, ease or pain, persecution, shame, poverty, contempt and reproach; and this not only for a day, week, month, or year, but to the very last period of my existence. And seeing it has pleased thee to give me thy evangelical laws for my rule of life, I subscribe to them as holy, just, good, and solemnly take them for the rule of my thoughts, words and actions. Farther, I renounce my own worthiness, and take thee for the Lord my Righteousness. I renounce my own wisdom, and take thee for my only Guide. I renounce my own will, and take thy will for my law, and endeavor to do what thou hast commanded, and to abstain from what thou hast forbidden. And now, great God, in order that I may continue faithful to all these engagements, I beseech thee, for Jesus's sake, to purify my deceitful heart, and to sanctify me throughout, body, soul, and spirit. O, dreadful Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, accept this covenant soul and body, with all I have, and all I am, to be thine in time, and to all eternity.

And now let the covenant which I here make, this first day of January, A. D., 1784, be ratified in heaven. In witness whereof, I now, in the presence of the ever blessed Trinity, and on the bended knees of my body, set to my hand.

ADAM CLARKE—So help me, God.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.

Gracious Reviewings.

BY MRS. PALMER.

Not by Might, nor by Power—An Eventful Evening—The Witness of Holiness retained, and how—The Ground of Acceptance—Newness of Life, and its Manifestions—A Doctrine that will never be popular—Holiness is Power—The Doctrine not open for Doubtful Disputations in the Wesleyan Methodist Church.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12th, 1857.

DEAR BROTHER DEGEN,—A letter is before me, dated September 17, which would have had a much earlier reply, if our time had been at our own command. Little did we imagine that we should have been so long detained from home. But Christ, the Captain of our salvation, has been with us, and, we believe, has ordered all the way before. I trust we have deeply, and at heart, felt for many years past, the significance of the divine declaration, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit," saith the Lord of hosts. But never before, perhaps, have we so experimentally apprehended the earnest import of this all-important truth. If good is done in the earth, it is through the might of the Lord of hosts. If holy conquests are gained, it is he who "teacheth our hands to war and our fingers to fight." But I feel that it is due to the praise of all-conquering grace, to record that I have not, during the past twenty years, been prone to the temptation that I can do anything effectually, but through the might of the Holy Spirit. Human or even angelic agencies are utterly impotent, only as nerved by the might of the Spirit. Though Gabriel were called to minister here on earth, by way of talking or writing, the ministrations of his lips or pen would be powerless for good otherwise than made effectual through the direct agency of the Holy Spirit.

AN EVENTFUL EVENING.

On the evening of July 26th, 1837, between the hours of eight and nine o'clock,

the Lord gave me such a view of my utter pollution and helplessness, apart from the cleansing, energizing influences of the purifying blood of Jesus, and the quickening aids of the Holy Spirit, that I have ever since retained a vivid realization of the fact. I feel that I have received the sentence of death in myself; that I should not trust in myself, but in him that raiseth the dead. The tempter oftener makes attempts to paralyze the energies of my faith on this wise. "You know that you have received the sentence of death in yourself, and, without the living power of a living Christ momentarily purifying and energizing your being, you can do nothing. And dare you, with all your unworthiness, claim momentarily this cleansing, energizing power from on high?" Yes, I dare claim it.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION RETAINED, AND HOW.

Daily and hourly, since that eventful period, have I claimed it. But it is only by a *continuous act of surrender, and a ceaseless act of faith*, that I claim and retain the grace. Not an hour, I trust, has passed, since that hallowed evening, twenty years since, in which I have not felt that I would rather die, than knowingly offend God. Through grace I have been enabled to present myself to God a *living sacrifice*. Through Christ, which strengtheneth me, I have been enabled to *keep* the sacrifice upon the altar. And through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ I have *retained* the witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all unrighteousness. Not because of the worthiness of the offerer, or the greatness of the gift, has the offering been accepted, but because of the infinite virtues of that ALTAR upon which the offering has been laid. Not on the ground that I have never erred in thought, word or deed, but on the ground that I have, through the enabling power of the Holy Spirit, *kept* the offering on the altar, with a *sincere intention* to glorify God in all things, and conscious of supreme love to my Savior. And

while I have thus kept my unworthy offering on the *Christian's altar*, presenting myself a *living sacrifice* to God, I have not dared to dishonor Christ, by doubting whether the offering is "wholly acceptable unto God." In view of the *medium* through which it is being continually presented, that is, *through Christ*, I dare not doubt.

Nay, rather, I will, I do believe

"If all the sins which men have done,
In thought, in will, in word or deed,
Since worlds were made, or time begun,
Were laid on one poor sinner's head,
The stream of Jesus' precious blood
Would wash away the dreadful load."

Neither the worthiness of the offerer, nor the greatness of the gift, is the availing plea or the ground of acceptance, but the infinitely meritorious blood of Jesus. This is the new and living way by which alone a redeemed world may enter into the holiest. And it is only by a continuance in this way, that is, by plunging deeper and yet deeper into the purple flood, that we can rise higher, and yet higher, in all the life of God. It is by this purifying, energizing process, that my soul, once dead in trespasses and sins, is being continually raised and sustained in *newness* of life. Momentarily am I being enabled to obey the command, "Likewise, reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive to God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

MANIFESTATIONS OF SPIRITUAL LIFE.

And this spiritual life has its legitimate manifestations. If thus quickened and risen with Christ, then the life of Christ must be manifest in this mortal flesh. It is due to the glory of God, to say, that as year succeeds year bearing me nearer to the hour when this mortal shall put on immortality, I feel yet more of the blessedness of the life-giving power within. The Spirit worketh in me yet more and more mightily to will and to do. Many new and most blessed lessons is the Spirit teaching me, as I daily cast anchor yet deeper within the vail. Instead of shrink-

ing from the cross of Christ as formerly, it is now cause of my chief glorying. I feel that Christ has taken up his abode in my heart. He is my indwelling Savior.

DOCTRINES OF THE CROSS UNPOPULAR.

The doctrines of the cross never have been popular with the world; neither will they ever be until the world is renewed in righteousness. But I find, through the indwelling of Christ, that my heart is becoming yet more and more in love with *Truth*. And however disreputable its doctrines to the perceptions of the world-loving professor, my soul longs to apprehend it fully, in order that, with all the fervors of my being, I may embrace it, and set forth its excellency before a gainsaying world. But my spirit is continually reaching out for more of all the fulness of God. And while I ask, I receive, and am being enabled to apprehend yet more perfectly, that for which I have been apprehended by Christ. Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

EXEMPLIFICATIONS OF POWER.

Shall I lay before you some exemplifications of this power, as we have witnessed them during the past summer and fall months? We can take but a slight glance as we pass on, but I am sure you will, from the review, thank God, and take courage.

We will commence our review by saying, that quite a large portion of the scenes which we introduce to your attention, are laid in Canada. Holiness is power. And in Canada, this fact has been demonstrated to a degree beyond what we have witnessed elsewhere. The reason is obvious. In Canada, the doctrine of Christian holiness, as taught by Wesley, and set forth in our Book of Doctrines and Discipline, is not left open for controversy. Ministers are not *permitted* to talk or preach before the people as though it were left open as a

matter for doubtful disputation. It is conceded that those who unite with the Wesleyan church, approve of her doctrines, and are, of course, bound to sustain them as scriptural. We do not remember to have heard of but one departure from this. It was in the case of a minister, who, in his preaching, confounded the blessing of Justification and Sanctification as one and the same thing, as many a Methodist minister has with impunity done in the United States. But it was not with impunity that our Canada Methodist minister could be recreant to his trust in sustaining the doctrines of the church. His case was at once reported, and at the ensuing conference of ministers he was affectionately, yet authoritatively dealt with. The consequence was, that he renounced his error, and, at a recent camp meeting, he, with true nobleness of mind, yet with humility and earnestness, presented himself as a seeker of the blessing of entire sanctification. Before the meeting closed, he testified, before hundreds, of the all-cleansing efficacy of the blood of Jesus, the definite witness of which he had that morning received.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

Pencilings by the Way.

BY DOBA.

Number II.

I NOW and then glean some precious thoughts—some sweet words of comfort, and they seem to “fall on purpose when my heart is most sad and lonely.” The following remark, derived from “Rutherford’s Letters,” is a precious one.

“His most loved ones are most tried. The lintel stones and pillars of his new Jerusalem, suffer more knocks of God’s hammer, than the common side-walk stones. Yet it seems too much for me to believe that I am one of God’s *loved ones*.”

Another remark of his, respecting the indestructibility of the church, is very beautiful. “The bush has been burning these

five thousand years, *but no man yet saw the ashes of that fire.*” Rutherford was a persecuted saint. For two years he was confined at Aberdeen, but, he says, that “Jesus was sweet to him in that place.” He was deposed from his collegiate chair by the government, and his writings were burned in Edinburgh, by the hands of the common hangman. When he was on his dying bed, he received a summons from Parliament on a false charge of treason, but, with much composure of mind, he remarked, that he had got another summons before a superior Judge, and sent in reply, the following message:—

“I behoove to answer my first summons; and ere your day arrives, I shall be where few kings and great folks ever come.” The last words he uttered were, “Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel’s land!” When the Parliament heard that he was dying, a vote was taken that he should not die in the college as a professor. Lord Raleigh then arose, and very truthfully remarked, “*You cannot vote him out of heaven!*” Precious saint! expelled with seeming disgrace from his seat in college, but welcomed with honor, by the King of kings, to a seat at his own right hand!

Took up a bit of waste paper, and found on it the following sweet lines, which seem so appropriate to my present state of mind, I will transcribe them:

“Talk with Jesus.”

ART thou passing through the furnace?
Talk with Jesus, he is nigh;
He who said, ‘I’m with thee alway,’
He will hear his children cry.

Does thy heart grow sad and weary,
Sighing o’er the loved ones gone?
Whisper to the ‘Man of sorrows,’
Once he wept in grief alone.

Is thine earthly temple falling?
Shows it signs of quick decay?
Listen and thou’lt hear him saying,
‘I await thee far away.’

Tell him all thy heart is feeling,
 Waits he now to give relief;
 Lists he ever to thy calling,
 Feeleth all his children's grief."

Methinks my nature shrinks too sensitively from suffering reproaches and persecutions. There is too much *pride of heart* remaining. I am not sufficiently crucified. I choose the cross, because "necessity is laid upon me," but I do not *run to embrace it*; I do not *love it*; I do not *glory in reproaches*; I do not *rejoice in tribulation*; but am loth to take up the cross, am sad, disquieted, and doubtful in my afflictions; and this does not edify my own soul, nor benefit others. I cannot glorify God without a greater work wrought within! Yet how indifferent, how little interest!—how slow of heart to believe!

The fact that so many mortifying crosses are allotted me, brings to view a humiliating truth respecting myself. It reveals to me that pride, vanity, and love of self, are principles deeply engrafted into my nature. Why then should I so unwillingly embrace the cross that crucifies? Why so loth to have my heart purged from its selfishness, that I may be wholly lost in God? Far more valuable are these mortifications than all the honors that earth could heap upon me, yea, and more beneficial than ecstatic joys, and bright gleams of glory. It is the deep probings of the spirit, opening the wound—it is the light, revealing deformity—it is the bitter medicine for the diseased heart, that accomplishes the thorough work, which shall result in moral soundness. Yet, as children turn away with repugnance from the nauseous draught which is to remove the painful disease which is threatening them with speedy death, so do the children of our Heavenly Father despise his chastenings, and faint when they are rebuked by him. "If God, in the humiliations he brings upon us, wounds to the quick, so much the better; it is the charitable physician applying the remedy to our diseases which he would cure. Let us be silent, let us adore him

who strikes us; let us open our mouths only to say, "I have deserved it." However bitter the cup, we would swallow it to the dregs like Jesus Christ. He died for those who killed him, and he has taught us to love, to bless, and to pray for those who make us suffer.

The cross, when loved, is but half a cross, because love softens all; and we suffer much, only because our love is small. Crosses are the daily bread. We need crosses. We should make no progress, if God did not take care to turn the world and life into bitterness to us in order to detach us from them. The cross is never without fruit when we receive it in the spirit of sacrifice. The crosses of the present moment always bring their grace, and consequently their mitigation with them. It is the hand of God which makes itself felt in them. Let us rejoice, then, when our Heavenly Father tries us here below by divers interior and exterior temptations, when he renders all without us contrary, and all within painful. Let us rejoice, for it is thus that our faith, more precious than gold, is purified.

What! Let us not be discouraged. It is the hand of God, who hastens to accomplish his work. It is what we every day wish him to do; and as soon as he begins to do it, we are troubled. Our cowardice and impatience arrest the hand of God.

Have Faith.

Art weary, brother? Do thy cares bear down?
 Is life a sombre, barren waste to thee?
 Does earth look drear and Heaven wear a frown?

Are storms arising over thy young life's sea?
 Have faith, and look unto the shining Throne
 Of God's sublimity.

O brother ne'er despair, there's work to do,
 Work for which Heaven shall be the precious hire!

With Hope's gold hill e'er bursting on the view,
 Can'st thou in God's own vineyard ever tire?
 Doing with meekness all thou findest to do?

Aspiring higher.

Responsibility of the Christian Minister.

BY REV. S. V. L.,—VA.

Would I describe a preacher such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.

COWPER.

THE position occupied by the Christian minister is the most solemn and interesting that can be found in any department of human life. To a great extent the eternal destiny of scores of immortal souls is suspended upon his influence and labors. Called of God to stand as a watchman upon the walls of Zion, great interests are connected with the faithful execution of the trust confided in him. The vision of Ezekiel presents the painfully sacred position he occupies, as the prophet there paints it with the pencil of inspiration. The following verses, clothed in language the most impressive and significant, convey a faint idea of the solemn responsibility that rests upon him in his relations to God and man.

"So thou, O Son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore shalt thou hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me.

"When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thy hand.

"Nevertheless, if thou warn the wicked of his way to turn from it; if he do not turn from his way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul."—Ezekiel xxxiii. 7, 8, 9.

God, in the constitution of his moral government upon the earth, has, for some wise end, selected man as the agent and instrument of its execution. And peculiarly has he entrusted the moral conquest, and final salvation of the world, to him whom he has called to stand between the living and the dead. No sphere of worldly honor and fame is left open for him to enter. His calling is far higher and more important than any furnished by the great commercial world. Through the avenues of his intellect, truth, illumined by the fire of the Holy Ghost, is brought to bear upon his heart, which he in turn must kindle upon the hearts of those to whom he proclaims the tidings of salvation. Through lips of clay, God reveals great truths, destined to prove unto scores of deathless spirits "the savor of life unto life, or of death unto death."

Two great considerations give to his position more than ordinary eminence: first, he is selected for the sacred office, not by angels or by men, but by that God, the whisperings of whose voice caused Sinai to tremble, and who will shortly come to be the Judge of an assembled universe. Secondly, while the truth which he proclaims have important bearings upon man's temporal interests, it affects particularly those interests which cluster around his eternal destiny.

There is no thought which more often awakens, in the soul of the Christian minister, feelings of profound awe and solemnity, than the thrilling truth that God has called him from the ordinary avocations of life, to become the bearer of the chalice of redemption to a dying world. So intensely painful becomes this tremendous truth at times, as it passes through the sanctuary of his soul that he would fain fly from his trust like God's ancient prophet, and hide himself in the mountain's cleft. To hold a commission involving the discharge of high and dangerous duties under an Alexander or Napoleon, would be a position of fearful interest. But to be commissioned of Jeho-

vah to "go into all the world and preach his gospel to every creature," while the destiny of thousands for eternity is suspended upon its immediate acceptance, involves the most soul-crushing responsibilities. To a great extent, the minister of Christ moulds the character of the community, and gives to it its moral tone. This he does by the magic power of contact; by gaining free access to the public mind, and daguerreotyping his own character upon the minds of those who surround him. Mingling with the people in the whirl of active life,—visiting at the home fireside—pouring consolation into the hearts of the afflicted and bereaved,—kneeling in prayer by the bedside of the dying; he thus gains the sympathy and affection of the community.

The soil being thus prepared, his messages from the sacred desk become powerfully effective. Iron hearts melt as he presents Calvary, with its dying victim. Tears moisten cheeks "to tears unknown" as successfully he warns them to "flee from the wrath to come." Strong men bow, like flowers in the tempest, as the attractions of the cross are presented, while scores and hundreds cry for mercy as, in trumpet tones, he pleads with them by their interests for eternity, by the glories of heaven, by the despair and anguish attending the wreck of their souls, "in Christ's name to be reconciled to God."

It is not that ambassador of Christ who is most extensively versed in ancient lore and modern science, who is most successful in the great work of winning souls to Jesus. He may be well read in the systems of philosophy taught by Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle; he may be equally versed in the writings of Homer and his contemporaries; he may touch, with a master hand, the secret springs of the systems of Confucius and Zoroaster; he may bring a thousand torches blazing from the fires kindled by human genius, and throw their light upon the sacred page in his investigations for truth, and yet all this

knowledge, unsanctified by the baptism of the Holy Spirit, will prove vain and fruitless. Neither is it he whose talents shine most brilliant; whose language is most finished and elegant; whose eloquence charms the multitude, and calls forth the voice of popular favor; and around whom gather admiring thousands, who is most successful in pointing sinners to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." Pyrotechnical preaching may gratify the fancy, but it rarely ever is successful in building up the faith of the church, or in bringing sinners back to God. The meteor may flash brightly for the hour; it may call forth the admiration of the multitude for a brief period;

"But when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To night and silence turns forevermore."

He whose efforts are always crowned with success is he who drinks deepest at the fountain of holiness; who places learning and talents, gifts and influence, all upon the altar of the living God, and uses them only when the fire of divine grace has removed the dross, and prepared him, by a complete baptism of the Spirit, for his Master's work.

Upon the manner in which the minister of Christ discharges the duties God has made incumbent upon him, in no small degree hangs the eternal weal or woe of those upon whom he *does* or *might* exert an influence. He may bind the golden chain of divine love around scores by the bright light emanating from his own character; he may win many to a complete consecration of soul and body to Christ, and the practical discharge of the duties of our holy religion, by teaching the great doctrine of Holiness in his "daily walk and conversation," and becoming himself its living illustration; or by a manifest disregard of vital piety, either in sentiment or example; by making his own elevation tower above the promotion of God's glory, he may lose the respect and confidence of all, or many, over whom he

might have an influence, and thus become the gilded vessel sailing under false colors, bearing a cargo of immortal souls to the dark ocean of eternal ruin.

It is not the work of the minister of Christ to rear columns and carve statues to adorn earthly temples, so soon to moulder beneath the blasting touch of time. His sphere of action is far higher. His material is immortal. He is striking blows with the hammer of truth, which will vibrate long after the last star has been blown out. He is rearing columns of mind to beautify that temple wherein the Lamb dwelleth. His mission is to bring the dark elements of man's unregenerate nature beneath the moulding and sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit; in short, to contribute, by every means in his power, to restamp the lost moral image of God upon a wrecked world. He is to gather souls to "shine as the stars forever and ever;" spirits to blaze as bright jewels in the diadem of the world's Redeemer. His sermons are to be delivered by the power of example, and the moral influence of precept. He is to thunder from the pulpit; to speak in the majesty of silence through the press; to cry in the crowded thoroughfares of life, and continually to warn a world of the wrath of the Lamb.

Solemn and awful is the position of the minister of God as dismantled wrecks are drifting past him to the ocean of despair. O that God would fire the hearts of his servants with new and undying zeal, that they may rest not in ease, but, sweeping hill and valley, scouring the crowded street, and the deserted highway, they may live lives of active devotion to God, in snatching souls as "brands from the eternal burnings."

COMFORT.—The only way to find comfort in an earthly thing is to surrender it, in a faithful carelessness, into the hands of God.

—[Hall.

Our sufficiency is of God.

"He will lead you into all Truth."

A MISSIONARY'S EXPERIENCE.

HONOLULU, S. I., Aug. 31, 1857.

Messrs. Editors,—I have, in my possession, a letter from a Mr. James Bicknell, who has been a missionary at the Marquesas Islands for the past four years; and, thinking it might be of service to the cause of holiness, I forward it to you for publication in the Guide, by his permission. I do this the more so from the peculiar manner in which he was led to embrace Christ as an entire Savior. His exercises of mind, since he entered into the rest of *perfect love*, have been as remarkable, probably, as those of Madame Guyon, or Lady Maxwell. It has been my privilege to read his Journal, embracing a year or more of his experience in the deep things of God, and they are certainly wonderful. Another thing that adds peculiar interest to this case is, he was all alone, among the heathen; having never heard a sermon, or read a book, upon the subject of entire sanctification, until after his attainment of the blessing. His own spiritual state drove him to the Bible for light. Here it was he found that it was not only the Christian's privilege, but duty, to be wholly sanctified; to be cleansed from all sin in the present life. His is a case purely of being led by the truth of God and the Holy Spirit alone. The work, we have every reason to believe, is well done.

This good young Brother is with us at the present, overseeing the printing of portions of the Gospels into the Marquesan language. He will return to his field of labor in the course of a few months. We are enjoying his society very much. He attends our meetings for holiness. We find him rich in experience. Some five years ago, he united with one of the Congregational churches of this city, and was sent out by the Hawaiian Missionary Society to labor among the dark islanders of the Pacific. It was with great reluctance that the Society sent him, because he had not graduated at some theological seminary; but their yielding to his and the wishes of a few friends has fully dissipated their fears as to his qualifications. The Lord has been educating him upon the ground, and in his work, *infinitely better* than he could have been in any theological school.

There is, probably, but one sentence in this letter to which we would object. This is towards the close. This is it. "It is identified

with my being, and cannot be lost." The letter is yours, to use as you may, in your judgment, deem best. Yours fraternally.

W. S. TURNER.

HONOLULU, August 29, 1857.

Dear Brother Turner,—Agreeably to your request, I send you an account of my Christian experience. May the testimony here given to the fulness of the salvation purchased by Christ, be an encouragement to you in contending for the faith which was "once delivered to the saints."

It was during a time of revival that I joined the church. I had no very definite object in view in joining further than an imperfect desire to glorify God. Convinced, by a train of reasoning, that my duty was to glorify God, I resolved to do so, and it was upon the strength of this resolve that I joined the church. I had no convictions of sin, or, if I had any, they were so slight as to cause no distress of mind. The want of conviction prevented me from feeling my need of Jesus in its length and breadth, and, as a consequence, I made but an imperfect consecration of myself to God. I was not a "living sacrifice." My course of life was changed; but it was a change which extended little farther than to things outward and seen. The under-current of the thoughts and intents of the heart remained undisturbed, while the upper surface alone was ruffled. I sat easy under this state of things, until I had been several months at the Marquesas, and received an accession of grace, which opened my eyes, and ultimately caused me great distress of mind on account of sin. Previous to this accession of grace, I had not felt the burden of sin, and, consequently, made but little effort to free myself from its yoke. But, after it had come, my conviction of sin became very pungent. I was distressed because I saw plainly that I was not acting up to duty. While in this state, the thought was often suggested to my mind, whether it would not be better for me to plunge back into open sin

than to hold the doubtful position in which I was standing. Thanks be to God, I was not permitted to turn back, but, in view of my danger, to strive against the motions of sin's workings within me. Not knowing the way of faith, I became entangled, in my strivings for freedom from sin, by a spirit of legality, which entailed upon me much labor and sorrow. I labored under the impression that, after drawing me into the church, the work of the Holy Spirit was ended; what was remaining to be done, such as perfecting the Christian character, etc., was my work, and it was upon the faithfulness with which I prosecuted this work, that God accepted me. The more I groaned under these convictions of sin, the more I strove to free myself from the bondage. I prayed more, read the Bible more, commenced a system of self-examination, and, in words, daily offered myself to God. Thus, by works, I was trying to root out the seeds of sin. God, however, did not forsake me, and, although I was attempting to establish my own righteousness, there were seasons when I rejoiced in the light of his countenance. But these seasons were of short duration, and were usually followed by a darkness of soul which made the yoke of sin all the more galling. God permitted me to go on in this legal way, in order to show me that men are "saved by grace, through faith, and not of works." This knowledge has been worked out in my own experience. There is no farther need for me to turn to the Bible to learn that men are saved through faith, and not by works. I have only to turn to my own experience in order to know this.

In tracing the steps by which God has led me, I have often been made to exclaim, "O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"

To accomplish this work in me, God called me away to a heathen land. He separated me from the society of Christians, and from the privileges of civilized life.

There, in that heathen country, by trials and temptations, he brought me face to face with my own heart. Had I remained in Honolulu, the state of society would have shielded me from many of the temptations to which I was subjected at the Marquesas. In Honolulu, the world would have thrown its seductions around me; but I should, most likely, not have been haunted with the fear of falling back into sin. The necessity of being clothed in the whole armor of God would not have appeared so great. At the Marquesas, the furnace was heated seven times. It was made plain to me that I must have more holiness, or else sink under the temptations by which I was beset. There was no compromising with sin. I must either overcome it, or be subject to it. Having practised a system of works, and failing in my own strength to gain the mastery over sin, I began to despair, and, in my despair, I threw myself upon the Lord Jesus Christ. I gave myself up to him as far as my light would allow, and he came to me, not with mighty thunderings and lightnings, but without observation. He performed his work within me so silently, that I cannot now refer to any particular period as the time when I was freed from the bondage of sin. All along my Christian course, I have had manifestations of the Spirit. By referring to my Diary, I can point out the seasons when I experienced these manifestations; but these manifestations I have ever looked upon as the accompaniments only of sanctification, but not sanctification itself.

Sanctification is the work of the Holy Ghost. It is not the Holy Ghost itself, but it is the effect of his presence. Wherever the Holy Ghost takes up his abode, there is sanctification, according to the measure of his presence present. If a man be filled with the Holy Ghost, he will be sanctified wholly, but, if he be not filled, then he will not be sanctified wholly.

The only evidence I have that I am delivered from the power of sin is the fact itself. Formerly, I was under the power

of sin; now, I am not. Sin has no dominion over me. This is the evidence of my sanctification.

It deserves to be mentioned here, that it was the desire to be delivered from the motions of sin working within me, which urged me to strive after holiness, and it was the teachings of the Bible which inspired me with the hope of attaining it. A sermon upon the subject of sanctification, as attainable in this life, I had never heard. Books upon the subject I had not read, until I had entered into the rest of faith. God alone has been my teacher, and I must confess that he has led me by a way which I knew not. The evidence of my sanctification I never expect to lose. It is identified with my being, and cannot be lost. "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." J. BICKNELL.

Hymn to the Savior.

BY R. L. E.

Savior, I give my heart to thee,
Thou who hast done so much for me;
Hast died my soul from death to free,
And liv'st my guardian friend to be;
Savior, I give my heart to thee.

Savior, no other bliss I crave
Than this—thy sacred feet to lave
With drops from love's o'erflowing wave,
And humbly trust thy grace to save;
Savior, no other bliss I crave.

Savior, "Thy will, not mine, be done,"
Be this my prayer, my only one;
With evening's shade, or morning's sun,
While life's short race I quickly run;
Savior, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

Savior, accept my hymn of praise;
Though weak the notes my voice can raise,
My soul to thee would tune her lays
In ceaseless strains, through endless days;
Savior, accept my hymn of praise.

Savior, to thee the crown be given—
 Thou Lord of earth, thou King of heaven,
 Thou who with death and hell hast striven,
 And all their mightest powers hast riven;
 Savior, to thee the crown be given.

We welcome E. L. E. as a contributor to our pages. Whenever opportunity offers, we shall be glad to hear from her.—[Eds.]

Harvest Home.

YOU know what a harvest home is. I was once at one when I was a very little child, and the memory is still fresh and sweet in my heart. The sun has set in glory on the hills, and the harvest moon is riding in the sky; the last wain loaded with the yellow corn has returned from the field, and the husbandman has come home "bringing his sheaves with him." The door is shut, the fire is blazing on the hearth, the children are all gathered, and the servants, and friends, and neighbors. The table is spread; the father takes his place at the board; "they begin to be merry," while they think their labor done, the plenteous fruit laid up in the garner, and the long winter nights of rest before them. Such will heaven be when the ransomed of the Lord shall have returned and come to Zion,—when the door shall be shut, the everlasting table spread, and all the children gathered in the presence of their Father. There, holy fathers and mothers and their saved children shall meet, never to part again—teachers and their scholars, faithful ministers and the sheep and lambs they have gathered and fed in the wilderness. *That will be the great harvest home!* Then "shall be a joy like unto the joy in harvest." "They that went forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them;" and through a long, long eternity, "they that sowed and they that reaped shall rejoice together."—[Islay Burns.]

Be Ye Holy.

BY H. C.

WHAT candid mind is there possessed of sincere desire to know the truth, who will not on a prayerful search of the word of God, be delighted and instructed with its plain, simple exposition of the doctrine of holiness.

First comes the divine command, "Be ye holy." Why? "For I, the Lord, am holy."

Second, in what holiness consists; "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart," etc., "and thy neighbor as thyself."

Third, how this state of grace is to be obtained. First, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Second, "by leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ," and "going on to perfection."

Fourth, how is it to be retained? By being "steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

Fifth, the consequence or result. "But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life."

But, exclaims the fearful, if I should gain this state of grace, I could not live it. What, live without sin? Yes, trembling brother, sister, live without sin. Wouldst thou for one little moment dare to distrust the Infinite, the God of love? Wouldst thou distrust the ability of him whose mission is to save his people from their sins? Nay, but rather trust in him who "is faithful who also will do it," at thy request. But dost thou plead, my temptations are very great, and peculiar? Has he not said, that in every temptation he would provide a way of escape, that thou mayest be able to bear it? Again, Christ, our strength, has been tempted in all points like as we, yet without sin, "that he might know how to succor those that are tempted." Then seek holiness; prayerfully, earnestly, believingly, perseveringly, and thou hast

the promise, that God will take the stony heart out of thy flesh, and give thee a heart of flesh, that thou mayest walk in his statutes, and do them. May the very God of peace sanctify thee wholly, and preserve thy soul and body unto everlasting life Amen.

Michigan, June, 1857.

The Work of Holiness in New York some Years ago.

BY REV. A. KENT.

[Second Paper.]

AT the General Conference in New York, 1812, I formed an acquaintance with Brothers N. C. Hart, G. W. Pitman, and others, who were greatly interested for the revival and spread of gospel holiness in the church. They not only professed with their lips, but their lives gave good evidence that they had consecrated all to God, as their works shone in meekness and humility. We enjoyed a profitable correspondence up to the time of the camp meeting, in 1819, of which I wrote. From that time our hearts were more fully cemented in one. Many of their letters to me—by frequent removals—have been mislaid and lost; but I shall give extracts of a few from Brother Hart.

“NEW YORK, December 12, 1819.

“The subject of sanctification has become a theme of considerable conversation among the people, and here and there one drinks into the sweet spirit of simplicity, lets go the speculative part, and struggles into liberty. Glory to God, my brother! Two bright evidences within a few weeks; and I pray God to increase the number.

“You recommended to me, at the Huntington camp meeting, to form an intimacy with such as drink into one spirit on this subject. We have formed several bands, or, as we call them, select prayer meet-

ings, composed only of such as have experienced the blessing of perfect love, or those truly awakened to feel the necessity of it, and are steadily seeking for clean hearts. Our rules, in part, are taken from Mrs. Fletcher's, that governed similar institutions. We generally oppose receiving any who are gay and fashionable in their appearance. These little societies being select, and the strictness of our rules, and the method of receiving members, has engaged many against us, even those of our friends and brethren. We are sometimes called the “holy band,” the “new sect,” “new lights,” etc.; but the Lord meets with us, and I find no place where God so blesses my soul; but O, my brother, did you but know what a poor weak worm I am, and how much I am tormented and harassed by the enemy, you would really pity me. I thank the Lord that I am permitted to find a shelter in the Lord Jesus.”

“February 7, 1820.”

“I have just returned from one of our select prayer meetings. In these meetings, the Lord has made known his power in a gracious manner since I last wrote you. Several, in the circle of my acquaintances, have borne testimony that God has power on earth to cleanse from all sin, and I think I never felt nor discovered such a real struggle for holiness among believers in my life as of late, and the awakening power of God in our congregations is uncommon; our prospects are glorious. My soul rejoices in the work. The Lord increases my faith, love, and confidence. O my brother, through grace and mercy, my sky is clear. I feel the love of Christ like a living fountain in me. I hang on the adorable Jesus by faith. O how I long to see the holy flame of perfect love spread and burn all before it! I have frequently to bear a living testimony for God. I do believe I have an interest in your prayers. Never did I realize in such clearness the mercy of an advocate to plead my cause in the kingdom of God as of late.”

"November 8, 1820."

"Yours came to hand about a week ago. I was very much pleased to hear such good news. I rejoice with you, my brother. This world appears not to be my dwelling-place. I am striving for a city out of sight. I can say, with the poet,

Not a cloud doth arise to darken my skies,
Or hie to for one moment my Lord from my eyes.

"Although I do not always feel the same animation, yet I am enabled to live by faith in the Lord. He bears with my infirmities and weakness, and I am frequently astonished at his mercy; it makes me rejoice in the God of Elijah. Never, to my recollection or knowledge, has sanctification been so much the subject of the people's desire or inquiry as at present. Now and then a happy witness is raised up to bear testimony for the Lord. Shall I tell you, my brother, how my soul prospers in all things? I have instances when the creature has been required to take up heavy crosses. It has come to this:—'I will do it, let the consequences be what they may. I can trust the Lord. Nothing shall harm me!' Although trembling, and almost quaking, the sacrifice has been prepared, put upon the altar, the knife drawn to slay it, when the Lord has spoken at the moment, and said, it is sufficient, and by that has shown that self must—it must be completely broken down. As a society, we have considerable peace in our borders. I strive more, of late, to keep myself entirely out of the way of hearing any contention, and, notwithstanding all our difficulties, God is with us."

At this time, the church in New York was in a state of painful agitation, and, in my next, I shall allude to it, and how the little company managed to save themselves and others from harm.

New Bedford, Nov., 1857.

If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.

The China Crucifix.

JOHN WESLEY used to relate an illustrative circumstance. A poor ignorant woman of the Roman Catholic Church, had the misfortune to break her china crucifix; and immediately ran to her priest, to inform him, being overwhelmed with terror and grief on account of her loss, and crying out, Oh, I have broken my crucifix! I have broken my crucifix! and now I have nothing to trust in but the great God! Nothing to trust in but the great God! The great God was to her a far-off imagination, an abstraction without reality, and the crucifix had been her real present god, the idol of her fears and superstitions. The crucifix had been the object of her worship, and had stood between her and God, in the place of God, so that any knowledge of God, any right thought concerning him, any true confidence in him, was impossible, and it was utter and frightful desolation to be left with nothing but the great God to trust in.

Now, whatever our hearts rest upon as an idol, in the place of God, is no better than a china crucifix. Whatever we rely upon in such a way that it comes between us and God, and is coveted and embraced as a source of independence apart from him, or an alleviation of our sorrows, a comfort to our hearts, and a source of strength without him, becomes, so far, an idol, and prevents the possibility of that affectionate, entire, sincere, and fearless trust in God, that simple, childlike confidence, which would make us happy. We may have a great many china crucifixes; it was well for that old woman if she had but one. John Wesley, in relating the story, cried out in his preaching: What a mercy that she had the great God to trust in! And the way in which he spoke it, and the words of instruction from it, were so affecting, that another great sinner went away with that idea smitten, as it were, into his soul, as the stone from David's sling sunk into the forehead of Goliath. The great God to trust in! The great God to trust in! We

want no crucifix if we have him. Every idol will be thrown down, every *dragon* of our worship cast out, if he reigns. The great God to trust in! If we do trust in him, it is strength; the faith is our strength, and God is our strength, and in him we are impregnable. "Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might; let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth, glory in this; that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord." To have this knowledge of God as a living experience, this understanding of him by the teaching of his Spirit, this confidence in his loving kindness by participation of it in the soul, by the earnest of the Spirit in the heart, is better than all riches, and makes you superior to all trials and distresses, because *they themselves* are a part of God's loving-kindness, and are known and felt to be so by the heart that knoweth him.

The Power of the Gospel.

BY REV. D. SHERMAN.

THE gospel of Jesus, though the most silent, is yet the most efficacious and powerful agency employed by God among men. While the extreme simplicity, the rusticity of the system, have ever proved to the Jew a stumbling-block, and to the Greek foolishness, the genuine believer has found it the power of God and the wisdom of God. No other scheme can present to the eye of the world such a history, embodied in human forms, but operating with a super-human energy. The achievements of the cross, stretching on from the day of inauguration to the present hour, afford the sublimest chapters in the annals of the race. They display openly the divine power and providence,—the arm of God, in its wide sweep across the bosom of the race, dispensing blessings everywhere; his

Spirit infusing life, joy, peace, through the great household of humanity; in a word, the celestial appliances for the communication of good let down to earth, to attract, purify, elevate to a higher, holier state the scattered fragments of our degenerate and ruined natures.

In the ears of the sinner, who has fallen beneath the influence of wealth, pleasure, or fame, does this gospel sound the trumpet of the judgment more terrific than the blasts that shook the firm pillars of Sinai. That heart is deceitful, and desperately wicked, baffling the most penetrating researches of the human intellect; yet does the word of God penetrate its inmost recesses, thread its tortuous and fearful labyrinths, find the secret chambers of the imagery, and prove itself sharper than the two-edged sword, "piercing even to the dividing asunder of the soul and spirit, the joints and the marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Not only is it wise to discern his sins, but mighty to fasten them on the conscience, causing him to realize that Justice, with her measured, but certain step, is on his track, sure, in the end, to find him out. He finds no hiding-place, no dark spot where the ever vigilant eye of the gospel does pierce; no retreat, where he can venture, even for a few hours, to repose in security; he hears a voice behind him waxing louder and louder, and that seems to foretell his doom,—“If they that sinned under Moses' law perished, of how much sorer punishment shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and accounted the blood of the covenant an unholy thing?”

The efficacy of the gospel is displayed not only in summoning up the sins of a man which will cause him to tremble as though before the bar of God, at the massive and hideous accumulations, the mountain weight already sinking him into hell, but eminently in the renovation, the new and beautiful moulding, of that vile and refuse character. Entering the individual heart, it

subdues that sinful nature, eradicates those unhallowed desires, casts out the devils that had, for long years, desecrated that temple of the Holy Ghost, plants therein holy and right principles, that shall reign till the image of the Savior is fully formed within.

Over the broad surface of society does the system, like the sun at mid-day, diffuse its genial, life-giving beams. Vices that, under the shadow of heathenism, stalk abroad as some foul and ravenous beasts of prey, hide themselves from this light; while upon these hoary evils of the world, these cancerous and loathsome moral diseases, that have preyed upon the vitals of the race, is its intense light concentrated, exposing the shame and hatefulness of sin, and causing the transgressor, after repeated efforts, to bolster up his enormities, to make them appear respectable to his own mind at least, either to renounce the hidden things of darkness, or to blind his mind to the effulgence of divine truth.

While sweeping these Augean stables of their intolerable nuisances, the purifying, elevating process has been going forward. The scale, however imperceptibly, gradually raises the social mass to higher and more spiritual regions. The coarser tastes, the ruder customs, the more barbarous laws disappear by no notable revolution, but by a silent, steady abrasion. Under the gospel, the old vices are lost amid a new growth of good deeds which come along without observation, as the glories of spring blush out from the embrace of winter, we hardly know when or how.

The eminency of that power is observed in the fact that this renewal comes in opposition to human interest, custom and predilection. Man works; but God, through the gospel, counterworks. Man strikes out his petty plans, but the track of the gospel, that, like the gulf stream, sweeps across the entire extent of human history, often thwarts them. Human contrivers often fail; the gospel never, since all things

are rendered tributary to it, swelling onward, to fill out the sum of its blessed results. Men often aver that the gospel is a failure; but this is untrue. That gospel is more than a match for all adverse forces combined, and, though often apparently retreating from the field, is sure to rally with fresh vigor, until earth and hell shall cast their trophies at the Redeemer's feet.

Look up to God for Light.

BY ORRIN P. ALLEN.

LONE traveller, weary,
Is thy way dreary?
Are fears intruding,
And shadows brooding,
Amid the gloom of night?
Look up to God for light!

Is wealth now leaving?
Are hopes deceiving?
Are all now scorning,
Thy honor wronging?
Oh! leave thou not the right,
Look up to God for light.

Art thou now grieving?
Hast no relieving?
From pain and sorrow?
Then hope—the morrow
May bring thee sweet delight;
Look up to God for light!

Is danger swelling
Around thy dwelling?
Are winds now raging
Without assuaging?
Then pray thou in thy might;
Look up to God for light!

And wouldst thou often
Thy sorrows soften?
By joys that ever,
Flow from the Giver
Of life's supreme delight?
Look up to God for light!

When death is nearing,
'T will then be cheering,
If round thee gleaming
His love is beaming
To whom thou 'st turned thy sight,
And sought directing light!

Vernon, Vt.

A Christian Sepoy, and his Dismissal from the Army.

THE circumstances of the case of the dismissal of a Christian Sepoy in 1819, which so intimately concern the inquiry into the causes of the present rebellion, are narrated at some length in the Church Missionary Intelligencer. The history is taken from an account written at the time by Mr. Fisher, the army chaplain at Meerut, who had baptised the Sepoy convert, and addressed to the then Bishop of Calcutta.

"It is a remarkable fact, (says the Intelligencer,) and we leave it with our readers to reflect upon, that the military station where the insurrection first exhibited itself in its most terrific and merciless features, and where the first were slaughtered of Europeans, without distinction of sex or age, was perpetrated in this very same city of Meerut, where the first Sepoy, that we are aware of, made public profession of his faith in Christ, and was dismissed as one disqualified for service, from the ranks of the native army."

Mr. Fisher states, that numbers, both of Mohammedans and Hindoos, were in the habit of visiting his house, to inquire into the meaning of different passages of the Scriptures. The soldier, Matthew Prabhu Din, was among his occasional visitors, and he gathered the particulars regarding his conversion from his own lips. The narrative then proceeds:—

"His visits to me were very frequent, and the decided change of his opinions, and, I trust, of his heart, marked and satisfactory. I found he had been long laboring under deep conviction of the worthlessness and wickedness of his heathen ignorance and idolatry, even for nine years. He kept these thoughts much to himself, preferring to wait 'the convenient opportunity;' but the convictions of his heart became stronger and stronger, until he went with his regiment to the Isle of France. There he used to watch for opportunities to steal into the Christian Church, and comfort himself by

thinking to worship the Christian's God in spirit, though ignorant of the meaning of the language, or of the terms of devotion which were in use, and could only comfort his sorrowful heart with the conscious reflection, 'that the Christian's God knew his heart.' He earnestly longed to meet with some one who should be competent to instruct him what he must do to be saved. Yet many depressing fears of consequences, both of a temporal and spiritual nature, frequently discouraged him. At last he made up his mind, that if ever opportunity should offer itself to speak to a Christian clergyman, he would unfold the state of his soul, let the consequences be what they might. He gave a very affecting account of his state of mind during the remainder of his stay at Mauritius, and in his voyage back to Calcutta.

"A furlough being granted to the soldiers who had distinguished themselves, Prabhu Din went to his native village; and, after spending a little time with his relations there, he was not contented merely to display the medal upon his breast, but unfolded his whole mind, and his fixed resolution, to embrace Christianity. At first, they endeavored to dissuade him, but finding him immovable, desisted, and parted from him with many tears; his mother exclaiming, as he left her, "You have changed your faith, and lost your caste, and say you have found the true God. Beware you never change again!" He rejoined his regiment at Cawnpore, which happened immediately to be moved to the station of M——. His first inquiry was, "Who is the chaplain, and does he teach my brethren?" He was told of the little upper chamber, where the native Christians met together, and went to see them. "I felt at once," said he, "when I saw the nature of their employment, and heard their words; that Jesus Christ had heard my prayer. God's mercy has brought me here." His frequent visits were soon observed by the Brahmins of his corps, and, when they became apprised of his intention to become a

Christian, they manifested great sorrow to him, and strove to convince him of what they thought his folly, and by kind remonstrances, to shake his purpose. They enlarged on the perilous consequences which would surely follow, the irremediable loss of his high and honorable caste, the rejection of all intercourse in future with his numerous and dear friends, the certain displeasure of the government, who would assuredly disgrace and dismiss him for becoming a Christian; thus, that he would lose everything dear to him in life, and finally life itself; for who would give him *khana peene* (maintenance)? His reply was uniformly the same:—"Jesus Christ will be my friend; he is the friend of all who trust him; and as to caste, there is none so high as the Christian caste. It is more honorable than all, for Christians are the people of the true God; he is their Father. My becoming a Christian, cannot make me a bad soldier, and I see no reason to believe that government will cast me off, any more than any other non-commissioned officer; for instance, the sergeant-major, or the quartermaster-sergeant, or the drummers, all of whom are Christians; and why should they punish me unless I commit some fault?"

"The Brahmins, now finding him so resolved, tried to shake his steadfastness by the offer of money, and proposed to subscribe, and settle upon him, a monthly sum of twenty rupees for his life. This, he instantly rejected, saying, that he believed Jesus Christ would provide for him, much better than they could, and, with this advantage, that it would be forever. Finding him resolute, they attempted to vilify his character, represented him to be a drunkard and a glutton, nay, at last, insisted upon it, that he was insane. Some of these scandals appear to have been believed by some of his superiors, for a regimental inquiry was instituted into his conduct, the result of which, however, was, that the most satisfactory evidence was brought forward, not only that he had always con-

ducted himself remarkably well, but that he was a particularly smart, intelligent, and active soldier.

"He was baptized by me, at his own request, (which, I beg your Lordship will have the goodness particularly to observe,) on the 10th of October, just before his departure on some regimental duty, and there was an end of the matter. The Brahmin soldiers ceased to trouble him, and the only symptom of 'consternation' which the major, in the plenitude of his zeal so pathetically laments, is, that the naick cooks and eats his meals by himself, barred from admission within the magic circle by which the Brahmin surrounds his choola. In every other immaterial respect he remains just as he was before, to use that military phrase, 'a steady soldier' and a good man. The only mark upon him is, that he reads his Bible, and prays to the one eternal God, through Jesus Christ his Savior. I have the honor to be," etc.

A court of inquiry was called at Meerut on the 6th of January, 1826, in obedience to the orders of Government. "For the result of this inquiry, I," (says Mr. Fisher) "somewhat anxiously waited, expecting that Prabhu Din would be, of course, restored to his forfeited rank and situation in his corps, but it was deemed advisable to abide by the directions already given respecting him, and he has remained at Meerut since, living on his pay. Better than all, he continues to live consistently with his profession, a sincere and faithful Christian believer.

Going Home.

A few more years of toil and woe,
A few more lonely days on earth,
A few more sad farewells below,
A few more tears around our hearth,
And we shall see in shining light
The glories of the heavenly dome,
O! pilgrims faint not in the night,
When morning dawns we'll be at home.

The foolishness of God is wiser than men.

Gratitude for Life.

I THANK thee, Lord, for life,
This life which thou hast given,
For its calm, peaceful joys,
Its blest foretaste of heaven.

Fair is this world of thine,
And beautiful, and bright;
Each day bespeaks thy praise,
'T is echoed by each night.

What, though betimes a cloud,
The ether blue o'ercasts,
What, though we sometimes hear,
Stern winter's wailing blasts ?

These quickly pass away,
And sunshine comes again,
So life is not all gloom,
There 's pleasure with our pain.

There's joy 'mid sorrows dark,
Peace oft succeeds unrest,
And e'en the sufferer,
May be in suffering blest.

They, whom the Father loves,
Shall feel his hastening hand,
But conquering through grace,
Shall in his presence stand.

Oh ! then I'll praise my God,
For pleasure and for pain,
And in the midst of cares,
Will still my peace retain.

The peace my Savior gives,
This world can n'er destroy,
'T is pure unsullied bliss,
'T is never-ending joy.

EMMA.

Lewiston, Nov. 9th, 1857.

The Fear of Death not taken away by our own Courage, but by the Grace of God.

I AM not in the least surprised to learn that your impression of death becomes more lively, in proportion as age and infirmity bring it nearer. I experience the same thing. There is an age at which death is forced upon our consideration more frequently, by more irresistible reflections, and by a time of retirement in which we have fewer distractions. God makes use of this rough trial to undeceive us in

respect to our courage, to make us feel our weakness, and to keep us in all humility in his own hands.

Nothing is more humiliating than a troubled imagination, in which we search in vain for our former confidence in God. This is the crucible of humiliation, in which the heart is purified by a sense of its weakness and unworthiness. In his sight shall no man living be justified; (*Psaltn cxliii. 2.*) yea, the heavens are not clean in his sight, (*Job xv. 15.*) and in many things we offend all. (*James iii. 2.*) We behold our faults and not our virtues; which latter, it would be dangerous to behold, if they are real.

We must go straight on through this deprivation without interruption, just as we were endeavoring to walk in the way of God, before being disturbed. If we should perceive any fault that needs correction, we must be faithful to the light given us, but do it carefully, lest we be led into false scruples. We must, then, remain at peace, not listening to the voice of self-love, mourning over our approaching death, but detach ourselves from life, offering it in sacrifice to God, and confidently abandon ourselves to him. St. Ambrose was asked, when dying, whether he was not afraid of the judgments of God. "We have a good master," said he, and so must we reply to ourselves. We need to die in the most impenetrable uncertainty, not only as to God's judgment upon us, but as to our own characters. We must, as St. Augustin has it, be so reduced as to have nothing to present before God but *our wretchedness and his mercy*. Our wretchedness is the proper object of his mercy, and his mercy is all our merit. In your hours of sadness, read whatever will strengthen your confidence and establish your heart. "*Truly, God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart.*" (*Psaltn lxxiii. 1.*) Pray for this cleanness of heart, which is so pleasing in his sight, and which renders him so compassionate to our failings.

The sting of death is sin.

The Guide to Holiness.

JANUARY, 1858.

EDITORIAL PAPERS.

OUR HOME IS BEYOND THE TIDE.

HEAVEN.

[See Engraving.]

HEAVEN! What a word. It comprises within its syllables, all ideas of bliss, and stands the perpetual synonym of every term of rapture or delight. It is the highest meaning of whole families of delicious words. It is home. It is rest. It is refuge. It is glory—the glory of achievement, of victory, of wealth, of authority, of personal splendor, and ineffable beauty, of strength, of exaltation, of wisdom, of honor, of unimpeachable truth and purity, and of unspotted holiness.

Heaven is salvation—salvation from guilt, from fear, from sorrow, from pain and death; a salvation positive as well as negative—fruition of joy as well as deliverance from penalty; salvation for the *body* as well as the soul. It is a house, a mansion—rather “many mansions,” a country, a city, a kingdom. It is the general assembly, the family of God, the church of the first-born. It is the casket in which Jehovah treasures his jewels, the divine pasture-ground, where the Almighty feeds his flock, and leads them to fountains of living water, and it is the marriage supper of the Lamb. It is the joy of the returned mariner, the shout of harvest home, the triumph march of the Redeemer, the coronation of the Son of God. It is another Canaan with another Joshua, another Eden with the second Adam, the real holy of holies, with its high priest for ever after the order of Melchisedek. Heaven is conscious personal purity during each moment of eternity, it is blissful association with the moral heroes of every age,—with patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and martyrs, and it is the smile of God forever. It is youth perpetuated without indiscretion, and it is age living on to everlasting years without infirmity. It is the homestead of the holy, the family mansion of the Universal Father, the father-land of Gabriel and Michael. It is the goal of the racer, the rest of the pilgrim, and the exceeding great reward of the faithful; the country where none die, or are sick, or sorrowful, or unfortu-

nate, or friendless—a better country. A land in whose soil grows indigenous the tree of life; a scion of which flourished in Eden till the fall; where there is day without night, and light without the sun, and ceaseless action without fatigue. Heaven is the congregation of the glorified; the one hundred and forty-four thousand of the tribes of Israel united with the great multitude which no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, standing before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands, and crying with a loud voice, saying, “Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb;” while all the angels which stand round about the throne, and about the elders, and the four beasts, fall before the throne on their faces, and worship God, saying, “Amen, blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God, forever, and ever. Amen.”

Heaven is the great supper, spread by the Almighty for his family; it is the everlasting union and repose of the saints; it is the Sabbath of eternity; and its seat is the metropolis of creation, the council-chamber of the celestial senate, the court and throne of Jehovah.

All terms used in the Scriptures to set forth “the glory that shall be revealed in us,” are so used as to convey a weight of meaning beyond their usual signification; but still, “eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things that God hath reserved for them that fear him;” for he is able to do in this world, exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, and to bestow upon us in the next “a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.”

Revelation does not apparently intend to gratify a mere speculative curiosity in regard to the peculiar modes of existence, and the minute details of either pursuit or enjoyment among celestial beings; nor does the Lord commonly permit persons, while yet in the body, to obtain a view in any way, of the glory of heaven. For special reasons, however, and in a few cases, it seems mortals have been so favored. Paul, the apostle, is an instance of this. He was taken up to the third heaven—that is to the abode of glorified beings, where he heard and saw what he felt it would be unsuitable, as having a sacrilegious appearance to repeat among men. Perhaps no other persons have been similarly favored with Paul,

while in a state of perfect health, but it does happen, apparently, with some frequency, that glimpses of the future glory are allowed the soul as a cordial in the death struggle. Several instances of this have fallen under our own observation. The case of the late Rev. William Tennant, of New Jersey, was of a very striking character, and, doubtless, has been read by most of our readers.

The late Rev. J. B. Finley, of Ohio, who has just entered into his rest, gives us the following narrative in his auto-biography:—"It was in the summer of 1842. Worn down with fatigue, I was completing my last round of quarterly meetings, and winding up the labors of a very toilsome year. I had scarcely finished my work, when I was most violently attacked with bilious fever, and it was with great difficulty I reached home. The disease had taken so violent a hold on my system, that I sank rapidly under its power. Every thing that kind attention and medical skill could impart, was resorted to, to arrest its ravages; but all was in vain, and my life was despaired of. On the seventh night, in a state of entire sensibility to all around me, when the last ray of hope had departed, and my weeping family and friends were standing around me, waiting to see me breathe my last, it seemed to me that a heavenly visitant entered my room. It came to my side, and, in the softest, and most silvery tones, which fell like rich music on my ear, it said,—'I have come to conduct you to another state and place of existence.' In an instant, I seemed to rise, and, gently borne by my angel guide, I floated out upon the ambient air. Soon earth was lost in the distance, and around us, on every side, were worlds of light and glory. On, on, away, away, from world to luminous worlds afar, we sped with the velocity of thought. At length we reached the gates of paradise; and O, the transporting scenes that fell upon my vision as the emerald portals, wide and high, rolled back upon their golden hinges! Then in its fullest extent did I realize the invocation of the poet,—

Burst ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptured vision
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright Elysian.

"Language, however, is inadequate to describe what then, with unveiled eyes I saw. The vision is indelibly pictured on my heart. Before me, spread out in beauty, was a broad

sheet of water, clear as crystal, without a single ripple on its surface, and in purity and clearness indescribable. On each side of this broad river, rose up the most tall and beautiful trees, covered with all manner of fruits and flowers, the brilliant hues of which were reflected in the bosom of the placid river.

"While I stood gazing with joy and rapture at the scene, a convoy of angels was seen floating in the pure ether of that world. They all had long wings, and, though they went with the greatest rapidity, their wings were folded close by their side. While I gazed, I asked my guide who they were, and what was their mission. To this he responded, 'They are angels, despatched to the world from whence you came, on an errand of mercy.' I could hear strains of the most entrancing melody all around me, but no one was discoverable except my guide. At length, I said:—'will it be possible for me to have a sight of some of the just made perfect in glory?' Just then there came before us three persons; one had the appearance of a male, the other a female, and the third an infant. The appearance of the first two, was somewhat similar to the angels I saw, except that they had crowns upon their heads, of the purest yellow, and harps in their hands. Their robes, which were full and flowing, were of the purest white. Their countenances were lighted up with a heavenly radiance, and they smiled upon me with ineffable sweetness.

"There was nothing with which the blessed babe or child could be compared. It seemed to be about three feet high. Its wings, which were long and most beautiful, were tinged with all the colors of the rainbow. Its dress seemed to be of the whitest silk, covered with the softest white down. The driven snow could not exceed it for whiteness or purity. Its face was all radiant with glory; its very smile now plays around my heart. I gazed and gazed with wonder upon this heavenly child. At length I said,—'If I have to return to earth from whence I came, I should love to take this child with me, and show it to the bereaved mothers of earth. Methinks when they see it, they will never shed another tear over their children when they die.' So anxious was I to carry out the desire of my heart, that I made a grasp at the bright and beautiful one, desiring to clasp it in my arms; but it eluded my grasp and plunged into the river of life. Soon it rose up from the waters, and as the drops fell from its expanding wings, they seemed like diamonds, so

brightly did they sparkle. Directing its course to the other shore, it flew up to one of the topmost branches of one of life's fair trees. With a look of most seraphic sweetness it gazed upon me, and then commenced singing in heaven's own strains, "To him that hath loved me, and washed me from my sins in his own blood, to him be glory, both now and forever. Amen." At that moment the power of the eternal God came upon me, and I began to shout and clap my hands. I sprang from my bed, being healed as instantly as the lame man at the beautiful gate of the temple, who went walking, and leaping, and praising God. Overwhelmed with the glory I saw and felt, I could not cease praising God. The next Sabbath, I went to camp-meeting, filled with the love and power of God."

Such, dear readers, is the account which the venerable servant of God has left us of a glimpse of the future glory with which he was once favored. He is now gone.

We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

Let us, if we may, occasionally leave the world behind, and go up to Pisgah, and stand with Moses, and view the landscape o'er. We are strangers and pilgrims. This is not our rest. We have here no continuing city. Our home is beyond the tide.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

CHRISTIANS IN MADAGASCAR.—Rev. Mr. Ellis, recently returned from this interesting field, in an address before the London Missionary Society, said:

"More than twenty years have elapsed, since the last missionary left the shores of Madagascar; but, though the missionaries were sent away, the Lord Jesus Christ was there; the Spirit of God was there; the Bible was there. And they read the Bible, and the Spirit applied what they read, with power to their hearts; and, notwithstanding the efforts of the enemies of the Cross, and the enemies of the Savior, and those whose purposes were not only, as they expressed it, to cut down the tall trees, but to grub up, in their own expressive language, all the small fibres, that there might not be a relic of Christianity that should spread in the country, Christianity has continued to extend, and to extend in a greater degree than in any missionary field in which the laborers have been permitted to continue their toil. It may be

sufficient to say, that the number of Christians may be estimated by thousands; and that, not only are their numbers so great, but their quality, their standard of Christian excellence, will suffer nothing by the most minute and rigid comparison with the standard among the most pure of Christian churches in this my native land. I make this statement advisedly, and without the least fear of contradiction. I make it as the result of observation, and of repeated inquiry. They honor the Lord God; they obey the commands of Jesus Christ; they walk in the ordinances and commandments of the Lord blameless; and the influence of their spirit, their character, and their conduct amongst the heathen around, is far more powerful than the precepts of the gospel which they believe. It is producing an impression upon the people far greater than it is possible for us to imagine."

—[Presbyterian.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CHARITIES.—At a meeting of the British Evangelical Alliance, November 18th, Rev. J. H. Wilson, of Aberdeen, gave an account of his application to the Queen for the benefit of his ragged kirk and schools. She sent him a check for twenty pounds. Two years and a half afterwards he was commanded by her majesty to report upon the progress he had made, upon receiving which, her majesty sent him twenty-five pounds more.

In 1850 he formed these poor people into a Christian church, which now numbered nearly one hundred members. They built a little kirk of wood, and, on reporting progress to the Queen, her majesty sent him fifty pounds towards the expenses. When the Queen went last to Scotland, three hundred of these poor people turned out to greet her, and they were honored by the gracious smile of their sovereign.

Mr. Wilson, furthermore stated that there was not a family in Balmoral which had not been visited by the royal family, and supplied with the sacred Scriptures where they did not possess them, and he spoke in feeling terms of the very affectionate interest which the Princess Royal took in the poor people of that locality. He referred, also, to the number of evangelical ministers the Queen had commanded to preach before her in the little church of Crathie, a very humble edifice, which hundreds of London Christians would hardly like to enter. With respect to his ragged kirk, they had an average attendance of from three hun-

dred to five hundred every Sunday. They had a penny bank in which these very poor people had deposited £1,800 in three years.—[Presbyterian.]

THE CONVERTED JEWS.—It was stated, at a meeting at Norwich, England, of the Society for the Promotion of Christianity among the Jews, that there are, at present, ten thousand converted Jews in Europe, all classes of society being comprised in the list. The Society has one hundred agents, of whom fifty-six are converts, and twenty-five ordained clergymen; and sixty clergymen of the Church of England, are converts from Judaism.—[American Baptist.]

A typhoid pestilence is raging at Lisbon, Portugal. The King and the physicians remain in the city, doing all they can to alleviate the distress. The Cardinal Patriarch, the head of the Church in Portugal, has run away to Santarem, and cannot be persuaded to come back.—[Religious Telescope.]

IDOLS ABOLISHED.—A letter from Mr. Holmes, Episcopal Missionary at Cape Palmas, says the New York Independent, in speaking of the rapid decrease of idolatry at that point, says: "I shall probably send you a box of *greegrees*, as the people are giving them up by the barrow-load! 'The idols, he shall utterly abolish.'"—[Religious Telescope.]

In Sweden, Norway, and Finland, 240,500 copies of the New Testament (a copy for every family) have recently been distributed, and 40,000 for the solitary and homeless.

MINISTERS' SONS.—There are thirteen clergymen in the Dutch Church, each of whom has a son in the ministry; all in the same church, with three exceptions. One has two sons in the ministry, and two in the course of preparation. Several of our ministers are the sons of deceased ministers, and some the grandsons of such, and two the great-grandsons.

A woman in Corydon, Indiana, was lately struck by lightning and instantly killed, and at the same moment, as the lightning flashed, her sister, who was lying on a sick bed, expired.

The Editor of the Wesleyan says:—"We go for revivals and victory. Revival sermons, revival prayers, and revival lives must be our motto. Amen."

EDITORS' DRAWER.

WHY AM I THUS?

Among the communications recently received at our office, is one from "U. S. H.," who says:—"Dear Brothers, I am lost, (bewildered.) I once enjoyed the blessing of holiness. Sometimes I think I must still be in that state; at other times, I say to myself, I know I am not. How, or where I lost it, I cannot tell. I have prayed for feeling, such as I enjoyed when I received the blessing, but have not yet received it. Will you ask, through the Guide, the most pointed questions to ascertain my spiritual state?—whether it is any thing more than justification or not. I am one that wants to *know* where I am."

Believing that other readers of the Guide may experience difficulties and embarrassments similar to those of which our brother complains, we would venture, though with much diffidence, a few suggestions. It is not uncommon for persons to lose the blessing of full salvation in such a way as not to know when, or how, or where. In such cases, our own impression is, that the process usually begins with the fact that the attention of the mind is diverted from Christ, so that the thought does not invariably and instinctively return to him from every necessary diversion, in its business pursuits. In other words, there is a loss of recollection—inward recollection.

When this is gone, there is less power in prayer than there was, and there is less relish for it as an exercise and a habit. A soul fully sanctified, so long as there be proper care over the attention, will long for its closet, and its unmolested interviews with God, as a healthy man will long for his meals. While the heart can be kept in this state, there is no danger that defilement will creep in. But when, through excess of business, or otherwise, we suffer ourselves to be thrown into a hurry of spirit, the soul presently loses its balance in God, and, as a result, the marks of a present, full salvation, begin to decline in character, and many equivocal symptoms develop themselves. To defraud the soul of its regular seasons of private devotion, or of its occasional seasons of special and protracted prayer,—waiting, pleading, wrestling prayer, will bring it into the same dubious state. To suffer one's self to pass along without self-examination—especially without scrutiny of *motive* for a lit-

the time, will certainly result in this perplexity in regard to the real condition of the heart. The indulgence in any temper, or the performance of any act, concerning which we doubt of its moral complexion—of its right or wrong—is another reason why some persons find their light dimmed or extinguished. Again, the foot may have slipped, and, in an evil hour, yielding to a sudden assault, there have been felt a sinful temper, or an expression has been used by which we did not shun the very appearance of evil, to say the least.

Just in such a case, there is great danger that the soul will be so filled with dismay, at the thought of its failure, that it will quit its hold of Jesus, and, instead of clinging and, weeping around the cross, it will grow moody, and indulge in the mere sorrow of the world, which worketh death. But now, suppose this danger passed, and the heart still penitently and resolutely cleave to the Savior, there may be a duty of confession before us of a very humiliating character. Upon this subject, Mr. Wesley says, to professors of holiness,—“Be always ready to own any fault you have been in. If you have, at any time, thought, spoken, or acted wrong, be not backward to acknowledge it. Neither dream that this will hurt the cause of God; no, it will farther it. Be, therefore, open and frank when you are taxed with any thing; let it appear just as it is; and you will thereby not hinder, but adorn the gospel.”

Mr. Fletcher says,—“Christian perfection shines as much in the childlike simplicity with which the perfect readily acknowledge their faults, as it does in the manly steadiness with which they “resist unto blood, striving against sin.” If this duty of confession be done with reluctance, and with little heart, there will infallibly be left a cloud upon the horizon of the soul. It is well if the whole heaven be not darkened. Slowness to duty will affect the soul in the same way, and so will self-indulgence; that is, the seeking of pleasure in the gratification of the animal appetites. Sometimes the light becomes dim by refusing to let it shine; either neglecting to make a specific profession of it, or to labor for the promotion of the experience of perfect love in others. Those who labor in the vineyard of the Lord, especially ministers, are liable to get into darkness by not being exact, and *particular*, and *punctual*, as they should be, in giving God the glory for any success that may attend their

labors. It is a light thing to say, when asking God to bestow great blessings upon our labors, “And thou shalt have the glory;” but it is to be feared that the vow contained in that short clause is often broken in the most thoughtless manner. We frequently hear men speak of a recent revival within their field of labor in such terms, and with such an air, as to induce the fear that they may have forgotten the vow,—“And thou shalt have the glory.” Self-complacency over our good works will bring darkness upon the spirit. There is no safety but in dropping our implements of labor when the task is done, and turning all the soul’s attention back to God, struggling into his arms, nestling in his heart, and living in his smile.

But we will not pursue the subject further. Should we attempt to catechize our brother, according to his request, we should found our questions mainly upon the above points, and for this we shall scarcely find room at present.

OUR FUTURE COURSE.—It is now six years since, on entering to us the untried duty of editing a periodical, we penned an article with the above caption. The course which we marked out for ourself at that time, though an attempt at improvement on the past, had its serious defects. These, as fast as discovered, were remedied, and, after passing through a succession of changes, we have adopted a general plan in the arrangement of our periodical, which we believe meets with general favor. Our aim is to have the Guide as varied as it can be consistently with the great end we have in view, viz: THE SPREAD OF HOLINESS OVER THE WORLD. This point is never lost sight of, even in the Editorial Gleanings, which, perhaps, may seem to be the only exception to our general rule. A subscriber referring to this miscellany, is pleased to call its items, “loop-holes through which light is reflected to the mind, on the great principles of holiness.” Whether this compliment to our judgment is merited or not, we leave it with our readers to decide; it is enough for us to say that this was the very object we had in view in establishing that department. We have, then, no general change to propose, but renew the pledge, to make the Guide as much better as we possibly can; an object, however, which can only be secured by the blessing of our Father, on ourselves and contributors.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE PANIC ON SUBSCRIBERS.—We see that our religious exchanges generally, are fearing that the "hard times" will seriously affect their subscription list. To view it alone through the medium that other enterprises are viewed, we readily see there are grounds for such fears. There is another aspect, however, which we prefer taking, and where we are willing to let the matter rest. If our work is of God, needful for the advancement of his glory, no worldly panic or influence can seriously cripple or destroy it. When our little messenger has performed its mission, we are willing to stop it, but not till then. In the accomplishment of this work, we know many of our subscribers feel as deep an interest as ourself; and with them and our Master, we are willing to brave the issue.

PRAYER MEETINGS.—A noon prayer meeting is now held at the Methodist Church, Fourth street, below Arch, (Philadelphia,) for business men, on a similar plan with the one in the North Dutch church, New York. Such a meeting has been held for many years in the vestry of the Old South Church, in this city, every morning between eight and nine. Their influence for good cannot be estimated.

A SPIRITUAL APETITE.—A subscriber writes: "I received by to-day's mail, the XXXII volume of the Guide, and have hastily glanced over its pages, and expect to be more or less spiritually benefited when I peruse it. Enclosed, please find one dollar in advance, and should I fail to pay, or desire the Guide, it will be when it becomes less useful and less spiritual. My wife and myself delight in it."

We love such testimonies. It is a pleasure to know that the truths we send out, are *soul satisfying*.

THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.—There may be a little delay in getting out the February issue, as we shall keep the January number in type till towards the end of the month, that we may know how large an issue the demand may require. We hope our friends will lose no time in sending in their orders.

A SHORT EXPERIENCE.—My Dear Brethren: For two years past, I have been a privileged reader of the "Guide," and to-day my soul is overflowing with gratitude to God for the great blessing I have received through its instrumentality.

Having been educated in the Presbyterian

Church, I have always regarded the attainment of holiness in this life an utter impossibility. For fifteen years, I have professed to follow Christ, and all these years I have tremblingly hoped my sins were forgiven, but never could say from the heart, "I know I am a child of God." One day I was hoping in God's mercy, the next, doubting, feeling that I should one day perish by the hand of the enemy. O, what hard servitude! But, blessed be God, the Rock of my salvation, whereas I was once blind, now I see. Through the instrumentality of the "Guide," I have learned that Jesus is a present Savior from all sin. Now I feel the sweet assurance that I am wholly accepted of God; that all my unrighteousness is covered with the atoning blood of Christ. I cannot doubt it.

My hope is full, (O, glorious hope,) Of immortality.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE TRUE WOMAN, or Life and Happiness at Home and Abroad. By Jesse T. Peck, author of Central Idea of Christianity. New York, Carlton and Porter.

The Christian parent, who would develop a model character in the daughter, or the young woman solicitous of attaining the highest standard, and of escaping the dangers to which the unwary are exposed, will find this book an invaluable aid. It contains suggestions from a mind who has given to the subject thorough study and a heart gushing with the tenderest sympathies. The style is sprightly, vigorous, and full of illustration. The book is gotten up with taste, printed in large, bold type, and on clear paper, and embellished with a beautiful steel engraving of Mrs. Susannah Wesley. To any one sending us four subscribers, we will send the book as premium, free of postage.

MARRIAGE AS IT IS, AND AS IT SHOULD BE. By Rev. John Bayley, of the Virginia Annual Conference. Author of Confessions of a Converted Infidel. New York, M. W. Dodd.

A very readable book, on an interesting and important subject. Marriage, its nature and importance, when a source of misery, and when of happiness. Second marriages; the faithful husband and the faithful wife, and the duty of Christian parents are here drawn out with a master's skill. Considering the vast amount of unhappiness growing out of injudicious marriages, there is no subject, in our judgment, deserving of more patient thought and consideration.

"A great Cloud of Witnesses."

BY REV. W. MAC DONALD.

NOR only does the Bible present *Holiness* as a *dogma*, but as a matter of personal experience. This fact demands special attention; and, so far as the testimony of those of whose purity the Bible makes mention, is concerned, it has received attention from those who have written in favor of *Christian holiness*. We shall not attempt to repeat what has been so well said by others. We wish simply to consider the testimony of those who have lived in more modern times.

There are thousands, living and dead, who have testified that "the blood of Jesus Christ saved them from all sin," and that they were "filled with the Holy Ghost." These witnesses differ widely with reference to their theology in other matters; but they agree in this. They differ widely with reference to position, mental culture, profession, and length of time they have enjoyed it. Some are men of vast mental resources; others, of more humble abilities. They are found in the chair of the learned professor, and on the *cobbler's bench*; among doctors of divinity, and humble servant girls; among lawyers at the bar, and those who follow the plough. Some have professed to enjoy this blessing for a few days, others, for more than fifty years. They are persons, in whose lives we have seen nothing to condemn,—in whose conversation we have heard nothing which did not minister grace, and savor of sanctity and God. We have followed them till a cloud has received them out of our sight, or the river of death has hid them from our view, and death did not convince them of their mistake; but they died exclaiming, "*Preserve me, O Lord, for I am holy.*"

If we were left to the teachings of the Bible alone, on this subject, there might be some grounds for doubt, arising from the various import of words, its apparent conflict with other scriptures, and cherished

dogmas; and the want of a practical illustration of the doctrine. But when we find the great and blessed doctrine taught in the Bible, as a "*Central Idea*," and illustrated in the lives of good men in every age of the church, the Bible teachings assume additional interest, and the doctrine is forced home upon us as a great practical truth, within the reach of all.

Mr. Fletcher, than whom no man ever presented a purer life since Saint John, in making confession of what grace had accomplished in him, says, "I tell you all, to the praise of God's love, I am free from sin." Mr. Bramwell describes the wonderful change which the Spirit of God wrought in his heart, and says, "I have now walked in this liberty twenty-six years." Mr. Carvosso, in describing this work, says, "I was emptied of sin and self, and *filled with God*." He says again, "I have been looking around to find my sins, but I cannot find them; they are all gone." Bishop Asbury, in speaking of this change, says, "The night before, the Lord re-sanctified my soul." Bishop Whatcoat tells us, that, on the 28th of March, 1761, he was "suddenly stripped of all but love." He claims that God, at that time, fully sanctified his soul. We might add to these testimonies, indefinitely, but that would be useless.

There is a book published,—"*The Riches of Grace*,"—containing the testimony of sixty-two witnesses, to the fact that the "blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth from all sin." Their testimony is deeply interesting. One says, "He felt it, not only outwardly but inwardly. It seemed to press upon his whole being, and to diffuse all through and through it, a holy, sin-consuming energy. For a few minutes, the deep of God's love swallowed him up—all its waves and billows rolled over him." Another says, "I was never able, before that time, to say with sincerity and confidence, that I loved my Heavenly Father with all my soul and with all my strength." Another says, "My soul was

full—it overflowed. 'Twas no ecstatic flight, no height of rapture; but O! the depth! the fathomless depth! The ocean of love." Another says, "I seemed to be in a new state of existence; the change being as great as at the time of my conversion." Another says, "My heart melted and flowed out like water." Another says, "Every power of my soul and body was soothed to sweetest peace, and wrapt in holiest joy." Another says, "Wave after wave rolled over me, until I could only cry out, Glory! glory! *It seemed like light, and its essence love.*" Another says, "I now looked around for my sins—they had long been my companions—but they were nowhere to be found. Jesus had borne them all away." Another says, "Eleven years have passed since, and my peace has been like a river." Another says, "My whole heart was won by Christ, and filled with overflowing love to him. I had no will but his, and no desire of life, or death, or eternity, but to be disposed of in that way which would secure the highest possible praise to my Redeemer." Another says, "I felt the sanctifying leaven spread through my soul. I then entered into the rest of faith." Another says, "God, through the adorable Savior, enabled me then to love him with all my powers." Another says, "For a week, the mortal powers could scarcely sustain the weight of love." Another says, "Sin I was not conscious of; I felt I was cleansed. I know it, and must proclaim it. I feel it, and must declare it. I have tried it, and must tell of it. My heart is full." Another says, "I now believed, for the first time, that my soul had entered the Canaan of perfect love." Another says, "That was indeed a new life in which hallelujahs rose spontaneously from a heart so long unused to notes of joy." Another exclaims, "*Here were wonders!* This was like a God! But why attempt to describe it with words? The brightness of his glory has oft-times been so great as almost to extinguish the lamp of this mortal life." Another says, "It

came gently, yet powerful and overpowering; it was like a mighty rushing wind in my soul, extending itself through all my bodily frame."

Here are a few of the testimonies, with which this book abounds; they are from Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians and others. Here is a Methodist bishop, and a learned Congregational professor; a Methodist preacher, and a president of a Congregational College, all uniting in exalting Jesus as a Prince and a perfect Savior, because he had saved them from all unrighteousness. What shall we do with their testimony? Can we ignore it? Can we pass it by without attention? We must, like Hume, discredit all testimony, because it has sometimes proved unreliable, or, like Christians, believe that these witnesses have truthfully declared, simply what God has done for their souls. To say that these witnesses were mistaken, is to discredit all testimony, with reference to experimental religion; for no testimony was ever given with reference to *regeneration*, more clear and satisfactory, than is here given with reference to *entire sanctification*.

But, if these witnesses were mistaken, how do we know it? How do we know that they did not enjoy the *fulness of love*? Were they not as intelligent as we are? In this respect they will compare favorably with those who discredit their testimony. Were they not as well qualified to judge of their own mental and moral state as we are? We ask, then, how do we know that they were not saved from all sin? Have we tested the power of grace to its fullest extent? Have we been saved to the extent to which the blood of Christ is capable of saving us in this life? If not, how do we know but *that* to which we have not attained, is the *fulness* which these witnesses claim to have received?

The manner in which this testimony has been disposed of by some learned, but mistaken men, may be seen in the following extracts from Rev. Dr. Parsons Cook's

Centuries, Vol. II., p. 155. He says, "It is common to find those who profess to be perfect, to be men of nearly no religion at all, making good that word—If I should say I was perfect, that would prove me perverse. We can have no surer certificate of the rottenness of one's character. If otherwise he seems to be a Christian, that pretence shows that he is far from it."

This shaft was aimed at the Methodists alone; but Dr. Cook, in so doing, has stricken down some of the most lovely and God-honored men and women in the Congregational church. Like Samson, he seems willing to sacrifice his own life, if by so doing, he can destroy those hated Philistines. All the evidence necessary to convince him that a man has no religion at all, is, that he professes to keep the *first commandment*, without which, Saint John declares every man a liar, who professes to love God. The doctor wants no *surer certificate of the rottenness of one's character*, than a profession that the "blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, has cleansed them from all sin." We might have expected this from an infidel,—from a man who had fallen out with the Bible and its Redeemer,—but for a professed gospel minister, and grave doctor of divinity; a man professing to believe in a Savior who "saves his people from their sins," and "redeems them from all unrighteousness," and "cleanses them from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit," and "preserves them blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ,"—for a man professing to believe in a Bible which teaches all this, to make such a sweeping statement as is found in the foregoing extract, is enough to bring a blush to the cheek of the Christian world.

Not only does Dr. Cook aim his shaft at those who profess to be saved from all sin, in the various churches of the present day, but he thrusts at all whom God has pronounced "*perfect*."

When God says to Abraham, "Walk before me, and be thou *perfect*," he means,

according to the doctor's logic, that Abraham was to present a "sure certificate of *rottenness of character*." It is said of Asa, that, from a given time, "he was *perfect* all his days," that is, he had *no religion at all*. The Psalmist calls upon us to "mark the *perfect* man," etc., "for his end is peace,"—that is, those who present a sure certificate of *rottenness of character*, are remarkable for their peaceful end. "The righteousness of the *perfect* shall direct his way,"—that is, the righteousness of the *rotten-hearted* shall direct his way. Jesus says, "Be ye therefore *perfect*," i. e., possess no religion at all. Paul was running over with this kind of logic; hear him: "We speak wisdom among those who are *perfect*," i. e., among the *rotten-hearted*. "Be *perfect*," i. e., have *no religion at all*. "As many as be *perfect*," i. e., as many as have the *sure certificate of rottenness of character*, "be thus minded." "The God of peace make you *perfect*," i. e., give you *no religion at all*. "Go on unto *perfection*," i. e., to *rottenness of character*. James is very bold, and says, that the man who "offends not in word, the same is a *perfect* man," i. e., a *rotten-hearted, no-religion man*.

We see, at a glance, how perfectly unscriptural and fallacious is all such reasoning to disprove the doctrine of *full salvation*. Dr. Cook is guilty of "cursing whom God the Father has sealed."

Now, it makes but little difference, practically, whether God calls me *perfect*, or I call myself so, provided it be so in fact. It seems that if Job did not believe himself *perfect in love*, as Dr. Cook would have us believe, he and the Lord differed in judgment; for the Lord did tell Satan that Job was *perfect*. It farther appears, that, whatever Job thought of his own moral state, he believed there were those who were *perfect*; for, in the second verse following the one quoted by Dr. Cook, he says, "He [God] destroyeth the *perfect* and the wicked." Now, if the *perfect*, in Job's estimation, were "*rotten-hearted*," "*per-*

verse," etc., why does he contrast them with the *wicked*? who can be no worse than that? And if a *perfect* man could not be found, it would be very difficult for God to destroy such an one.

The testimony, in favor of a *full salvation* attainable in this life, seems to us clear and conclusive, both from the Bible and uninspired witnesses. The character and number of the witnesses are such as to place their testimony above suspicion. They are living epistles, known and read of all men.

The time was, when the doctrine of the "witness of the Spirit" to our *adoption*, was stoutly denied. It was said, we could not know our sins forgiven, although the Bible seemed to teach an opposite sentiment. But tens of thousands have the witness in themselves, that they have passed from death unto life, which fact has thrown so much light on the Bible teachings with reference to this subject, that very few, among evangelical Christians, have any doubt of the truth of the doctrine. Ought not experience, with reference to *sanctification*, to have equal weight? Is not a denial of the one a virtual denial of the other? There is no stronger evidence from the Bible, or experience, in the one case than in the other.

Let us be persuaded, then, by the example and experience of Enoch and Noah, Abraham and Asa, David and Isaiah, Nathaniel and Timothy, Zacharias and Elizabeth, Paul and John, Wesley and Whitefield, Fletcher and Benson, Bramwell and Carvosso, Mrs. Fletcher and Esther Ann Rogers, Asbury and Whatcoat, George and Merritt, Fisk and Olin, with thousands more, living and dead;—let us be persuaded, by the holy lives and direct testimony of this "*cloud of witnesses*," to offer the following apostolic prayer, with the assurance that "whatsoever we ask the Father" in Christ's name, we shall receive:

"For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of

whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might, by his spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."

When this prayer is answered, as it may be, you will be prepared to proceed:

"Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly, above all that we can ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."

I will not let Thee Go.

I WILL not let thee go; thou help in time of need!

Heap ill on ill,
I trust thee still.

E'en when it seems as thou wouldst slay indeed!
Do as thou wilt with me,
I still will cling to thee,

Hide thou thy face, yet help in time of need;

I will not let thee go!

I will not let thee go; should I forsake my bliss,
No, Lord, thou'rt mine,
And I am thine.

Thee will I hold when all things else I miss.
Though dark and sad the night,
Joy cometh with thy light.

O thou, my Sun; should I forsake thy bliss?
I will not let thee go.

I will not let thee go, my God, my life, my Lord!

Nor death can tear
Me from his care,

Who for my sake his soul in death outpoured,
Thou diedst in love for me,
I say in love for thee,

E'en when my heart shall break, my God, my life, my Lord!

I will not let thee go.

Imperfection only is Intolerant of Imperfection.

It has seemed to me that you have need of more enlargedness of heart in relation to the defects of others. I know that you cannot help seeing them when they come before you, nor prevent the opinions you involuntarily form concerning the motives of some of those about you. You cannot even get rid of a certain degree of trouble which these things cause you. It will be enough if you are willing to bear with those defects which are unmistakable, refrain from condemning those which are doubtful, and not suffer yourself to be so afflicted by them as to cause a coolness of feeling between you.

Perfection is easily tolerant of the imperfections of others; it becomes all things to all men. We must not be surprised at the greatest defects in good souls, and must quietly let them alone until God gives the signal of gradual removal; otherwise we shall pull up the wheat with the tares. God leaves, in the most advanced souls, certain weaknesses entirely disproportioned to their eminent state. As workmen, in excavating the soil from a field, leave certain pillars of earth which indicate the original level of the surface, and serve to measure the amount of material removed—God, in the same way, leaves pillars of testimony to the extent of his work in the most pious souls.

Such persons must labor, each one in his degree, for his own correction, and you must labor to bear with their weaknesses. You know from experience the bitterness of the work of correction; strive, then, to find means to make it less bitter to others. You have not an eager zeal to correct, but a sensitiveness that easily shuts up your heart.

I pray you more than ever not to spare my faults. If you should think you see one, which is not really there, there is no harm done; if I find that your counsel wounds me, my sensitiveness demonstrates that you have

discovered a sore spot; but if not, you will have done me an excellent kindness in exercising my humility, and accustoming me to reproof. I ought to be more lowly than others in proportion as I am higher in position, and God demands of me a more absolute death to everything. I need this simplicity, and I trust it will be the means of cementing, rather than of weakening our attachment.—[Spiritual Progress.

Don't Forget to Pray.

A LADY who had charge of young persons not of kindred blood, became, on one occasion, perplexed with regard to her duty. She retired to her own room to meditate, and being grieved in spirit, laid her head on a table and wept bitterly. She scarcely perceived her little daughter seated quietly in one corner. Unable to bear the sight of her mother's distress, she stole softly to her side, and taking her hand in both of her own, said, "Mamma, once you taught me a pretty hymn:

'If e'er you meet with trials,
Or troubles on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.'

The counsel of the little monitor was taken, the relief came. The mother was repaid for rightly training her child, by having her become her own blessed teacher. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, God has ordained praise."—[Sayings of little ones.

THE wise Lokman, being on his death-bed, ordered his son to approach, and said, "My son, when thou feelest a disposition to sin, seek for a place where God cannot see thee."

THE odor of flowers is never so sweet and strong as before a storm. Beautiful soul! when the storm draws nigh thee, be a flower.

Quench not the Spirit.

Gracious Reviewings.

BY MRS. PALMER.

[Concluded.]

A thousand Persons on their Knees at one Prayer Meeting—Extraordinary Effusions of the Holy Spirit—The Station-master converted, and its Results—How a Minister might labor five years, and not accomplish as much good as in five hours—Many hundreds saved—Characteristics of the Work—Conversions clear and powerful—An entire renunciation of the world, and of all questionable habits on the part of the wholly sanctified—Temples filled, and used for God.

A WESLEYAN MINISTER'S OPINION.

In speaking of the camp meetings of the last four or five years in Canada, a superintendent of a circuit, in a recent magazine, observes: "The history of these camp meetings has never been written—it can never be written. The light of eternity alone can unfold it. I wish it were in the power of my poor pen to describe some of the scenes which have been witnessed in connection with their progress. We have seen a thousand persons on their knees at a prayer meeting. We have seen upwards of a score of souls converted before they even rose from their knees, and perhaps not less than fifty saved at a single prayer meeting. It is to be regretted, that we have not been more careful in preserving the statistics of these meetings. The number actually saved, I am persuaded, is generally much larger than is supposed."

Seven such camp meetings have we attended in Canada, during the past summer and autumn, all of which were signally owned of God in the conversion of sinners, and the sanctification of believers. I am persuaded that at the most of these meetings there was not less than two hundred converted. Three others also we attended in the United States, were also much blessed of the Lord. So that those we have witnessed saved at camp meetings alone, number many hundreds.

THE TONGUE OF FIRE RECEIVED AND ITS EFFECTS.

And never before have we witnessed such effusions of the Spirit on believers. Hundreds, on hundreds have received the tongue of fire, and have returned to the cities and villages round about, filled with faith and the Holy Ghost to spread the Pentecostal flame. Would time permit, I could tell you of instances of this sort, which would fill you with admiration of the grace of God. We paused at one place, a few miles from where a camp meeting had been held. The state of the society had not been prosperous. There were, I think, but sixteen church members, and a good portion of these were far from being available. As we passed through the village, a little before sunset, and looked at the neat and rather commodious church, and the meagre population, we thought, Can that church edifice be filled with this population? Evening came, and the people came pouring in from the surrounding country, so that, to our surprise, the church was filled. The circumstances, in brief, were these. Several from that little village had been at the camp meeting, and had been newly baptized. A young man, who was engaged as station-master at the railroad depot, had been deeply convicted of his need of a Savior. This young man had used all the aids afforded him by virtue of his position as ticket-master, and also in having access to the telegraphic wires, to spread abroad the intelligence of the meeting, and thus the irreligious people of various denominations were gathered in from the surrounding country. The power of God came down upon the people, and a number were saved. The invitation was scarcely given to come to the altar to seek salvation, before it was surrounded. Among the first that was seen rushing to the altar, was the station-master. He had been bowed but a few moments, before he was enabled to rise and testify of the great things God had done for his soul. The work went on with still greater power,

until, from the last advices we received, eighty had been newly brought into the fold.

HUNDREDS PLEDGING THEMSELVES TO WORK.

This is but a specimen of what we have heard of the spread of the holy flame from various points where we have attended meetings. At each camp meeting, hundreds have pledged themselves to work daily, in endeavors to win souls to Jesus. And, from various directions, are we hearing that these efforts of the laity, are being greatly owned in bringing sinners to God. At Hamilton, a meeting commenced, as we paused, expecting to remain only one night, which has resulted in the salvation of several hundreds of souls. We remained in Hamilton about eighteen days. From Hamilton, we went to London, and remained twelve days, during which time the Lord poured out his Spirit on the people, and about two hundred names were recorded among the newly blest.

At all these places, much prominence has been given to the doctrine of entire sanctification. In as close connection, does the doctrine of the baptism of the Holy Ghost stand with the conversion of sinners, as did the conviction and conversion of three thousand stand in necessary connection with the reception of the Holy Ghost on the part of the early disciples.

Peter might have labored five years, and not have accomplished as much as he did in five hours after he received the baptism of fire. We should speak at a low computation, should we express it as our belief that we have seen one thousand souls sanctified, and from fifteen hundred to two thousand souls justified during the past summer and autumn.

THOROUGHNESS OF THE WORK.

The characteristics of this great work have been most inspiring, and portentous of good. The thoroughness of the work has exceeded, as a whole, anything we have before witnessed. In the unpardoned sin-

ner, conviction of sin has been deep and pungent, and conversions unmistakably clear and powerful. In the reception of entire sanctification, there was a counting of the cost, and an absolute, unconditional, eternal surrender of all to Christ. There was an experimental apprehension of the fact that the body of the believer has been redeemed unto God, as a temple for the Holy Ghost to dwell in.

JEWELRY, ARTIFICIALS, AND THE NOXIOUS WEED DISCARDED.

And being thus yielded up, believingly, the Spirit took conscious possession,—females putting aside jewelry,* and artificials, and other badges of worldly conformity. The men casting aside the noxious weed, and other questionable habits, acting on the principle that their bodies, as temples for God, must not be defiled, but nourished and cherished as a habitation for God. The result has been, that these earthly temples thus set apart for God were filled with the Spirit. And then the gift of utterance was given, and burning words have flowed out upon the people, penetrating the hearts of the unbelieving multitude, convincing the most sceptical that apostolic times were again being returned to the church. These, as before stated, have gone to their homes to scatter the holy fire in all the surrounding country, and revivals are breaking out in every region. May the work go on till the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our God and of his Christ.

* At one meeting, alone, about fifty dollars' worth of jewelry was cast into the Lord's treasury, to be appropriated to the missionary cause.

God is light, which, though never seen itself, makes everything else visible, while it disguises itself in a garment of colors. Thine eye does not feel the ray, but thy heart is warmth.

FORETHOUGHT.—“It is at once the misery and disgrace of men that they live without forethought.”—[Coleridge.

Of the Christ-life, or the Interior and Essential life of the soul, considered as a source of physical Health and Beauty.

BY L. M.

1. It is a very interesting truth, that Christ is the physician of the body, as well as of the mind. Indeed, it is impossible for him to be a physician, a healer of the mind, without at the same time being a physician of the body. By Christ, however, we mean the *essential* Christ. The historical Christ, the Christ of Palestine, if he is only historically received, cannot heal us and beautify us, neither physically nor mentally. Nor can an abstract and ideal Christ, a Christ whom the speculative imagination has formed and placed far away in some corner of the heavens, accomplish these important results. So long as he is the Christ of the conceptive or imaginative faculty, and not the Christ of the heart, so long as he is merely conceived of as a Christ existing apart and not known and realized as consubstantial in and with ourselves, he is powerless. The results, to which we have referred, must be accomplished by the essential Christ; that is to say, by Christ *within*.

2. The essential Christ, or Christ in ourselves, is the same as the true spiritual life in ourselves. It is the same interior spirit, which dwelt in the Christ of Palestine, and which enabled him to suffer and to die; and which now dwells in the Christ of the heavens. The essential Christ, the spirit of Christ in its essence, is and can be nothing more nor less, and can be nothing otherwise, than the spirit of pure and universal love. The soul that is delivered from selfishness, and is perfected in love, possesses the essential Christ-nature. With this explanation, we are prepared to say that Christ, using the term as an expression for the interior Christ-nature is a healer of the body as well as of the mind,—a source of true physical health and beauty.

3. The first illustration of the subject,

drawn from the opposite view, is this. All sin and all deformity have their origin in the opposite of the life of love. Indeed, selfishness, which is the opposite of the essential life, or love-life, is itself sin. It is not only sin, but may be described more specifically as the great root and trunk of all sin. Sin, carried out in its full extent, is the violation of all right law, both physical and mental. The body is the out-growth of the mind; but it cannot grow aright under circumstances which are a violation of law. It is impossible for a man to live in the violation of law by means of depraved appetites and passions, without leaving the mark of such depraved appetites and passions on the physical being. The drunkard, the thief, the gluttonous, the licentious, the false, the cruel, bear the marks of their depravity about them; written legibly in their countenances and forms. Behold the unhappy man who walks through yonder streets—his body shrivelled, his cheek thin and pale, his eye restless and anxious, his countenance without expressions of openness and love,—that man is a miser. His whole soul is absorbed in the one fact of acquisition; and his body is the measurement and the expression of the soul. And thus, by an unalterable law of nature, it is always found to be the case, that a perverted body, a body diseased and unbeautiful, is the out-growth of a perverted mental nature. Such is the law of sin. Existing first in the mind, but tending by the law of its being to outward and formal manifestation, it always clothes itself, sooner or later, in a diseased and deformed body. The law of holiness will be the opposite.

4. The essential Christ, (which is only another form of expression for indwelling, universal, and perfected love,) does not, and cannot live and operate in a low, debased and sensualized body. Christ, considered as an indwelling spirit and life, requires a correspondently purified and elevated organism, in which and through which he can perform his mighty works. "Know ye not," says the apostle, "that ye are the

temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" The external or historical Christ healed diseases and cast out devils, while he lived on earth. This portion of Christ's history is very interesting and instructive. He did it by external methods: or at least in the use of such methods. It is said of Christ, in the Gospel of St. Mark, that he "healed many; insomuch that they pressed upon him for to touch him as many as had plagues." But the results were comparatively limited since they did not extend beyond his personal presence and acts, and the presence and acts of those associated with him, to whom he had committed the same power. But the external or historical Christ is the embodiment, in the external or active form, of great truths and principles, which are to be realized far more generally and fully in connection with the essential and inward Christ. The Christ of the soul, in being a mental regeneration, is also and necessarily a physical regenerator. He acts unseen; but he acts with power. The essential Christ is the universal Christ. He is the Christ in all, and therefore he is not merely the healer of the diseases and plagues of Nazareth and Capernaum, and the cities round about, but the healer of the diseases of all places and of all men.

5. And how does Christ, who is no longer seen and tangible, and cannot reach and touch us with the outward healing hand,—how does he do this? The full answer to this question would require a volume. A few remarks will indicate the direction which such questions and answers would take. And, in the first place, the essential Christ, namely, Christ in the soul as pure and perfect love, is also WISDOM. The inward Christ, by purifying our appetites and delivering them from all inordinate and lustful tendencies, is a wise and effective physiologist. He instinctively understands the wants of our physical nature, and indicates those things which are best fitted to meet such wants. And hence it is, that all purified and holy souls are particular in their

modes of living. They reject every thing which the inward Teacher rejects. In other words, they instinctively and decisively reject every thing which they find tends to disturb the action of the physical system, and to interrupt the harmony between the soul and God. Hence it is that they are temperate; that they do not and cannot use ardent spirits, or anything which intoxicates; that, as a general thing, the tendency among them is to adopt and to favor what is termed the vegetable system of living as most favorable to health, and the higher and better harmonies of the mind. It is in this way that Christ is at the present time a true physician and healer of the body.

6. Again, Christ in the soul, in distinction from the outward Christ, is patient. The inward and essential Christ, which is the same as the inward essential life, is willing to wait. There is no feverish anxiety, no distrust, no jealousy, no envy, no fear. And this state of things, so different from the continual agitations of the unsanctified heart, is greatly conducive to health. All inordinate fear, anxiety, and passion of any kind, acts injuriously upon the physical system. Such are the correlative laws of the mind and body, that there can be no great disturbance of the mind, no want of harmony, without a correspondent disturbance and want of harmony in the body. And, on the contrary, inward health, which is a necessity when Christ exists in the soul, becomes outward health.

7. And Christ is not only a healer, but a *beautifier*, of the body. Even if the body, in consequence of inherited evils, or of the mistakes and errors of early life, has been greatly injured, so that the Christ-spirit within does not immediately restore it physically in all respects; yet it will never fail to invest the outward form with a divine beauty which it could not derive from any other source. As it is well understood, that the disorders of the mind, whatever they may be, write themselves in disordered and evil expressions on the countenance; so the mind's truths and

holy loves write themselves on the countenance also, in lines equally distinct, and with the substitution of beauty for deformity. The radiance of the mind as it exists in the harmonies of truth, purity and divine reverence, makes its way through the lineaments of the body, and playing, as it were, upon the body's surface, becomes the transparency and mirror of the soul's interior beauty.

This beauty, which is specific in its character, and transcends every other form of beauty, belongs only to regenerated and purified minds; and in the precise degree of their purification.

8. But beauty shows itself not only in this direct radiation which is seen in the countenance, but in other respects also, such as the dress, the speech, and the manners. And in these particulars, and in others which might be mentioned, the Christ of the soul is a great and effective teacher;—guiding men without any mistake by means of a series of instinctive judgments which are constantly unfolding. The dress of the holy man or woman remote from the tawdriness and extravagance of worldly fashions, is marked by simplicity and by adjustments of form and color, which are true to a purified intellectual taste. Their conversation also, very diverse from the noisy frivolity or the fierce antagonisms of worldly life, is inspired by the wisdom which cometh from above. Their gentle words, calm as their own purified spirits, harmonize with the occasions which call them forth; inspire confidence, soothe sorrow, and promote love. Add to this, the gift of propriety of manners, that gentleness and fitness of outward demeanor and intercourse, which constitutes true politeness, and it will be seen how true it is, in the language of Paul's epistle to Timothy, that "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that *now is*, and of that which is to come."

9. So that we feel justified in taking the position, that the highest style of physical health and beauty will be found to be the

accompaniment of the highest inward experience. Undoubtedly, statements of this kind are to be made with the qualifications, which unavoidably connect themselves with some peculiarities of our position;—such as the tenacity of some forms of inherited disease, and the power involved in early habits. The restoration of a diseased and deformed physical system, and the correction of early improprieties of speech and manners, may not be the work of a moment. It may take time. But still the facts of common occurrence will show, and the reason of the case will equally show, that Christ, in-dwelling in the soul, as a living principle of pure and perfect love, will accomplish these results. Christ is an outward, as well as an inward architect. And it will be found, as the general rule, that he who is perfected inwardly, is perfected outwardly.

Sinners Awakened and Converted through Preaching the Doctrine of Holiness.

BY T.

REV. I. W. WALKER, in referring to the fact that Mrs. Walker still took delight in this doctrine, remarks, in his letter, dated Hillsboro', April 10, 1856:—"It is the chief topic of her contemplation, and the preferred subject of her conversation. Not long since, as I was leaving her sick room to go to one of my quarterly meetings, not knowing but that she would be gone to her rest in heaven, before I could return, the last thing she said to me was, 'My dear, preach holiness.' I trust I shall not soon forget those words, coming from the depths of the soul of one so near and dear to me, and, at the time, to all appearance, trembling on the last dizzy verge of human life.

"In the village where that meeting was held, we had but one class, and that form of infidelity called Universalism, with its concomitants, had long held a controlling influence in the place. In my sermon, on Saturday, I alluded to the request of my

wife, and the circumstances under which it was made. The reference produced a thrill in the congregation, and, on Sabbath, I announced, as the subject of my discourse, 'Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.' Many, if not all, were surprised at the text on that occasion, as there was a general expectation that the discourse would be in defence of Christianity, and against that form of infidelity prevalent in that section of the country. The Lord helped me on that occasion, and the whole congregation was deeply affected. But for the request of my dear wife, my subject would have been different and, in all probability, the result would not have been so good upon the congregation.

"Infidelity was attacked at a point, in a way that it least expected. The nature and necessity of inward and outward holiness, was explained and exposed by arguments drawn from nature, from reason, and from divine revelation, as essential to present, future and eternal happiness, and only attainable in the present life, through faith in the atoning blood, and justifying righteousness, and all-prevailing intercession of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Names, sects, and parties seemed to be lost sight of, and the one great consideration, personal holiness, as the only meetness for heaven, appeared to occupy every mind.

"Before the meeting finally closed, some thirty or forty were added to the church. I am fully persuaded that there is no better argument against infidelity in any of its phases, than may be drawn from experimental and practical piety, when presented and enforced according to the true standard of gospel provision and promise. That is, a pure and a holy life—received and maintained by a living faith in a living Savior—living in Christ, and Christ in us, the hope of glory. Then we are filled with the Spirit, have communion with the Father, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all unrighteousness." —*Brief Recollections of Rev. G. W. Walker.*

A Witness for Jesus.

BROTHER DEGEN :—The following article, with some slight modifications, has been kindly furnished by the devoted sister whose name is attached, to be forwarded to the Guide. In penning this sketch, she has only begun to carry out her long-felt convictions. The writer is an example of "suffering affliction;" for it seldom falls to the lot of mortals to have so much of the *bitter* mingled in the cup of their experience. But let another voice be raised, in attestation of the triumphs of grace, amid the threatening waves of earthly sorrow!

A. A. PHELPS.

DURING the last year, whenever God has especially blessed me, I have felt it duty to *write*; but a shrinking sensitiveness, in view of my inability to say anything to profit, has hitherto withheld me from making the attempt. I yield *now* to my convictions of duty and the solicitations of a dear Christian brother, by sending this communication. I feel constrained to devote this present writing to personal experience.

I was converted to God in the year 1843, and maintained my justified relation nearly four years; when the cares of life, the love of the world, and temporal prosperity, began to alienate my affections from God. I was not destitute of *all* spiritual comfort, but I had lost my first warm love. While in this unhappy condition, God visited me in mercy and in judgment, by removing from me an only and beloved child. The Holy Spirit was quick to apply this sad visitation with great force to my heart. In this affliction, I was led to the cross, sought and obtained a renewal of my *first love*, and shortly after, under the preaching of the word, was powerfully convicted for the great blessing of *entire holiness*. I now felt the necessity of this as I had never done before, and resolved to rest not short of it. I *needed* it for my *own sake*, to give me permanent peace and stability in the way of salvation, and I *needed* it to increase my sphere of usefulness. For months I sought to obtain a clean heart. I strove, by much fasting, and prayer, and good works,

to prepare myself for its reception. I stumbled at the simplicity of faith. I desired to do some *great thing* which would almost *merit* salvation. I read, "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified;" and yet it seemed too much to believe that God would save *me* to the uttermost, by simple faith in Christ. When almost upon the verge of despair, I ceased all effort to do anything for myself, (except to hold my little all *bound* to the consecrated altar,) *fell* into the arms of Jesus, and obtained by grace through *faith* the blessing of perfect love! For nearly a year I lived in the possession of this grace; when almost imperceptibly, through the subtlety of the tempter, ignorance of the way, and want of proper instruction, I lost the clear witness of my entire salvation. I had, somehow, imbibed the erroneous opinion, that entire holiness of heart would not only deliver me from *sin*, but from *temptation* also, and open up before me an unobstructed path to the end of life. But how different was the result! My conflicts now began in sober earnest;—the darts of hellish rage were hurled against me from every quarter, with greater fury than ever. For this I was unprepared, and was consequently overcome. Amid such conflicts, I feared to profess entire purity;—I cast away my confidence, lost my spiritual power, and, strange to say, in a few short months, scarcely an earnest desire to be a Christian remained! Though outwardly conforming, in part at least, to the forms and ceremonies of the church, I was inwardly a whited sepulchre, destitute of the *life and power* of religion in the soul. In this deplorable state, the beginning of the year 1854 found me, at which time it pleased the Lord to lay again his afflicting hand upon me, and remove, by death, the dearest earthly idol I had ever known. In that dispensation, and the subsequent loss of health and strength, I was brought again to see my true condition as a sinner before God. The light of divine truth flashed upon me, and I realized fully that something more than being an acceptable member of the church was necessary in order to eternal salvation. Here I was, a backslider in the church, having a name to live while dead; how guilty and self-deluded, and yet only the true representative of *thousands* in the visible church, who are destitute of *saving faith*! There they stand, like an incubus, palsying the energies of the living membership—hindrances to the work of the Lord.—stumbling-blocks in the way of sinners. Holy Spirit, reach their hearts, and *wake* them, that they sleep no more!

In precisely this condition was I when God's Spirit found way to my heart. Again I felt the joys of pardoned sin, and again the truth was riveted on my heart and conscience that nothing short of *holiness* could keep me. I fled to Jesus, and accepted salvation on gospel terms. I made an entire and perfect consecration of all my redeemed energies,—of all earthly hopes and prospects for all time, and took the cross of Christ with *all* its reproach, salvation with all its consequences. In the very moment this *perfect* consecration was made, I was enabled to exercise that faith in God which brought the fulness of salvation to my soul. The hallowed bliss of that hour will never be forgotten. In the alienation of friends—in the breaking off from former associations—in pecuniary losses—in trials and difficulties of almost every description, the *presence and love of Jesus* has infinitely more than compensated for any *little* sacrifice I may have made. For three years I have proved the efficacy of the atoning blood to *save*. During this time, wave after wave of deepest sorrow, has rolled over me. Called many times, in the sorest trials, to walk by faith alone, and destitute of all sensible manifestations of God's presence, the truth of the promise has *ever* been verified to me, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and "as thy day, so shall thy strength be." As I recall all the way in which I have been led, my soul filled with love and adoration to God, my Savior, who has done so much for me. My motto evermore shall be, "Holiness to the Lord."

"Redeeming grace has been my theme,
And shall be till I die."

I expect not a smooth path for my feet, but shall triumph gloriously in the strength of Israel's God. Hallelujah to God, and the Lamb forever, for the grace that can not only save, but *keep saved* amid all the exigencies of this sorrowful life!

E. J. FEAGLES.

The Consecrated at Conversion.

BY REV. E. OWEN.

THE object of the first gospel ray that flashes upon the soul, is to lead man to purity. The intent of the first blow dealt out by the Spirit upon the Upas of sin, is to cut it down; nor is the object reached, until the stroke is given that really fells the tree of sin. As the first blow of the woodman upon the sturdy oak will be lost, unless the last one is given,—the stroke that levels it with the ground, so the object of conviction, and even of the conversion of a sinner, is not fully reached, until sin is all destroyed. Not enough, even, that the work of sanctification be begun, (as it always is in the converted soul,) it must be completed. Thus, conviction for sin, if improved, leads to consecration of all to God. This prepares the way for the exercise of faith in Christ for pardon. The pardoned one, who keeps his covenant made with God at conversion, must "go on unto perfection." Every genuine convert is conscious of having consecrated *his all* to God. He may have tried to persuade God to vary the terms, but it was not done. God framed the covenant, which embraced the yielding of his entire being to God, and, without the least change, the seeker signed it. It only remains for such an one to keep his solemn vow, to secure complete salvation; for God, who has begun the work, will soon lead the yielding soul to perfect freedom. This covenant imposes obligations upon both parties. God, as well as man, stands pledged here. "If we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have

fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." God's part of the covenant will be kept, and, unless we violate our covenant engagement by refusing to "walk in the light," as God gives it, sin must soon be banished from the soul.

But is there not often a great struggle to consecrate much, after conversion, preparatory to stepping into higher life? If all was yielded at first, why consecrate again? Can one yield more than all? To this, I reply: The struggle here experienced, by those who have not backslidden, is more to *keep* all upon the altar, than to *put it there*. That man who stands pledged in the most solemn manner to defend his country's rights to the utmost of his ability, may find a struggle to keep that pledge, when called to face the enemy, and endure the horrors of war. It is not new conditions imposed by the general, which causes the struggle, but the fact that the soldier is now undergoing a test of his fidelity. So the Christian soldier may find that the covenant embraced more than was *fully* realized at conversion, and the continued yielding to what was not at first fully discovered, may properly enough be called consecrating; and here is an important sense in which all these things were yielded at conversion. There was not the least reserve. All was pledged to the Captain of our salvation, when that name was enrolled upon the divine record. And yet, as he marches against the "powers of darkness," it may require a struggle to keep that vow. But if he stand the test, if he keep the covenant inviolate, he shall have a rapid march from his exodus from Egypt, to the Canaan of perfect love. Every step will be towards purity. His rapid march may involve new responsibility, but it will also involve more,—even the power of a covenant-keeping God, and the full efficacy of the blood of Jesus Christ in his behalf. O! if our young converts were all properly trained to this glorious march, how soon should we have an army of "invincibles" in the field!

The Christian in Divine Communion.

LET ME STAY.

LET me stay ! my soul is feasting
On Immanuel's saving grace—
Let me stay—I now behold him,
In my spirit, face to face.

Let me stay ! his charms pervade me
With a bliss beyond control,
O ! his rapturous love, all vital,
Streams into my panting soul.

Let me stay ! the union 's perfect,
I in Christ, and Christ in me,
Henceforth, I will draw my being,
Every instant, Lord, from thee.

Let me stay ! The scenes of glory
Move around me clear and bright;
Here the spirits, pure and perfect,
Bask and sing in living light.

Let me stay ! Their songs seraphic
Swell the atmosphere divine,
And I echo high their chorus,
"Life, eternal life, is mine !"

Let me stay ! O, *this* is heaven !
Glorious mansion of the blessed !
Now my worn and weary spirit,
Finds in Christ its *perfect rest*.

[Published in the N. W. Christian Advocate,
in 1854.]

A few Thoughts from my Journal.

BY URIAH BROWN.

SABBATH, Jan. 10th, 1858.

'I HAVE to praise God for another holy Sabbath, and for the privilege of worshipping him in his holy temple. I have this day enjoyed more of the Spirit's influence, than of late—have had more fervent desires for a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost, and in prayer have had such a sense of the goodness of God, in providing for me a full salvation in Jesus Christ, that I could only exclaim, Glory ! glory ! glory !

My soul has been greatly refreshed, and my faith quickened and strengthened, by reading a number of choice articles in the present January Guide, on the fulness of

the blessed gospel of the Son of God. O, how I do love the doctrine of holiness ! it is so fully established and enforced in the Bible, both by precept and experience, and is so congenial with the warmest emotions of the pure in heart. The doctrine of a full and present salvation, is just what we might expect of an infinitely wise and benevolent God ; He would not, like the unwise man, begin and not be able to finish. Any other view of the subject would be derogatory, both to the wisdom and goodness of God. We may, therefore, safely affirm, that the plan of salvation which Infinite Wisdom has devised, is perfect ; and adapted to secure a perfect salvation ; and I have a thousand times had to exclaim, "Why is it, that so few of the professed followers of the Savior, see and understand it ?" and I can find no other answer to this important question, but that the veil of unbelief hides it from their vision. Only let this dark veil be removed, and the bright visions of faith would so illumine their minds, and ravish their hearts, that the doctrine of entire sanctification in this life would not only be seen and believed, but would be to them a blessed realization. O, how those who have drank into the fulness of God's love, and know the joys and peace of a present salvation, should pray, and talk, and write, and live, to bring others into the enjoyment of this priceless blessing ! Although I, like the dear missionary brother of the Marquesas Islands, was brought in to this glorious doctrine, aside from any human teachings on the subject, with nothing but the truth of God brought to my mind by the Spirit in a lone and thoughtful hour ; yet I feel that this unusual manner does not exonerate me from laboring to help bring others into it. The doctrine of holiness was received by me in such a way, and by such an Agent, that its truth to me amounts to demonstration. That truth is corroborated by its blessed and happy effects on my life, not for a transient hour, or day, or year, but for more than fourteen years ; and, were I to

number the years of Methuselah, I should only but just begin to taste its enduring blessedness. Ho, then, my dying friends, ye who are thirsting after these living waters, come ye, come buy wine and milk, without money, and without price; and do not spend your money for that which is not bread, for that which satisfieth not! The way is easy, is plain; only believe God, and consecrate all your powers to him, and you will find the waters of full salvation inundating your soul, and your whole being immersed in the ocean of God's love, not to rise from it, but to plunge deeper and deeper into that unfathomable abyss.

It is, indeed, cheering to the lovers of holiness, to have its doctrine so ably advocated, and elucidated in the "Guide." Feeling this doctrine, as we all do, to be God's eternal truth, what can afford us purer or higher joy, than to have it defended from the attacks of prejudice and ignorance, and to have it boldly and meekly confessed in the face of a gainsaying world, and to see it making conquests, far and wide, and laying its trophies at our Emanuel's feet?

Augusta, N. Y.

Trust in God.

IN a true Christian's devout aspirations, it is not from instruction or habit, but from spontaneous impulse, that he exclaims "Our Father." His thoughts go out after God. His heart yearns for him. His soul longs, with unutterable longings, for his abiding presence. He comes with a truly filial spirit before God, and it is perfectly easy and natural for him to say, "Our Father." And he has a *right* to say it. He is the *child* of God, and he knows it; for "the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits, that we are the *children of God*." Being the child of his Father, and away from his Father's house, he yearns for it, and at times is *homesick*—as children that are kept at school, away from their parents, long for the day of vacation, that they may

go home; and these yearnings are the testimony of the Spirit that we *are* the children of God. The man who has these feelings, and has them habitually, need not hesitate to call himself a child of God, or to address God as "Our Father."

There are some Christians who always seem to have entire and unwavering faith in God as their Father. They trust in him to such a degree as to believe that whatever may be the happenings of Providence, everything will be for the best, and that they will be taken care of, and never left alone. They are confident in him, and seem never for a moment to doubt. Their cup always runs over, because they always *think* it runs over. But, on the other hand, there are others who, while they are blessed abundantly, never see or think that they are. And this class comprises the multitude of men. They call God "Our Father," only because the Lord's Prayer begins so, and not because their own prayer naturally and spontaneously confesses that they are his children and he is their Father. They have doubts and glooms. They have fightings without, and fears within. They allow small things to perplex them, and great things to overwhelm them. They distrust God—not intentionally, but really. They doubt his providence—though they would hardly believe that they doubt. They habitually look on the dark side of things, and excuse themselves for it by saying that they are constitutionally melancholy; whereas the fault is, nothing more nor less than a practical want of faith. It is an unconscious scepticism of God. They theoretically extol their faith, but practically deny it. They give way before every trouble, instead of conquering it, and in every dark hour flee for refuge, not to God, but to themselves.

Now all Christians, whether hopeful or despondent, are sometimes like the disciples on the Sea of Galilee—driven hither and thither by contrary winds. They toil all the night upon the deep, casting their nets, but taking nothing. Nay, oftentimes

their sea is without a Christ walking upon the water, and their ship without a Christ, even asleep. Yet, when they desire his coming upon the sea, and cry out to him, they soon see him walking to them over the waves. When they desire his awakening in the ship, they soon see him rising to rebuke the wind, saying, "Peace, be still," until there is a great calm. God hides his face only to disclose it again; and his hidings are oftentimes as full of mercy, as his manifested presence. But whether to their feeble-sighted eyes, he is present or absent, they may always know that "he is not far from them at any time." When there are clouds, so that they cannot see him, they may look at him through faith, and discern that he is not far off. And, as they, that go down upon the deep, and are overmastered by storms in darkness of the night, knowing not on what strange shores they may be thrown, cast anchor, and wait for day, so, in the midst of trial and temptation, when the storm is fierce and the night is dark, when the lights are quenched, and the signals gone, they may cast anchor; and if they wait in faith, and hope for the day, it will always dawn. The darkness will always hide itself, and the light appear. There never was a night so long that the day did not overtake it. There never was a morning without its morning star. There never was a day without its sun.

God can reveal himself to his own people as he does not to the world. He can give to every Christian heart, to the timid as well as to the strong, to the sorrowing as well as to the hopeful, those divine intimations, those precious thoughts, those sweet-breathed feelings, which are evidence that there is summer in the soul. He can inspire the heart with that perfect love which casteth out fear. He can take away all doubts and misgivings, all gloomy misapprehensions, all dreary forebodings of the future. He can make sunshine out of shadow, and day out of midnight. When our fears have been like growing thorns in our side, he can pluck away the thorns, and

heal the wounds; and he can turn every spear which has pierced us, into a rod and staff, which, instead of being wounded by, we may lean upon; so that the very things which once cast us down may be made to hold us up. He can so deal with us as to make every yoke easy, and every burden light; so that the heavy-laden may come to him to be relieved of their loads. He can touch the fountains of our sorrow, and make our tears like gems and crystals, more precious than pearls or diamonds. And our tears are oftentimes among his most precious treasures. The things that we call treasures, he counts as of very little worth. The human soul is his treasury, out of which he coins unspeakable riches. Thoughts and feelings, desires and yearnings, faith and hope—these are the most precious things which God finds in us.

He can do all things for us, whatsoever we need, and more than we need. We are too slow to believe in his generosity. We do not often enough think that, as he has infinite *desires* to help us, so also he has infinite *powers*. He is able to *carry out* all that he can ever *wish* for us. God is not like man. Our means are limited. With us, wishing to possess is far from possessing; wishing to do, is far from doing; but with him the wish and the power are one. His desires are fully equalled by his means. He is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think." Things that are great to us, are small to him. The favors that we ask of him seem to us to be large and royal. Yet to him they are very little things. The gifts he has power to bestow, are not only greater than we ever ask, but ever *can* ask or even *think*.

He is always willing to give special grace for special emergency. If men are suddenly brought into trouble, he is "a very present help in time of need." When rich men, by some unexpected reverse of fortune, are made poor, he can sustain them under their burdens, when without him they would be utterly crushed. When friends are parted from friends, when families are broken

and scattered by death, when the mother loses her child, and weeps because the cradle is no longer to be rocked, and the sweet laugh is hushed in the house, God can give "the oil of joy for mourning." Whenever his children suffer disappointment, when clouds cast shadows over their path, when troubles bear heavily before them, when they are in trials of business, or in greater trials of bereavement, he can take off the heavy weights. He can make the rough places smooth, and the crooked ways straight. When sorrow comes, that seems to forbid all consolation, he can gently wipe away the tears, and bring back joy and hope once more.

He is a physician, who only wants to be called. He is a friend, who only wants to be trusted. He is a helper, who only wants us to ask his aid. But he wants us to ask him heartily and truthfully. He wants us to reach up our hand, and take covenant by his hand. He wants us to cast our care upon him, for he careth for us. He wants us to confide entirely in him. He wants us to have no hesitancy in our faith.

And this is reasonable. It is what men ask, every day, of their own children. A father expects his child to confide in him. A child expects to trust freely in his father. And we ought to go to God, being his children, with less distrust and more confidence. We ought to take him at his word, and to have faith in his promises. If *He* has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," we ought boldly to say, "the Lord is my helper; I will not fear what man shall do unto me."

But when we borrow trouble, and look forward into the future to see what storms are coming, and distress ourselves before they come as to how we shall avert them if they ever *do* come, we lose our proper trustfulness in God. When we torment ourselves with imaginary dangers, or trials, or reverses, we have already parted with that perfect love which casteth out fear. Mothers sometimes fret themselves, and are made miserable about the future career

of their children—whether they will turn out drunkards or not, whether they will go to the gallows or not, whether they will be a disgrace to their parentage or not. Now all this is simply an evidence of a lack of faith. There are many persons in good health, with all their faculties in active exercise, who, having nothing else to worry about, rob themselves of sleep at night by thinking, "if they should suddenly be taken away, what would become of their families, and who would take care of their children?" Such distrust of God is dishonorable to Christian men; and it is only because of his exceeding patience—which is the most wonderful attribute of the divine nature—that he does not signally rebuke and punish it whenever it is manifested.

When persons are taken sick, they ought to bear it with a good grace, but nine out of ten, even among Christian men, repine and murmur. When they are visited with any trouble, their first thought is apt to be, "How grievously I am afflicted!" though the nobler thought would be, "How graciously I am sustained!" When a cross is laid upon them, they cry out, "What a burden I have to carry!" whereas they might better say, "What a burden Christ carries for me!" A Christian sailor, who lost one of his legs in the battle of Trafalgar, said, that he could very often measure the faith of the people who conversed with him, by the way in which they alluded to his misfortune. Nine out of ten would exclaim, "What a pity that you lost your leg!" and only one in ten, "What a blessing that the other was preserved!" When God comes into the family, and takes away one child, instead of complaining because he has taken one, it would be wiser to thank him that he has left the rest. Or he may crush a man's business, and strip him of all his worldly wealth, and yet leave untouched and uninvaded, what is dearer than all—the cradle of his only child. Would it not be nobler for such a man to be thankful for what God left, than to murmur for what he took away? "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh

away," but he always gives more than he takes away. If God robs a man of his riches, he leaves him his health, which is better than riches. If he takes health, he leaves wealth. If he takes both, he leaves friends. And if he takes all these—house and home, and worldly goods—God's providence is not yet exhausted, and he can make blessings out of other things which remain. He never strips a man entirely bare. A man may be left a beggar upon the highway, and yet be able to give unceasing testimony to God's goodness and grace!

If men were to give thanks to God for what he permits them to have, rather than to utter complaints for what he wisely and graciously withholds, he might not unlikely give to them more abundantly, if for no other reason than to increase their gratitude.

An old man, who is now without home or friends—a stranger in a strange land, who earns a scanty crust of bread, day by day, by selling steel pens and writing paper from store to store, and from street to street, in New York, said, the other day, that though he had several times been so reduced as to be for a period of forty-eight hours, and longer, without a morsel to eat, he never lost his trust in Providence, and always rebuked himself whenever he complained at his lot! This man's faith was genuine! He was a hero in rags, greater than many a hero in armor!

God's goodness is large and generous, only our faith in it is small and mean. He carries the whole globe in his thoughtful providence, easier than a mother carries a babe in her arms. If we cannot see the end from the beginning, what matters it, so long as *He* sees it? What have we to do but to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and leave the rest in faith to him?

We ought not to forget, that an affectionate, confiding, tender faith, habitually exercised, would save us of half the annoyances of life, for it would lift us up above the reach of them. If an eagle were to fly low along

the ground, every man might aim a dart at it, but when it soars into the clouds, it is above every arrow's reach. And they that trust in God "shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint." Christ's invitation is: "*Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.*"—[Independent.

Letter from Rev. James Caughey.

TORONTO, Dec. 29, '57.

REV. H. V. DEGEN.

Rev. and dear Brother,—Judging the following letter of our beloved brother Caughey, will be read by most, if not all, your correspondents, with sincere satisfaction, I have asked Brother Yates' permission to enclose a copy which, I pray, may be inserted as early as convenient.

Yours in holy bonds,

SLADE ROBINSON.

SHEFFIELD, Nov. 20, '57.

My beloved friend and brother Yates: Both your kind letters came to hand, and I stop, from the great battle for souls, and "take breath" to tell you I am well, and in the heat of a great battle for gospel truth and souls. The scenes are indeed most glorious; over two thousand souls liberated from satanic power; but, of these, four hundred or so are cases of purity and perfect love; but, perhaps, thirteen or fourteen hundred from the world. Glory to the Lamb! He a lion is in fight, and giveth us the victory.

The British Wesleyan Conference closed all their pulpits against me, the week of my arrival. Bishop Simpson advised, but I got advice from a higher authority, and behold the result. I let all *debateable* subjects alone: have nothing to do with reformers as reformers, but, as *soul-savers*, I know all good men.

I speak well of the Wesleyans from the pulpit, and advise the new converts *from their congregations* to join them, which they do generally. The Wesleyans here are my warm friends generally, but they are bound hand and foot by the resolution of Conference, last August. However, they know that James Caughey will never try to pull down what he spent so many years before in trying to build up. *No! no! never!* The Wesleyan Conference could not *trust me*, but, by an *honorable, loving, open, upright, broad day-light, unwavering friendship*, I hope yet to force their *loving, confiding hearts*, though so suspicious a few months since, to trust me. Wont that be noble revenge?

But in the mean time, I cannot be *still*, while souls are *perishing*, and if trust or friendship cannot be reposed in me by the Wesleyan Conference, (for the *people* are all right enough,) why, then, God bless them! the Head of the Church be Judge—they must go on *their way*, and I *mine*—in soul-saving. Not one word in *prayer, preaching, exhortation*, by me, or any body, is ever uttered against the Wesleyans. Depend upon it, your old friend J. C., will take no course in England, that his Wesleyan friends in Toronto will be ashamed of, the grace of God assisting me. But, if my efforts in getting sinners converted *everywhere*, be an offence to those who are seeking offence, why, then, they shall have plenty of that, God being my helper.

Do write as often as you feel inclined, or able. You have still a large place in my heart, depend on it, and shall forever. Our love is destined to eternity. Love to our beloved physician, wife and family, and to all my old friends.

Affectionately in Jesus Christ,

JAS. CAUGHEY.

"The love of Christ hath a height without a top, a depth without a bottom, a length without an end, and a breadth without a limit."—[Eph. iii. 18, 19.]

Cheering from Trenton, N. J.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing on business, says: "It will give you pleasure to learn that the work of holiness is advancing in this part of our Zion. For some months past, the interest on this subject has been evidently increasing, and we are greatly encouraged to hope that it will extend throughout our church, and, indeed, all the churches in this city.

"We have a meeting at our own house weekly, with special reference to this subject, and our parlor is filled and sometimes crowded with those who are 'hungering and thirsting after righteousness'—and several have recently entered into the blessed enjoyment of Perfect Love. Our meetings are favored with signal manifestations of the divine presence, and *abundant* effusions of the Holy Spirit.

"Some of our *young men* attend this meeting, who have been greatly quickened and strengthened thereby in the spiritual life, and we doubt not they will become 'rooted and grounded in love,' and hereafter be pillars in the church of our God.

"The advantage to *young Christians* in being *early led* into the way of holiness, is *beyond all estimate*. The benefit to themselves—to the church—to the world—the glory which is brought to God, and the ultimate and eternal bliss secured by *entire* consecration to God in the morning of life, eternity only will reveal. O, that this could be more deeply impressed upon the youthful part of our membership—the *vast importance* of *being entirely given up to God*, of rendering him a *whole-hearted service*! A heart offered up to God, with all the powers of soul, mind, and body, as a living sacrifice, in all the freshness and vigor, and beauty of youth, what a lovely offering. How *acceptable* must it be to God, and how will he crown such an one with his *richest blessings*! I knew such an one, who, thirty-seven years ago, devoted herself wholly to the blessed Savior, and *took him for her portion*. Her path, from that time to the

present, has been 'as the shining light, which shineth *more and more unto the perfect day.*' She feels sometimes strongly drawn to write more, (for she has occasionally written some,) of her experience in this *delightful way*—the way which is cast up for the 'ransomed of the Lord to walk in;' she has found it such a *safe way*, and such a *happy way*—for 'there is no lion there, nor any ravenous beast can go up thereon.' O, that all who name the name of Christ, were walking in the way of holiness!

"The little band here who receive the Guide, are endeavoring to do good by circulating the numbers among the members of our church; and we trust we shall see the gracious fruits; indeed we do begin to see them.

"May God bless and prosper you, dear brethren, in your efforts to extend the glorious work of holiness, and may he enable me, although a *very 'little one'* among his children, to contribute, in some degree, to the same blessed cause,

"Prays your sister in Christ,

M. D. J."

"Jesus Christ the Same Yesterday, To-day, and Forever."

BY M. A. BERNHARD.

NOT so the friends of earth. Those, who to-day are the warmest in their professions of friendship, will perchance to-morrow meet us with averted faces.

A thousand circumstances, "trifles light as air," often occur to separate us from those in whom we had placed implicit confidence. Time, distance, misfortune, the whisperer's blighting breath, or the malign voice of calumny often sever the strongest chain that binds together the friends of earth, and leave them to grieve over changed sympathies.

Not so with Jesus, the firm friend of the child of God. "In him there is no variableness, or shadow of turning."

He ever lends a listening ear to all his wants, sympathizes with, and soothes all his woes. Though wave after wave of

disappointment and affliction, roll over his sorrow-riven heart, though friends and kindred stand aloof, though every lifted cup of joy be dashed from his lips, every pleasant plant uprooted, and every sunny, flowery path be hedged up, still he knows that "his Redeemer liveth," and is still unchangeable.

Dark, lone, suffering and sorrowful, may be all the pathway of the Christian, through his pilgrim journey, yet it cannot be cheerless; he cannot be wretched or friendless, with the abiding evidence of the love of the great Unchangeable.

O! how refreshing to be permitted to turn from the hollow, fleeting, friendship of earth, to that which is substantial! How sweet, how soul-cheering, to remember that "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever!"

Cleveland, Jan. 15, 1858.

To Our Absent Loved One.

AIR—"Do they miss me at home."

BY MRS. PALMER.

WE miss thee from home, yes, we miss thee,
At morning, at noontide, at eve,
Fond memory encircles around thee,
And still she more closely doth cleave.

O we miss thee from home, yes, we miss thee,
When the "Good-morning" kiss passes round,
And the heart and the lip in sweet meeting,
In Love's early greetings abound.

And O, with what tender emotion,
We miss, mid our worshipping throng,
At our morning and evening devotion,
Thy voice in our family song!

And as oft round the throne we are kneeling,
And mingle in concert of prayer,
The treasures of thought are revealing
A long cherished loved one not there.

But we'll not weave a garland of sadness,
Though time our loved circle may part,
We would fain bring a chaplet of gladness,
And sing of sweet peace to thy heart.

We will sing of a home of reunion,
Where time and its partings are o'er,
Where, in holy and blissful communion,
We shall miss thee, our loved one, no more.

A Thought or Two on Holiness.

BY A MEMBER OF THE BAND.

WHAT are some of the features of holiness?

Holiness of heart is to be obtained by simple faith in Jesus Christ, as a present, sufficient, and eternal Savior.

Holiness is that position in which a man knows that every thought, word, deed, look, and feeling, is wholly consecrated to God, with all interest and influence, pecuniary or otherwise, and in which he determines to spend and be spent for the Lord; in which every motion, whether in business, domestic or church matters, in the failure or prosperity of business, in or out of employment, in sickness or perfect health, in a high or very low station of life, bears, on its very appearance, the name of love; that position in which, if a man's character is hacked and shattered to pieces, if he be denounced as a vile miscreant, impostor, or hypocrite, if he be turned out of the synagogue, and even trampled under the feet of the ungodly, if every friend and relation, to the very dearest, be turned against him, he still loves his enemies as himself.

These are some of the features of holiness. This we must be willing to bear and do, if we would live a life of purity.

Simple confidence in God, the believing his blessed promises just as they stand, is all that is necessary—no feeling required. This is Faith; the result, Holiness or Love.

A Whole Church Seeking Purity.

DEAR BROTHER DEGEN: I transcribe a portion of a letter received a day or two since from a highly esteemed and useful minister of the Congregational Church.

PHEBE PALMER.

Dear Sister P.—ON Wednesday evening, I took with me a little company of three brethren and two sisters, whom God has taught the way of perfect love, and, in accordance with a previous engagement, I visited a Congregational Church in your city. They

have had their attention turned to the subject of sanctification for some time past, and there is much inquiry about it, among them; three or four, I think, enjoy the blessing. Quite a congregation came out to hear us, and some of them told us what the Lord was doing for their souls. We gave them our testimony, and God gave them a disposition to receive it gladly.

At the close, the pastor, in the name of the congregation thanked us for our visit and testimony, and then called upon all who desired this blessing, to unite with him in expressing that desire by rising up. Almost the whole congregation arose. We then bowed down before the Lord, and the pastor led in prayer. The hour was late when the meeting broke up, but we found it difficult to break away from the people, there was so great eagerness to converse with and greet us.

Truly it was cheering to see a whole church, and that a *Congregational Church*, with their pastor at their head, stand up before the Lord, and before the world, and say, "We want the blessing of a clean heart," and then bow down and pray for it. Let those Methodist Churches who resist and oppose the doctrine of sanctification, beware lest others be put before them.

God is with me every day, and, though my soul is satisfied with marrow and fatness, yet I am longing to know more of Christ, and I am continually growing up into Him my living head. * * * *

I am willing that any use should be made of my name whenever it may help the work of Christ among men. I used to have a sensitiveness about it, but, I believe it is all gone. If any reproach is to be borne for Christ, I feel a disposition to desire that I may bear a part of it, rather than to avoid it. Glory be to God!

Your Brother in Christ,
H. B.

VICE AND VIRTUE.—Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.

Design of the Church.

"It is but too evident that the church of this age, and, perhaps, with few exceptions, the church of every age, has but imperfectly, and inadequately understood her vocation as a testifying and proselyting body. She has been too secular, and too selfish. She has not allowed the wondrous truths which she professes, to exert their power, and has quenched the Divine Spirit which dwells in her as in a bodily temple. Christians seem to be trying the dangerous and desperate experiment of gaining just religion enough to save them from hell, and take them to heaven, rather than putting forth all their desires and energies to see how much of the light, and power, and joy of godliness they can possess. They seem as if they would be content to float into the haven of eternal rest, upon any plank or fragment of the ship-wrecked vessel, rather than intensely long to make a prosperous voyage, and have "an abundant entrance," with every sail set, the precious cargo all preserved, and to drop their anchor amid the acclamations of the admiring multitudes who throng the heavenly strand.

We can conceive of a time, when the heavenly and holy calling will be better understood and more perfectly exhibited. When Christians will be seen on every hand, taking up, as their rule of conduct, the apostle's epitome of his whole moral self, and say, "*For me to live is Christ;*" when personal ease, domestic comfort, and the acquisition of wealth, knowledge or fame, though not neglected, will all be considered as very secondary and subordinate matters to the bearing testimony for Him, and converting the world to God; when they will feel that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself; when they will consider themselves as sacred to God, formed for himself to show forth his praise; instead of looking with envy and an imitative propensity on the men of this world, who devote themselves wholly and

successfully to the acquisition of wealth, grandeur, and power, they will pray to be delivered from them as pursuing a low, sordid and sinful course, compared with their own, in witnessing for God, and spreading the savor of his knowledge through the world, and will feel that, so that they do but fulfil their mission, they can be content to be the witnesses who prophesy in sack-cloth. They will no more dream of giving themselves up to personal ease and enjoyment as the great object of desire and pursuit, to the neglect, or lukewarm pursuit of their object, than would an ambassador, sent to bear testimony for his sovereign and his nation in a foreign court, and before antagonistic and hostile people.

Up, then, ye soldiers of the cross—gird ye for the conflict—quit you like men. The world is all before you. The commission is in your hands. Victory awaits you. With such a Captain and such a cause, what enemy could prevent you from winning the world for Christ, and immortal honors for yourselves!"

JAMES.

Of Christ.

"A DEPRAVED understanding will not yield that the creature is so bad, and that Christ is so good. O, did we but know ourselves and our Savior! We are poor, but he is rich; we are dead, but he is life; we are sin, but he is righteousness; we are guiltiness, but he is grace; we are misery, but he is mercy; we are lost, but he is salvation. If we are willing, he never was otherwise. He ever lives, ever loves, ever pities, ever pleads. He loves to the end, and saves to the uttermost, all that come unto him."

THE EYES OF GOD.—The wise Lokman, being on his death-bed, ordered his son to approach, and said, "My son, when thou feelest a disposition to sin, seek for a place where God cannot see thee."

Pencillings by the Way.

BY DORA.

Number III.

MY heart has been softened and humbled while perusing a book, entitled, "The Cross of Christ; or, Meditations on the Death and Passion of our Blessed Lord and Savior." I never before had such a realizing sense of the humiliation of the Savior, his agony and patient endurance of the reproaches and insults heaped upon him, as while perusing that book. I took shame to myself, because of my want of patient submission to my—compared with others—peculiar and severe trials; but, compared with those of Christ, light and trivial. Says the editor, (quoting from another,) on the title-page, "The Cross of Christ must be to us not merely an external object, to gaze upon, but must be internally and subjectively realized to each of us; in that cross must we crucify the flesh, with the affections and lusts; in it must the world be crucified to us, and we to the world; in that sign by which Satan, when he thought himself a victor, was vanquished, and dispossessed of his earthly throne, must he be equally expelled, with all his noxious influences, from the stronghold of our hearts." I will quote some extracts from this book, which have particularly impressed me:—"O the wise and marvellous dispensation of the Almighty! Whom God will afflict, an angel shall relieve; the Son shall suffer, the servant shall comfort him; the God of angels droopeth, the angel of God strengthens him. Blessed Jesus! If, as man, thou wouldst be 'made a little lower than the angels,' how can it disparage thee to be attended and cheered up by an angel? Thy humiliation would not disdain comfort from meaner hands. How free was it for thy Father to convey seasonable consolations to thine humbled soul, by whatsoever means! Behold, though thy cup shall not pass, yet shall it be sweetened.

What if thou see not, for the time, thy Father's face, yet shalt thou feel his hand. What could that spirit have done without the God of spirits? O Father of mercies, thou mayst bring them into thine agonies, but thou wilt not leave them there. 'In the midst of the sorrows of my heart, thy comforts shall delight my soul.'"

"Fortify my soul, blessed Jesus, with the same spirit of submission with which thou underwentst the death of the cross, that I may receive all events with resignation to the will of God; that I may receive troubles, afflictions, disappointments, sickness, and death itself without amazement, these being the appointments of thy justice for the punishment of sin, and of thy mercy, for the salvation of sinners. Let this be the constant practice of my life to be pleased with all thy choices, that, when sickness and death approach, I may be prepared to submit my will to the will of my maker. And O that, in the mean time, my heart may go along with my lips in this petition, 'Thy will be done.'"

"Contemplate, O my soul, for an hour, the sufferings of thy Savior. Behold him betrayed with a kiss, by one of his own disciples. He had just sold his master—traitor that he was, for thirty pieces of silver, and now, approaching with a band of men and officers from the chief priests and Pharisees, he passes on a little before, and, coming to Jesus, says, 'Hail, Master,' and kisses him. By this apparent token of affection, he indicates to the soldiers who he is whom they seek. But Jesus, knowing what was in his heart, asks Judas, 'Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?' How gentle is the rebuke given by Christ to this vile traitor! It is all he says. Silently, and without any resistance, he suffers himself to be taken prisoner, bound and smitten. See him who, by a word, could command twelve legions of angels to appear for his escort, as he is rudely dragged along by those merciless men, as though he were some gross malefactor; behold him divested of his rai-

ment, blindfolded, spit upon, scourged, arrayed in mock garments of royalty—crowned with a wreath of thorns, while before him kneel the scoffing soldiers, deridingly saying, 'Hail, King of the Jews!'"

"Silently he bears it all. Listen to their charges against the Holy One of God. He defends not himself. He endures all the reproach they heap upon him—calmly he gives his back to the smiters, and his cheek to those who plucked off his beard. He wears the purple robe. He accepts the thorny crown. He takes the reed offered for the sceptre. He endures the mock adoration. He bears his own cross. Behold affronts and indignities which the world thinks it right never to pardon, which the Son of God endures with a divine meekness. Let us cast at the feet of Christ, thus unworthily treated by his creatures, that false honor, that quick sense of affronts, that mischievous niceness, which is punctilious about a trifle, which exaggerates every thing, and pardons nothing, and, above all, that diabolical inflexibility in resenting injuries. The more Christ is abased for us, the more we ought to adore him. That which he suffers in his face condemns those who idolize their own, and that criminal care which they take to please others thereby." Well might the apostle exhort us to consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest we be wearied and faint in our minds.

"What sorrows did he undergo! and with what patience did he suffer them! Patient when Judas unworthily betrayed him with a kiss; patient when hurried from one place to another; patient when Herod and his men of war set him at naught; patient, when Pilate so unrighteously condemned him; patient when scourged and crowned with thorns; patient when his cross was laid upon him; when he was reviled, reproached, scoffed at, and every way abused. Lord Jesus, grant me patience after this example, to bear thy

holy will in all things. O Jesus, who now sittest at the right hand of the Father, to succor all who suffer in a righteous cause be thou my Advocate for grace, that, in all my sufferings, I may follow thy example, and run with patience the race that is set before me."

Gleanings from the Past.

BY A. C. D. L.

Nov. 1838.—Sabbath. The last week has been one in which I have enjoyed communion with the blessed Savior, and freedom at the mercy-seat; yet there are such *infinite depths of grace and love*, in him, of which I know nothing, that my soul is not satisfied, but is filled with *intense* longing to know more of the *richness*, the unbounded fulness of love, *perfect* love.

Have been to the sanctuary to-day, and felt that it was "the gate of heaven, indeed." The Holy Ghost spake through man's lips, making truth powerful.

Jan. 6th, 1839. God has been dealing with me, and is still—I would

"Lie passive in his hand,
And know no will but his."

My ways are all committed to him, therefore he will direct them, according to his promise. I am not my own—I have no *personal* interest—the interests of Christ are mine. I have no other.

Jan. 7th. Have not enjoyed that melting of soul to-day, which I sometimes do, but the calm rest of a mind stayed on God.

May. 6th. Went to the Sabbath school this morning, feeling wretchedly in body and mind. The subject for investigation was, "Christ, our Savior." While presenting truth to my class, the Spirit took of the things of Christ, and showed them unto me. I cast my burden upon him, and was sustained.

Dec. 9th. What shall I render for that *grace*, that *astonishing* grace, which has subdued, and does constantly subdue, all

my evil passions! Surely, it is all grace.

"Redeeming grace has been my theme,
And shall be till I die."

Have been obliged to suspend my labor in school, for a few days, on account of ill health. The Lord is evidently preparing me for something, by all this discipline. What it is, I know not. I would not thwart his purposes of love, but gladly do and suffer all his will, if I may but honor his holy and blessed name. This is all I ask, to be "*wholly* sanctified, body, soul, and spirit, and be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord." "Faithful is he that calleth you, who also *will* do it." Blessed promise! On it my soul rests.

Ministerial Responsibility and Fidelity.

THE charge of St. Paul to the Pastors of the Church of Christ at Ephesus and Miletus, contains much that is interesting to every Christian minister. 1. If he be sent of God at all, he is sent *to feed the flock*. 2. But in order to feed them he must have *the bread of life*. 3. This bread he must distribute *in due season*, that each may have that portion that is suitable to time, place and state. 4. While he is feeding others, he should take care to have *his own soul fed*; it is possible for a minister to be the instrument of feeding others, and yet starve himself. 5. If Jesus Christ entrust to his care the souls bought with his own blood, what an awful account will he have to give in the day of judgment if any of them perish through his neglect! Though the sinner, dying in his sins, has his own blood upon his head, yet, if the watchman has not faithfully warned him, his blood will be required at the watchman's hands. Let him who is concerned, read Ezek. xxxiii: 3, 4, 5, and think of the account he is shortly to give unto God.—[Doctor Adam Clarke.

LITTLE THINGS.—"He that despiseth little things, shall fall by little and little."
—[Wesley.

The Work of Holiness in Canada.

BY REV. W. S. BLACKSTONE.

I PROCEED to give some account of the great work which God has wrought, in connection with our Canadian camp-meetings. The history of these means of grace with us, has been, particularly during the past six years, marked by a series of successes seldom equalled in the annals of Methodism. Thousands of sinners have been converted; and, though this is matter of devout gratitude and joy, it is believed it is by no means the most gratifying result which has been secured by them; the improvement of the membership of the Church in earnest, intelligent, scriptural piety, is most remarkable. Our Church in Canada has always been thoroughly scriptural and Wesleyan, in its teaching on the subject of entire sanctification. It was frequently referred to, in sermons, exhortations and prayers, and we were never without here and there a witness that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. Still it must be confessed that, till within the last few years, it was far from receiving that measure of attention to which its importance entitled it. It was seldom made the exclusive theme of a sermon; and when it was, it was too frequently presented in a dogmatical and controversial form, the end, apparently, being rather to defend the doctrine from the attacks of its opponents, and to vindicate its scriptural character, than to press it home upon believers as a present privilege, and a present duty. The result was precisely what might be expected. Though there were many among us who could state the doctrine correctly, and defend it scripturally and logically, there were few, comparatively, who understood it experimentally.

During the last six or seven years, a number of circumstances have concurred to awaken a deeper interest on this vitally important subject. The labors of the Rev. James Caughey, in several of our cities and larger towns, and the extensive circulation

of his works among the membership of our Church generally, doubtless contributed largely toward producing this result. But it is believed that no human compositions have been more signally owned and blessed of God, or have done more toward awakening deep conviction of the necessity of holiness, in the minds of our people, than the works of Mrs. Palmer. The whole of "Faith and its Effects," was published in successive numbers of *The Christian Guardian*, the official organ of the Church. Her other works were scattered broadcast through every part of our country, and they carried a blessing with them, wherever they went.

The popularity of these works, and the benefit which many had realized from their perusal, created, in the minds of hundreds of the most decidedly pious among us, an earnest desire to become personally acquainted with their author. The result was, that she, and her excellent husband, were invited to attend a camp-meeting in one of our central and populous districts. Their name drew out a large concourse of people, and the Lord came up with his servants, and made them immediate and mighty instruments in the salvation of souls. The exact number saved on that occasion, is not known; but perhaps we would not exaggerate, were we to say, hundreds of sinners were converted, and hundreds of believers sanctified wholly. And the best of all was, it was followed by a series of revivals in the surrounding circuits, which continued during the entire year.

Here, the revival of holiness among us, particularly among the rural districts, fairly commenced, and with it the revival of camp-meetings. The fame of this meeting went abroad throughout every part of the country. The effect was, that, in many places where the means of grace had become obsolete, and in others, where they had never been tried before, camp-meetings were got up. At several of these, each year since, our esteemed and excellent friends, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, have been present, and their labors have been most signally owned

and blessed. It has been my privilege to attend seven meetings at which they were present, by special invitation, and I feel the utmost confidence in asserting that hundreds of sinners have been converted, and hundreds of believers have been sanctified through their instrumentality. I do not know but I might say thousands, instead of hundreds. Their mission to Canada has been a most important one, and I doubt not in the day of eternity it will be found that the result of their labors will be far more glorious than we can at present conceive.

The history of these camp-meetings, has never been written—it can never be written. The light of eternity alone will fully unfold it. I wish it were in the power of my poor pen to describe some of the scenes which have been witnessed in connection with their progress. We have seen a thousand persons on their knees at a prayer meeting; we have seen upwards of a score of souls converted before they ever rose from their knees, and perhaps not less than fifty at a single prayer-meeting. It is to be regretted that we have not been more careful in preserving the statistics of these meetings. The number actually saved at them, I am persuaded, is generally much larger than is supposed. This arises from the fact that persons are continually coming and going, and, as the names are not taken till the close of the meeting, many who have been benefitted are gone. Still I have not attended a camp-meeting in several years, with a single exception, where there was not at least a hundred conversions reported, and an equal number sanctified wholly.

An unusual number of these feasts of tabernacles are being held in this country this season. As far as I have been able to learn, they have all, so far, been well attended, and favored with signal manifestations of the presence and power of God. I have enjoyed the privilege of attending two, at both of which our friends from New York were present. What has been said of Canadian camp-meetings in general, is strictly applicable to these in particular. My

knowledge of the first, and of the effects which have followed it, is more accurate than of the other. It commenced on Saturday, June 27th, and continued until the following Thursday. It was frequently interrupted by showers, by which, doubtless, hundreds were prevented from attending, who would otherwise have been present; and yet the immediate result was the conversion of a hundred souls, at least, and the entire sanctification of about an equal number of believers. Nor did the revival end here. Within a week from the close of the meeting, twenty persons were converted in the neighborhood of the encampment. At another place, four or five miles distant, several were converted. And, at still another, and one of the most barren and hopeless places in this part of the country, a young man who had been converted at the camp-meeting, when he returned home, requested the privilege of asking a blessing at his father's table, and such was the divine influence which accompanied this simple request, it was made the means of awakening the whole family. From this apparently trivial circumstance, a revival commenced, which, as I have been informed, has resulted in the conversion of about forty souls! In all these places the work still continues to progress, and we hope in God that it may never end, until the world is subjected to the dominion of the Redeemer.

I have met with the remark, in some of the publications of the M. E. Church, that the great prominence which has been given to the subject of holiness, or entire sanctification, as a distinct blessing, at some of your camp-meetings, has militated against the conversion of sinners. The same cause, in this country, has produced a diametrically opposite effect. In exact proportion to the prominence given to this theme, in our preaching, exhortation and prayers, as a general thing, has been our success in winning souls to the Savior. It is a singular fact, that we scarcely ever have a believer sanctified wholly, without having a sinner converted, so that we generally find that the

numbers of those who have entered into each blessing, about equally balanced. In fact, we find nothing more effectual in awakening sinners, than the preaching of holiness. Even those who do not enjoy this grace, are constrained to acknowledge that this doctrine is the life of the church. As it was in the days of Mr. Wesley, so we find it now. Where this doctrine is faithfully preached, sinners are converted, and the whole work of God prospers.—[Beauty of Holiness.

Happy Nancy—The True Secret.

THERE once lived in an old brown cottage, so small that it looked like a chicken-coop, a solitary woman. She tended her little garden, knit and spun for a living. She was known everywhere from village to village, by the cognomen of "Happy Nancy." She had no money, no family, no relations; she was half blind, quite lame, and very crooked. There was no comeliness in her; and yet there, in that homely, deformed body, the great God who loves to bring strength out of weakness, had set his royal seal.

"Well, Nancy, singing again?" would the chance visitor say, as he lounged at her door.

"La! yes, I'm forever at it. I don't know what people will think," she would say, with a sunny smile.

"Why, they'll think, as they always do, that you are very happy."

"La! well, that's a fact, I'm just as happy as the day is long."

"I wish you'd tell me your secret, Nancy;—you are all alone, you work hard, you have nothing very pleasant surrounding you—what is the reason you're so happy?"

"Perhaps it's because I have n't got anybody but God," replied the good creature, looking up.

"You see, rich folks like you, depend upon their families and their houses; they've got to keep thinking of their business, of their wives and children, and then they're

always mighty afraid of troubles ahead. I ain't got anything to trouble myself about, you see, 'cause I leave it all to the Lord. I think, well, if he can keep this great world in such good order, the sun rolling day after day, and the stars shining night after night, make the garden things come up the same, season after season, he can sartinly take care of such a poor, simple thing as I am; and so, you see, I leave it all to the Lord, and the Lord takes care of me."

"Well, but Nancy, suppose a frost *should* come after your fruit trees are all in blossom, and your little plants out; suppose—"

"But I don't suppose; I never can suppose; I don't want to suppose, except that the Lord will do everything right. That's what makes you people unhappy; you're all the time supposing. Now, why can't you wait till the suppose *comes*, as I do, and then make the best of it?"

"Ah, Nancy, it's pretty certain you'll get to heaven, while many of us, with all our worldly wisdom, will have to stay out."

"There, you are at it again," said Nancy, shaking her head, "always looking out for black cloud. Why, if I was you, I'd keep the devil at arm's length, instead of taking him right into my heart; he'll do you a desperate sight of mischief."

She was right. We do take the demons of care, of distrust, of melancholy foreboding, of ingratitude, right into our hearts, and pet and cherish the ugly monsters, till we assimilate to their likeness. We canker every pleasure with this gloomy fear of ill; we seldom trust that pleasures will enter, or hail them when they come. Instead of that, we smother them under the blanket of apprehension, and choke them with our misanthropy.

It would be well for us to imitate Happy Nancy, and "never suppose." If you see a cloud, don't suppose it is going to rain; if you see a frown, don't suppose a scolding will follow. Do whatever your hands find to do, and there leave it. Be more child-like toward the great Father who created

you; learn to confide in his wisdom, and not in your own; and, above all, "wait till the 'suppose' comes, and then make the best of it." Depend upon it, earth would seem an Eden, if you would follow Happy Nancy's rule, and never give place in your bosom to imaginary evils.—[Salem Register.

Speak of Jesus.

I must speak of Jesus to all I can. Jesus loves us to think of him, and to speak to him; but he loves to hear us also speak of him. We must speak of him to sinners, that they may come to him for life. We must speak of him to backsliders, that they may return to his fold. We must speak of him to believers, to stimulate, encourage, reprove or comfort, as the case may be. If I speak of any one at all, surely I should speak of Jesus. I cannot speak of him in vain, it must be useful in some way. It must accomplish some important end. How much there is to talk about, if we only set our hearts upon telling of Jesus! What fine opportunities often offer, if we were only prepared to take advantage of and improve them. We should talk of Jesus to all about us, to all we meet with, to all we visit. We should talk of his glorious person and finished work, of his gracious words and wondrous deeds, of his holy life and painful death, of his triumphant resurrection and graceful ascension, of his prevalent intercession and anticipated advent. We may sometimes speak of his wrath, but much oftener of his love. We may talk of his invitation to sinners, and how he wept over them; of his promises to believers, and the delight he takes in them. O! for grace to speak *of* Jesus, to speak *for* Jesus, to speak *like* Jesus!

PRAYER.—"Prayer will make a man cease from sinning, as sin will entice a man to cease from prayer."

"The spirit of prayer is more precious than treasures of gold or silver."—[Bunyan.

The Guide to Holiness.

FEBRUARY, 1853.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

TRUTH.—The following beautiful illustration of the simplicity and the power of truth, is from the pen of S. H. Hammond, formerly editor of the Albany State Register. He was an eye witness of the scene in one of the higher courts.

A little girl, nine years of age, was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for a felony committed in her father's house.

"Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your Honor," said the counsel, addressing the Court, "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the judge, "come here, my daughter."

Assured, by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked confidently up in his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank, that went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge. The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck, as she answered,

"No, sir."

She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake. "I mean were you ever a witness before?"

"No sir; I never was in court before," was the answer.

He handed her the Bible, open.

"Do you know that book, my daughter?"

She looked at it, and answered, "Yes, sir, it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say," and he repeated, slowly and solemnly, the oath usually administered to witnesses.

"Now," said the judge, "you have sworn as a witness, will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in the State Prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the judge.

"I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the judge, again.

The child took the Bible, and, turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I learned that before I could read."

"Has any one talked with you about your being a witness in court here against this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and, last night she called me to her room, and asked me to tell her the Ten Commandments, and then we knelt down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth, as it was, before him. And when I came up here, with father, she kissed me, and told me to remember the Ninth Commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lip quivered with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of its truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child," said the judge, "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such witnesses as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth, as spoken by that little child, was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony. The prisoner had intrenched himself in lies, till he

deemed himself impregnable. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and villainy had manufactured for him a sham defence. But before her testimony, falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little child, for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her, to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of matured villainy to pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her, and the sublime and terrible simplicity—terrible I mean to the prisoner and his associates—with which she spoke, was like a revelation from God himself.

ANECDOTE OF HAVELOCK.—At the recent meeting of the shareholders of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, the chairman alluding to the loss of the Erin, related the following anecdote respecting General Havelock: "On board that ship, a passenger in private clothes, was Colonel, now General Havelock. When the vessel struck, between twelve and one o'clock in the morning, a half gale of wind blowing at the time, Colonel Havelock sprang upon the deck, and seeing some confusion, said, in that sharp, military tone, that always arrests attention, 'Men, be steady, and all may be saved; but, if we have confusion, all may be lost. Obey your orders, and think of nothing else.' They did so, and behaved in the most excellent manner. Next day all the lives on board were saved, together with the specie and the mails. On the shore, immediately afterwards, Colonel Havelock, mustered the men, and said, 'Now, my men, let us return thanks to Almighty God for the great mercy he has just vouchsafed to us.' They all knelt down, he uttered a short prayer of thanksgiving, and, as his, (the chairman's,) informant, who was one of the officers of the ship, told him, the Colonel then rose up and walked away as coolly as if nothing had happened."

THE LAST HOURS OF AN ACTRESS.—In the early stages of Rachel's final illness, her fondness for gold and jewelry did not desert her. She frequently had her jewels and rich garments brought to her bed, and beguiled the weary hours in looking them over, and, on one occasion, after taking one long, lingering look at them, she exclaimed with a sigh of heartfelt distress, "*Il faut donc quitter tout ?*" "Must I then abandon all?" Her death struggle was long and severe, and her last hours are described as agonizing.

TRUTH STRIKINGLY ILLUSTRATED.—A Christian man's life is laid in the loom of time, to a pattern which he does not see, but God does, and his heart is a shuttle. On one side of the loom is sorrow, and, on the other, is joy; and the shuttle, struck alternately by each, flies back and forth, carrying the thread, which is white or black, as the pattern needs, and, in the end, when God shall lift up the finished garment, and all its changing hues shall glance out, it will then appear that the deep and dark colors were as needful to beauty, as the bright and high colors.

A NOBLE ACT.—The Milwaukee News, of a late date, records as follows, one of the bravest and noblest acts ever performed by a railroad engineer:

On Wednesday last, as the train on the La Crosse railroad was coming east, and when about a mile east of Cambria, the engineer saw a little boy about five years old on the track. He immediately whistled to "break," and reversed the engine, but it was on a down grade, he soon found he could not stop the train, which, when the child was first seen, was under full motion. The engineer stationed himself on the fore part of the locomotive, and watched his chance, jumped ahead of the engine, snatched the boy from the track, and thus saved his life. The train passed on some distance and then stopped. The name of the engineer is L. T. Meade, who deserves unqualified praise for his noble act. There are few men who possess the courage and nerve to perform such a feat. But he is rewarded; for the pleasure to such a man, of having saved the life of "some one's little boy," is infinite. Take it altogether, it is the best and noblest act of engineering that we have heard of.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

AN ANNOYING BLUNDER.—We were sorry to learn, from communications received, that our correspondents have been subjected to perplexity, and in some instances extra expense, by a blunder committed by the printer, in that section of the **TERMS OF THE GUIDE**, relating to the direction of business letters. In explanation, we would simply say, that, for a short time previous to the January issue, we printed a separate cover for our Canadian subscribers, in which all business communications were requested to be directed to our agent in Hamilton, C. W. The types containing this clause, were

by mistake transferred unaltered to the cover intended for the States. We regret the blunder, and will gladly refund any extra expense to which our friends may have been subjected. All communications on business, (excepting for Canadian subscribers,) and for the press will be directed, as formerly, to the publisher in Boston.

SPECIMEN COPIES OF THE GUIDE.—We purpose, this year, as far as possible, to furnish a specimen of our monthly to every clergyman of our church, and also to those of other denominations, where we can obtain their address. Could we enlist the co-operation of those brethren in the ministry interested in the Guide, we might accomplish this to a very great extent at the session of the several conferences. Should any one feel disposed to aid us in this matter, let them address us just before the session of their Conferences, giving us about the number of copies needed to supply each minister, and we will make arrangements to forward. The copy sent may not be the most recent, but will serve as a sample of the work, and will be accompanied with a circular inviting co-operation in its circulation.

A NEW FEATURE.—At the suggestion of a beloved friend and contributor, whose heart is ever alive to whatever may promote the cause of holiness, we have concluded to furnish occasionally a page of choice music for the Guide. We have often noticed, at camp-meetings and other religious gatherings, the influence of holy song in advancing the spiritual condition of the church, especially when the music has been invested with the charm of novelty and attractiveness. In hope of accomplishing the same object, we now propose to introduce, from time to time, some of the most favorite airs accompanied with such words as shall conduce to spirituality. We give, in the present number, the music, set to the words, "Glory to the Lamb," which, when sung at the proper time, has often produced thrilling effects. The heart must be prepared, however, before this ascription of praise can find an appreciative response.

RIPE FOR HEAVEN.—"He died a mature Christian, having received much spiritual comfort from the Guide."

So writes a brother from Brownstown, Indiana, in ordering a discontinuance. God be praised for such testimonials.

SYMPATHY.—We have often had occasion to refer to the encouragement we take in our work from the assurances we are constantly receiving from correspondents, of the good accomplished by our monthly visitor. Of late these testimonials have multiplied astonishingly. Even notes, requesting discontinuance, are replete with expressions of gratitude for benefits received and regret at the circumstances which require an erasure of their names from our list. One instance has occurred of practical sympathy for us in the monetary trial through which we are passing, that has deeply touched our heart. A Christian sister in Texas, some years since, mailed us a letter containing the money for thirteen new subscribers, which never reached its destination. As soon as we learned the fact, we sent the Guide to the subscribers, and offered to sustain the loss, providing efforts were made to keep up the list. This our friend has not only done, and more than done, but, in the present financial pressure, when every dollar tells in the sustenance of a business enterprise, she has generously come forward and proposed to make up the lost amount. Such acts need no comment; they show holiness to be something more than a theory or profession. We thank you all for your sympathy, beloved, and purpose, by the help of divine grace, to do all in our power to advance the cause so dear to our hearts.

A CABINET FOR GEMS.—The brief extracts with which we occasionally fill out a page, frequently contain spiritual gems of no ordinary value. For these gems we are indebted in part to friends who have been in the habit of cutting out or transcribing for our use whatever is striking and rare. Our object in penning these lines is to extend the invitation to our readers at large. Let all feel interested in making the Guide a rich repository of whatever is excellent, lovely, pure.

REVIVALS—From all parts of the country we hear the cheering tidings of salvation. The derangement of business has furnished both time and subject for reflection, and we are happy to find it has not been wholly misimproved. In the furnace in which it has pleased the Lord to cast her, the Church has betaken hers. If to prayer, and the result is seen in the general outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Seldom has it been our privilege to record such a universal work. May it continue to spread till the world is wrapt in a flame of revival.

GLORY TO THE LAMB.

Arranged and Harmonized for the *Guide*, by REV. W. Mc DONALD. Music by REV. B. W. GORHAM.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal melody, and the bottom two are for piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics "The world is over - come by the blood of the Lamb. Glo - ry to the" are written below the vocal staves.

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, continuing the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics "Lamb! Glo - ry to the Lamb! Glo - ry to the Lamb!" are written below the vocal staves.

Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb!
My sins are washed away in the blood of the Lamb!
Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb!
The Devil's overcome by the blood of the Lamb!
Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb!
I've lost the fear of death through the blood of the Lamb!
Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb!
The martyrs overcame by the blood of the Lamb!
Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb!
I hope to gain the skies by the blood of the Lamb!
Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb!

Christian Vigilance Bands.

FOR PERSONAL AND METHODICAL EFFORTS IN SOUL-SAVING.

"Instant in season, out of season."—ST. PAUL.

"Let him know that he that converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."—ST. JAMES.

THE accompanying Preamble and Resolutions were prepared by special request for the use of vigilance bands already formed, some of which, during the few months of their existence, have been made directly subservient, under God, to the salvation of several souls. And what an achievement is the rescue of even *one* soul! If there were but one soul unsaved at the farthest verge of the universe, and it would require every man, woman, and child in America to go to the rescue of that soul, it would be an expedition well worthy the enterprise, in view of the estimate the Savior has placed on the soul. One soul outweighs the universe. Says the Rev. R. Young, in his excellent suggestions on the subject of soul-saving, "As nothing is achieved in politics, arts, sciences, commerce, domestic economy, or personal religion, independently of system, it has occurred to us that, as far as human agency is concerned, it might be well to *methodize* the great work of the world's conversion, and, according to some specific plan, faithfully and fully to work out the benevolent and aggressive principles of the gospel." And it is by way of working out this glorious problem, that we would propose, for the consideration of all Christians of every sect, the formation of social, soul-saving bands. But church communities are made up of *individuals*, and let us ask the individual reading these lines, Will you not, in the presence and in the strength of your Savior, solemnly resolve on now adopting these rules? And will you not endeavor to enlist as many as possible of your Christian brethren and sisters, whether young or old, to engage with you in this truly

VOL. XXXIII.—225.

Christian enterprise? Union is strength. And who can tell what may be the result of the formation of similar bands, irrespective of denomination wherever the Christian name is known, and there are two or three to band together! Bands may consist of from two to twenty, or fifty, or more, as expediency, in view of the circumstances, may suggest. Who, in sympathy with the Savior, in that love that moved him to die for a lost world, but would gladly unite in a project so in accordance with the divine instincts of his renewed nature? In view of the price paid for the redemption of the sinner, we cannot think of an individual Christian as worthy the holy name by which he is called, who would not be willing to circumnavigate the globe, for the purpose of saving one soul from death.

PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTIONS.

The object of those whose names are hereto annexed, shall be to use every possible means, in their individual and collective capacity, to pluck sinners as brands from the burning.

And whereas purposes, however piously formed or strongly made, are too often failures, unless means be ordained whereby they may be made an ever-present specialty:

And whereas the value of the soul outweighs all human considerations, and is an object to which all business or domestic avocations should be subservient and tributary:

And whereas we believe we cannot serve the Lord Christ more effectually, either by way of bringing an increase of grace into our own souls in thus using the grace given, or to the individual benefit of the human family at large, than by making daily specific efforts in rescuing souls from death, for whom Christ shed his precious blood; therefore, *Resolved*,

1. That, while we would not be unmindful of the divine injunction, "diligent in business," we will, through the assistance of almighty grace, manifest our fervor of spirit by endeavoring to make every earthly consideration, whether it be secular business or domestic avocations, specifically subservient to the service of Christ.

2. That we will endeavor to spend at least one half hour daily, and more if possible, in

specific, direct efforts to win souls to Christ; and this, God being our helper, we will endeavor to do, though it may be at the cost of a more habitual carefulness in treasuring up time; or though it may cost something in acts of self-denial, by either rising earlier or sitting later, or may involve the necessity of casting aside the enthusiastic doctrine that we are not to do good unless we feel free to it; or though at the cost of pecuniary profit, repelling, with righteous indignation, the unholy belief that Christians are not required to sacrifice that which costs them something.

3. That we will make earnest and prayerful efforts to engage all who love our Lord Jesus Christ to unite in this, the most momentous and ennobling Christian enterprise that can command the attentions of a redeemed world, enlisting, as far as in us lies, the interest of all professed Christians, whether young or old, and irrespective of denomination, inasmuch as all professed Christians are called to be workers together with God, in bringing a revolted world back to the world's Redeemer.

4. That we will, as far as circumstances permit, meet together weekly, at such time and place as, by mutual agreement, shall be deemed most expedient, in order, first, to seek counsel of God, who teacheth our hands to war, and our fingers to fight, and through whom alone we can wage a successful warfare against the hosts of sin; second, to present cases demanding special prayer, to report conversions or cases of hopeful interest, for mutual counsel, and especially for the encouragement of the weak and timid, in order that the graces of the Spirit in the weakest believer may be brought into continuous requisition, and thereby be continuously multiplied, and thus the timid and weak in Zion become courageous and strong as David.

5. That, in places where there may be more bands than one, it be recommended that they unite monthly, and, where convenient, that the minister of the church, or one or more of the ministers of the various churches to which the bands belong, be invited to be present and preside. A secretary may also be appointed, whose duty it shall be to read the reports of the various bands, and be ready, if deemed expedient, to present an annual report in January of each year, when an anniversary may be held, in case it be regarded, by a majority of the members, subservient to the cause. In all of which we, the undersigned, do agree, and in pledge of the sustainment of which,

we do hereby, in the name and presence of God, affix our names.

On the evening of January 12, 1857, a meeting was held at the house of Dr. Palmer, 54 Livingston street, to take into consideration the expediency of forming a "social band" in this city, to carry out the objects of the preceding preamble and resolutions. A lady who was present, in writing to her friend, who had expressed a deep interest in the subject, says:

New York, January 13, 1858.

Dear Doctor B.—You will remember we talked, last Tuesday afternoon, about forming a band which might be denominated the Christian Vigilance Band, whose motto might be, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord," but which, while acknowledging the utter inefficiency of all human agencies, might also aim to be properly cognizant of the fact, that true, living faith is ever active and energetic, inasmuch as faith without works is dead, being alone. We held our first meeting last evening, in view of taking this subject into consideration. We had an intensely interesting season in praying and talking over this matter. We have not yet fully organized. In fact, the subject was so suggestive of good, and so inspiring, that we found the evening quite too short, and we adjourned to meet again next Tuesday evening, when we shall hope that you will be present. But, though not fully organized, about twenty brethren and sisters desired to have their names affixed to the pledge to work for God. Two ministers of different denominations were present, well known as holy adepts in the art of soul-saving. Perhaps I should rather have said, three ministers were present, one who, though he has not yet given himself up fully to the work, anticipates doing so. He came seeking the full baptism of the Holy Ghost, not having fully understood the precise object of the meeting. But, while we were speaking of the necessity of using grace if we would have it multiply, and the self-sacrifice needful in view of the natural shrinkings of the flesh from these personal appeals to the unsaved, this brother saw that the reason why he had not before received the full baptism was because he had not been willing to obey the gentle monitions of the Holy Spirit, which had long

been urging him to these specific, personal efforts.

We had expected an interesting season; but the meeting exceeded our anticipations. The Savior seemed so eminently present, and, as we talked by way of devising ways and means by which Christian men and women of the laity, as well as of the ministry, might, in a social way, win the most souls, I can hardly begin to tell you how divinely we were assured of the presence and approval of the Savior.

This meeting, I presume, was about a sample of what future meetings may be. Several brethren and sisters related instances in which they had been specially blest with encouragement in seeing souls won over to Christ by their personal efforts. Said one friend to another, as, in admiration of the grace of God, she listened to the instructive and most inspiring details of the occasion, "O if there had been a reporter here, how thrillingly would the recitals of this meeting have told on paper!" "There is an unseen Reporter here," responded her friend. Never, I think, under any circumstances, have I been more divinely impressed with the conviction, "The Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him."

Can we contemplate a gathering where the presence of the Savior might be more confidently expected? When we think of the price paid for human redemption, surely we cannot conceive it possible to be at too much pains in devising plans by which the gospel invitation may be given to every creature. And not till the professed followers of Christ feel their individual responsibility in making their secular business and domestic associations subservient to the one great object of the Christian's calling, which is the salvation of the whole redeemed family, can we hope that the gospel will be preached to every creature. Some thrilling recitals corroborative of this were given last evening.

Three or four different denominations were represented. And these were from various sections of the city and its environs, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, etc. This was truly encouraging, as there was little other notice of the meeting given than that which you heard at the Tuesday afternoon meeting last week. But how reasonable that, from a meeting of various denominations on the theme of holiness should emanate a social weekly gathering, whose object may be to encourage each

other in daily, specific efforts to win souls to the Savior!

My heart glows with hallowed emotions while I write. O I feel so sure that we may expect the guiding presence of the high and holy one in this undertaking. We will not expect all who come to join the band at once, but will hope that the timid and weak will come, trusting that they may gather courage, and, in the end, become strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. How often have I seen the one talent made five by reason of use! Our Congregational brother, the Rev. Mr. B., was with us, and expressed the deepest interest in the meeting. He says he thinks the Lord is going to do wonders through these simple means. If I have one passion above another, it is a passion for soul-saving. Yours in Jesus.

P. P.

VICISSITUDES OF THE CHURCH.—"In times of peace the church may dilate more and build as it were into breadth; but in times of trouble it arises more in height; it is then built upwards; as in the cities where men are strengthened they build usually higher than in the country."—[Coleridge.]

FAMILIAR TRUTHS.—"Truths of all others the most awful and interesting are too often considered as so true that they lose all the power of truth, and lie bed-ridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors."—[Coleridge.]

CHRISTIAN GRACES.—The roots of plants are hid under ground, so that themselves are not seen; but they appear in their branches, flowers, and fruits, which argue there is a root and life in them. Thus the graces of the Spirit, planted in the soul, though themselves invisible, yet discover their being and life in the track of a Christian's life, his words, his actions, and the frame of his carriage.—[Leighton]

RELIGION AND ITS DEFENDERS.—"Men will wrangle for religion, write for it, fight for it, die for it; do anything but live for it."

The Power of Perfect Love in Usefulness.

A LETTER FROM A MOTHER TO HER SON.

WE are permitted to copy, for the Guide, a letter from a mother to her son, in the ministry, relating some interesting details of a camp meeting—the perusal of which will cheer the hearts of those who aim to be diligent in winning souls to Jesus. It is hardly necessary for us to say, this mother is *eminently* useful in the church of Christ, exhibiting, in her life and testimony, the perfect love of God—also the sister spoken of by her, enjoys the same state of grace—cleansed by the blood of Jesus—sanctified and meet for the Master's use.

“Help those women which labored with me in the gospel,” saith Paul. Y.

TRENTON, August 15, 1856.

MY beloved son,—On my arrival in the city from Cape May, I found many of the Union company had already gone to Pennsgrove, and others were going on Saturday morning. I, therefore, concluded to go down with them to the grove, and was truly glad I so decided; for it was a *blessed* Sabbath. O how sweet was its holy quiet, in that consecrated spot, secluded from the tumult and noise of the multitude!

God was in the midst of his people; and, while nature was being abundantly refreshed with showers of rain, the children of God were showered with blessings as copious. Early on Sabbath morning we had a prayer meeting, when a sweet, melting influence seemed to pervade every heart. We were preparing for a fresh impress of the Spirit's seal, and deep and ardent were our aspirations for a full conformity to the Savior's image. At ten o'clock, our beloved Brother A. L.—spoke to us (he would not allow us to call it a sermon,) from, “I will give to him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.” How precious he talked to us! The Holy Spirit accompanied every word; and deeply it sank into our hearts.

All seemed to be *athirst* for the fountain of the water of life; and many realized the fulfilment of the gracious promise, and

drank of the life-giving, soul-purifying stream which Jesus gives so freely. We felt the influence of that blessed little sermon during the whole week. It was a preparation for the work that was before us. If ever a minister of God was inspired by the Holy Ghost to preach the word, that dear young man is thus called. Several times during the week he talked to us with the same divine unction. He was re-baptized with hallowed influence in a remarkable manner, and his words were “*spirit and life*.” I never shall forget the words of power which fell from his lips. They seemed to me to have more weight, and more of Christ in them, than I ever felt before, and did me more good than all the preaching I heard on the ground. Yet there was much excellent preaching during the week, though, with the exception of a few sermons, divine influence did not attend the preaching of the word in an uncommon way. But there were many conversions, and the prayer-meetings were generally attended with great power, and I think much good was accomplished.

O how much you were on my mind! I thought of you in all the sweet, refreshing seasons we enjoyed, and wished you could share the hallowed influence. I trust you did feel it, although not present with us in body. My heart was much drawn out in prayer for you, and I had some delightful feelings while pleading for your entire purification, and meetness for the Master's use.

If God had spoken audibly to me, and told me, my son was precious in his sight, and he was doing for him that which would be the greatest blessing, accomplish his highest advantage for both worlds, and his own great name would be glorified thereby, —I could not have felt more assured that it is truly so.

So near drew Jesus, and so did he condescend to speak to my heart to comfort me concerning my precious son! I was so *perfectly satisfied* of the wisdom and love of my covenant-keeping God, in reference to the dear one I had consecrated to him

from his birth, that I said, from my heart, "*It is enough. I know thou doest all things well! If I could choose for my beloved son, I would not, but would say, 'Let it be as seemeth thee good.'*"

You and A——are both being severely tried. How you can sympathize with each other! By-and-by, you will know the why and wherefore, and then, how you will wonder, and adore, and magnify the riches of his goodness, who placed you in the furnace! All who behold A—— can see that he is growing more like Jesus, and that Jesus is his theme. One evening, we had a little social meeting, in which A—— seemed to be in a deep struggle of soul. He said he wanted to get more fully into Christ; to be absorbed in him, and lose sight of every thing else. "None but Christ," was his language—

"None but Christ to me be given,
None but Christ in earth or heaven."

His aspirations were intense. His whole frame was agitated, and he was longing with unutterable desire to lose himself in Christ. He who "satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness," gave him the desire of his heart. He was, indeed, taken into Christ, and felt he was emphatically lost and swallowed up in him. As he left the tent, he said to me, "I must go out, *but I shall not step out of Christ.*"

What a world of meaning was in these words! "I shall not step out of Christ." Oh the untold blessedness of dwelling in Christ! What peace, what rest, what conscious purity—what singleness of purpose—what light, what love, what power, what victory over the world, flesh and Satan—what faith—what power with God in prayer—what success in winning souls to Christ! All, all these, are the glorious results of dwelling in Christ. But O, how fearful the results of "*stepping out of Christ!*" I will not write the dreadful catalogue. The words of Jesus should be ever in our minds, "Abide in me and I in you. As

the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me."

"If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch and is withered." "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." Ah if we were ever abiding in Christ,—if all, all, our works were wrought in him, how much more success would attend our efforts for the salvation of souls! How much more good would be accomplished by the preaching of the word! There would be a power attending it that would in a measure be irresistible. This is the secret of the failure of ministers and Christians, in doing good. "*They step out of Christ.*" They labor in their own strength, too often, and sadly do they prove, "without me ye can do nothing." O my son, I pray that you may be so wrapped up in Christ that none but he may be seen in your pulpit efforts, or other duties. Labor for this; be intent upon the attainment of this great and glorious object; unceasingly cry,—

"O, let me into nothing fall,
And Christ, the Lord, be all in all."

I must resume the account of the camp-meeting. First, I will tell you of a young man in whom we all, especially your uncle E——, were interested. Your uncle engaged him to put up the tent, and, finding him destitute of religion, felt at once that no effort should be spared to bring him to Christ. He observed some admirable qualities of mind and disposition in the young man, which increased his interest in him, although very profane and wicked.

Your uncle took him right to his heart, and invited him to remain on the ground, and lodge in his tent. He stayed, and we all prayed, with great fervency and importunity, for his conversion. Occasionally, we talked to him, and urged him to seek the salvation of his soul. But he said "no, there was no use in talking to him or praying for him; he was too hard a case; it

was impossible for him to be a Christian." We labored on in faith, trusting that, after a while, the rock would break, and yield to the power of the Spirit, which, we felt assured, was at work in his heart. Once in a while, a tear was seen in John's eye, as he was listening to some powerful appeal, or touching prayer; but he would hasten to brush it away, and resume his wonted air of indifference. On Tuesday evening, he was so powerfully arrested by the Spirit while Brother Duffield, sen. was exhorting, that he afterwards told us, he felt as if he would fall off his seat, and trembled under a sense of the divine wrath; but still tried to conceal his emotion. He wished he could get out, but the people were all around him with their camp chairs so closely wedged, that he saw no possibility of escape. "The Lord had hedged him in." When the exhortation was over, he made his way out, and went to the tent where he lodged. He found himself alone in the dark, and, falling upon his knees, with tears and groans besought God to have mercy upon him. Directly he heard some one groan beside him. He started in amazement, and said within himself, "Is that the devil?" He feared it was indeed Satan; and now he had come to claim him as his own. He reached out his hand, and found it was one of the brethren, who, having heard him praying, and weeping, went in to encourage him. Soon others gathered, and we all prayed in good earnest, and with glad hearts for poor John. He was in an agony of soul, and said there was no mercy for him—he was too vile a sinner for God to save. Still he prayed on, encouraged by his friends. After some time, he ceased praying, and said to your Uncle E——, "God will not forgive me, unless I forgive others; I must go and seek a reconciliation with a person on this ground, with whom I have been at enmity." He was advised to go, and we would continue to pray for him.

He went, and, in about ten minutes, returned, fell upon his knees, and lifted his

eyes and hands to Heaven, crying, "*O God, forgive me as I forgive!*" Mercy descended from above, and, in less than five minutes, he was set free from the thralldom of sin. His countenance beamed with holy joy, and he praised the Lord with a glad heart.

Our hearts were so full that we could hardly sleep that night. We felt the Lord has a work for that young man to do. He has been a champion in the ranks of the enemy—been a leader in wickedness, and now longs to be as valiant, and as successful in the cause of Christ.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Silent Influence of Character on Life.

"WE cannot, in our worldly work, be always consciously thinking of religion; yet insensibly we may be ever acting under its ever present control. As there are laws and powers in the natural world, of which without thinking of them we are availing ourselves, so, in the routine of daily life, though I seldom think of them, I may yet be constantly swayed by the motives, sustained by the principles, living, breathing, acting in the invisible atmosphere of true religion.

"There are under-currents in the ocean, which act independently of the movements of the waters on the surface; far down too in the depths there is a region where, even though the storm be raging on the upper waves, perpetual calmness and stillness reign. So there may be under-currents beneath the surface-movements of your life—these may dwell in the secret depths of your being, the abiding peace of God, the repose of a holy mind, even though, all the while, the restless stir and commotion of worldly business may work your outer history."—[Caird.

"TO COMMUNICATE FORGET NOT."—Cicero could say, that to be rich is not to possess much, but to use much. And Seneca could rebuke those who so studied to increase their wealth, that they forgot to use it.

The Work of Holiness in New York some Years ago.

BY REV. A. KENT.

Third Paper.

I CLOSED my last by stating there was, at that time, a painful agitation among our brethren in New York. The result was,—the secession of Rev. W. M. Stilwell, and a number of the members, who erected for themselves a house of worship. The circuit system was then practised in the city, and all the societies were included in one charge, and, of course, the unhappy excitement affected every part. The brethren and sisters of those select prayer meetings sought to avoid all contention about society matters, but made special prayer that God would overrule all things for his glory, and the welfare of Zion. I was often applied to for advice, and deeply sympathized with them in their solicitude for the spread of pure and undefiled religion. Different plans were suggested by which to get Mr. Wesley's Plain Account of Christian Perfection circulated among our members. Our "Tract Society" had just begun to publish small tracts, but objected to publish one so large as that of Mr. Wesley.

However, liberal souls devised a liberal plan, and, after they had ascertained the number of our members in the city, agreed with the book agents, if they would print an edition of five thousand, they would take two thousand three hundred of them at cost, which was, I think, one hundred and fifteen dollars, and distribute them gratuitously among the members. They hoped, by putting such a treasure into their hands, it would draw their minds from outward strife, and engage them to look within their own hearts, and see what was wanting there. They fixed their plan so that all should be given out the same week, but Brother Hart will explain it to you :

" March 13, 1821.

" You will rejoice, I trust, in the happy effects of our little tracts. We succeeded

in getting five thousand copies printed under the patronage of the Tract Society, and the individuals who got it up took two thousand three hundred for distribution in this city. It was first ascertained how many class leaders and their names, and then how many members in each class, and there was a bundle prepared for each class leader; one tract for himself, and one for each member of his class, with a circular attached to it, directing him particularly how to distribute them, and to be sure that every member of his class had one—exhorting him to look earnestly for the blessing of perfect love, and to press the same upon his class. To this was attached the signature of the Rev. Aaron Hunt, preacher in charge. O the happy consequences! Every meeting, and in every religious circle—even those who have read it years ago, now tell us what quickenings of soul they feel, and that they long for this fulness more than for their earthly food, and now and then a new witness for God. I spoke to Brother Mason to send you fifty of these tracts, which you may expect soon."

Those devoted souls gave full demonstration, that they did not barely love in word and in tongue; but in deed and in truth. Many *talk* well, whose tender feelings are much disturbed when money is required of them to advance the cause of Christ; but, when the whole soul becomes absorbed in the deep things of God, they rejoice if, by any means in their power, they can help souls to come to the all-cleansing fountain.

I know not how it is now; but, in those days, that *tract* was very much called for, and I doubt not but it was a means of great good. Our country seems flooded with papers and periodicals, and there is reason to fear that many of our members indulge in so much light reading, to say nothing worse, that they lose the spirit of hungering and thirsting after perfect love, and imbibe the spirit of the world, and know it not.

There may be thousands among us who are not aware that, for three or four cents, they could obtain this tract, that would be a special help to them in the way of holiness during their whole pilgrimage. Preachers would find it a co-worker with them if they should distribute large numbers among their people, and exhort them to read, meditate, and inwardly digest.

The faith of Brother Hart was tried as by fire. He was doing a good business as a merchant, and placed full confidence in his partner, who proved dishonest, got what funds he could, by various means, and made his escape. Brother Hart was confounded, but cast all upon God, praying for wisdom and grace that he might bring no reproach upon the cause of Christ. He found himself penniless, and was advised by his creditors to go into insolvency; but he refused, assuring them he believed he should yet be able to pay every dollar with interest. He gave up all in possession, and applied himself to the task of supporting his family with rigid economy, and laying by means to pay his debts. His confidence in God gave him courage, and he rejoiced evermore. A greater affliction awaited him. The health of his amiable wife failed, and she suffered for years. She tried the country air, and used various means, but all failed; and with joy she entered into rest.

He established a private academy, having a remarkable tact to secure the affections of children, and to impart instruction, and was very successful. From this school he was called to take charge of "The House of Refuge for Juvenile Delinquents," where he remained till his health failed, and gave great satisfaction. At a certain time he told me he had paid the last dollar of that old debt; that God had opened his way in a remarkable manner. He could see his hand, and bless his name, and he did not think one of his creditors had less respect for religion on his account. This was his joy—the cause of Christ has not been reproached by me.

A. KENT.

New Bedford, Dec. 2, 1857.

A Warning.

BY J. D.

The following statement of facts, furnished by our beloved correspondent "J. D.," is well worthy the consideration of many in the churches who are trying to effect a compromise between the claims of Christ and the world. We heard that testimony in the love-feast, given with a broken heart, and with many tears. She had just recovered, suddenly and mysteriously, from a sickness which we all thought to be unto death, and the vows made that morning in the house of God were made with great sincerity we have no doubt; but they were never fulfilled, and her work was never done. Reader, ponder as you read.—JUN. ED.

"Then said he unto the dresser of his vineyard, Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig-tree, and find none: cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground? And he, answering, said unto him, Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it: And if it bear fruit, well; and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down."—Luko xii. 7, 8, 9.

"Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away."—John xv. 2.

"There is a sin unto death: I do not say that he shall pray for it."—1 John v. 10.

WE learn, from the above portions of Scripture, that some professing Christians meet death much sooner than they would if they were faithful to God. They are cut down because they are *unfruitful*. The following is an instance.

At the commencement of a religious awakening in B—, when God was calling on his soldiers to "put on the whole armor of God," and come "up to the help of the Lord against the mighty," a sister arose one morning in a love-feast, and spoke. Among other things, she repeated a remark of her pastor who had just spoken, as applicable to herself, which was as follows.

"I feel convicted that my work on earth is not yet done, and should I now die, I believe I should leave the world without having fully done the errand upon which I was sent into it." She seemed deeply convicted of her unfaithfulness, made a most humble confession, and, with a broken and

contrite heart, resolved to devote her all to the service of God. Soon after this, we had an opportunity to talk with this sister, when she related to us a most painful experience, of which the following is the substance.

"I have" said she "lived a worldly-minded professor, but I have long felt convicted for holiness. I feel that the Lord calls me to be a worker in his vineyard, but without holiness I am without the armor. And I associate with a class of gay professors of religion. They are kind-hearted, and I am much attached to them; which makes it a great cross to come out from among them, and take an opposite stand, and reprove their sin.

"This, I am convinced, the Lord calls me to do; and O how he has chastised me for my disobedience! Many times he has laid his afflicting hand upon me, and brought me to the border of the grave; but, when I would solemnly vow that I would do my duty, and let God have his own way with me, he would in mercy raise me up again. 'Tis but a few weeks since I lay at the door of death: no one thought I would recover, but again I promised the Lord, if he would raise me up once more, I would take a decided stand for God, and, by his grace, would strive to 'follow the Lord *wholly*.'

"I soon began to recover, and, as by a miracle, I am again restored. And now my vows stare me in the face. I want to do my duty, but *do not feel willing*."

We were pained to see her so undecided after having so many loud calls, and making so many solemn vows. We felt strongly impressed that she had received the last call, and we told her our fears concerning her. She replied that it was her own conviction, that unless she did her duty, the Lord would take her away as a cumberer of the ground. But alas, she little thought it would be so soon.

About two weeks from that time, she was again taken violently sick, and continued to grow worse until she died. When we called, with a friend, and tried to pray

for her recovery, all spirit of prayer was gone; the heavens seemed brass over our heads.

When we heard she was dying, we went to witness the closing scene; but O, what a scene was that! She was deprived of her reason, but such physical suffering I never before witnessed. Ah, as we looked upon her once beautiful face, and that form which she had taken so much pains to adorn with taste, now convulsed in the agonies of death, we could only sigh, "*Alas, my sister!*"

She died; *but her work was not done*; and, although more than two years are passed since then, it is *still* undone. Those gay members of the church, with whom she associated, and for whom she felt it her duty to labor, are still unsaved. One of them has since died unexpectedly, and, we fear *unprepared*.

Dear reader, are you a worldly-minded professor of religion? Remember, "He that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption." O let the above be a warning to you. Do not trifle with your convictions in regard to duty. Come out from the world, and be separate, and touch not the unclean thing. Seek now, I beseech you, to be reclaimed from your wanderings, and to possess that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord.

Binghamton, Jan. 14, 1858.

CHRIST EXHIBITED IN PREACHING.—

THE late Rev. Samuel Pearce, of Binghamton, being one week-day evening in town, and not engaged to preach, asked his friend where he could hear a good sermon. Mr. S. mentioned two places. "Well," said Mr. P., "tell me the characters of the preachers, that I may choose." "Mr. D.," said his friend, "exhibits the orator, and is much admired for his pulpit eloquence." "Well," said Mr. P., "and what is the other?" "Why, I hardly know what to say of Mr. C.; he always throws himself in the back-ground, and you see his Master only." "That's the man for me, then," said the amiable Pearce; "let us go and hear him."

Gems of Thought.

THE WORD OF GOD.—There are no hearts but men after God's own heart, that can love, and delight in the word of God, for its holiness, purity, and spirituality. Luther said, he would not live in paradise, if he might, without the word; but, with the word, he could live in hell itself. "Thy word is very pure, therefore thy servant loveth it."

GOVERNING IN LOVE.—Titus Vespasian was a man who governed so sweetly, moderately, and prudently, that he was generally termed, the *delight of mankind*. He was greatly honored while he lived, and, when he died, the people wept so bitterly for him, that it seemed they were resolved to weep out their eyes.

SEEKING GOD IN AFFLICTION.—Some persons never call upon God, or show signs of repentance except in times of danger. They are like a fox when caught in a gin, they look pitifully, but it is only to get out.

VAIN WORSHIP.—Some persons worship the Lord as the Indians do the devil, that he may do them no hurt.

MELANCHOLY.—Luther says it is a current German proverb, The melancholy head is the devil's bathing-place.

TRUE REPENTANCE.—It is an excellent saying of Austin, "He does truly bewail the sins he hath committed, who never commits the sins he hath bewailed."

How beautiful the sacrifice of a soul which suffers in silence, and seeks no comfort or reward but from God!

Christ made himself poor to make others rich, but men of unsanctified souls make others poor to make themselves rich.

I do not, and dare not say, that every public spirit is a gracious spirit; yet this I will and must say, that every gracious spirit is a public spirit.

No man can understand spiritual mysteries by carnal reason.

THOUGHTS OF DEATH.—The Brachmanni had their graves before their doors. The Sybarites, at banquets, had a death's head delivered from hand to hand by every guest at the table. The Egyptians, in the midst of their feasts, used to have the anatomy of a dead man set before them, to remind the guests of their mortality. The poor heathen could say that the whole life of man should be *meditatio mortis*, a meditation of death.

SIN.—An old English divine says, "Sin indulged in the conscience, is like Jonah in the ship, which causeth such a tempest, that the conscience is like a troubled sea, whose waters cannot rest; or, it is like a mote in the eye, which causeth a perpetual trouble while it is there."

When Satan finds our hearts fully set in us to do the will of God, and he cannot draw us away into open sin, he will then endeavor to give a wrong direction to our good intentions, and try and make us injure the cause of Christ by our unwise attempts to do good.

Though sanctification is a branch of the covenant of grace, as well as justification; yet there are those who would not have Christians rejoice in their sanctifications, under a pretence of reflecting dishonor upon their justification.

O what a blessed thing it is to lose one's will, says Dr. Payson; since I have lost my will, I have found happiness. There can be no such thing as disappointment to me, for I have no desires but that God's will may be accomplished.

The riches of Christ are not bestowed upon the outward court worshippers. You must come within the veil, which is now rent, before you view a reconciled Father, and feast upon his grace.

DIE AT YOUR POST.—That pilot dies nobly, says Seneca, who perisheth in the storm with the helm in his hand.

Many profess themselves ready to die for Christ, yet cannot bear the least cross or humiliation, without complaint.

Faith.

"Nevertheless, when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?"—LUKE xviii. 8.

BY A STUDENT.

He will find all other emotions abounding. He will find hope, and fear, joy, and sorrow, with their train of alliances. And he will find earthly faith, or faith in natural causes. And he will find various emotions for heavenly things in different degrees; and even belief in these things will he find, without doubt; for the human creature can hardly be found without that belief. This seems to be a strange interrogation. Shall Christ find faith upon the earth when he comes? Does it mean, Will he find faith in himself as the Redeemer, in a few hearts, when he shall come to the Jewish world in retribution? Or does it mean to inquire, in the most comprehensive sense, Will he find faith controlling the mass of the inhabitants of the earth, when he comes to the last settlement of affairs with them? He by whom the worlds were made, will find faith, it is likely, on other spheres when he goes to them; in whatever way he may see fit to manifest himself to them. But poor disturbed earth! that has almost been shaken out of her orbit by the convulsions caused by sin; will he find faith pervading her regions, so that he can restore her to her Eden state when he comes?

But in what part of the dominion of God should we expect to find faith, if not on the earth? for where could a greater manifestation of the power and love of God be made, than has been made here in Christ the Son? But our eyes are dimmed. There is a mist in our atmosphere. He came unto his own, and his own knew him not. But what is that faith in which all worlds might be expected to be found living? *It is an out-going trust of the creature in its Maker that NOTHING COULD BE ADDED to the good which he will secure to such as keep his commands.* If our first parents had kept this faith, they had not

fallen. This faith is what is kept by those who never sinned. It is kept by us who have sinned, and have been redeemed, when we give full credit to our Lord and Savior, for what he has done to repair the waste places in our natures, as well as to redeem us. But when we regret, and lament, saying, if I had only done thus, and so, it would have been better for me than it now is, though I followed the best light I had, and asked for direction as well as I knew how—yet I have been left to go erroneously; the Lord did not hear me; he did not direct me to take the best steps; he does not pay any special regard to these minor affairs;—it is then as if we said,—would that I could only have had some human wisdom coming in, instead of looking for divine suggestion as I was moving on, then it would have been better for me. When we fall into that state; when we look for something superior to divine provision for the thoughts; we do not keep the faith due to Jesus Christ—to God. If our Lord had seen that we needed some new thoughts at any particular point, he could have sent them to us in the garb of human thoughts, or of divine, just as he pleased. The trouble with us is, our susceptibilities combine to give birth to an idea that something may be added, above and beyond what God has done for us, to make us as blest as we may be, in our present grade of being. So it was with the angelic beings that fell; so it was with the first human beings that fell; and so it must have been with all who have fallen from God, since. What do we think? Either that our Heavenly Father has not sufficient interest for us, to compass us about on every side, or, our view of his resources to make provision of one kind of blessing to overbalance what he denies in another, is so very narrow, that we think his plans, taken together, cannot consult our greatest good. Were we seeking our own ways, in despite of his ways, or independently of them, then we could expect nothing more than that we should be filled with our own ways.

We have an idea, undefined and unobserved by ourselves, it may be, that only his greatest works have his steady view;—like the forming of a world, or the creation of a new order of beings; and that he gives only an occasional, passing glance to more than half of what is transpiring. We think he has fixed his laws, and that he lets the machinery drive on whether in order or out of order. And so it is, in physical things; until their self-regulating power can have time to operate according to the genius with which they are endowed. But machinery that has a voluntary power in it, must have laws differing from any other. It can stop a part of its own disordered operations, and look around to its originator, to implore him to regulate the remainder, and to fit some appliance to the weakened parts, which may adjust itself, so as to secure the best results. And the soul knows there has been a purchase made to provide for this outlay;—a price paid to repair the injury done by an awful experiment. But how do we know the difference between small matters and great ones? We call matters small, which have a small side next to us; and that because we have not breadth or strength of vision sufficient to follow the connexion of this small side along to the great building. But let us suppose that what we are in the habit of calling small matters, are small in his sight, who seeth all things. Is he not able to take perfect care of both great and small? And has he not assured us that he will do it? When we have left a matter altogether to his direction, using our own faculties as far as we know how to use them, (for this he has ordained we should do, as even Nature herself would teach,) what are we to do, but rest in faith? We might see, indeed, where we think the matter could be mended, by going over it again; but we did not see it then, and had not light by which to see it; so our Teacher who was at our side was responsible for the omission, or mistake; and wishes to be responsible for it, for he intends to make especial use

of it. Perhaps this is the very process by which he will fit an appliance to strengthen our weakness in the future. We have got deeply imprinted into our minds something that might have been only on the surface if we had received it simply by suggestion. O Lord, increase our faith! O Jesus, give us rest—perfect rest—the rest of heaven, to our spirits!

January, 1858.

The Source of Happiness.

BY REV. JOHN BATE.

THERE are few things upon which men are more divided than the one which stands at the head of this article. The world around presents us with abundant illustrations of the multitudinous parties which are seeking, in as many sources, the happiness after which their panting spirits sigh. But each party is an unflinching demonstration of its mistaken notions as to the source of happiness, and its folly in seeking happiness in that source. Did the worldling ever find happiness in the pursuit and possession of the things of this world? Did the ambitious man ever find happiness in the highest elevation to which his ambition led him? Did the literary man ever attain happiness in the acquisition of those fields of literature which laid before his early hopes and anticipations? Did the scientific man ever find happiness in the discoveries of the hidden mysteries of the sciences? Did the philosopher, in the perception of the reasons, causes, effects, of things lying beneath the ken of the common observer of mankind? Did the despot, in his despotism? Did the hero, in his exploits?—the warrior, in his battles?—the explorer, in his researches?—the self-righteous man, in his self-righteousness?—the formalist, in his formalism? One answer is sufficient for all those inquiries. The lives and experience of each class answer, most positively, NO. The world, literature, science, philosophy, and every other imaginary source of happiness,

answer, that it is not in them. God has not appointed these things as sources of happiness; they, therefore, fail to bestow it. The soul of man is so constituted, in its spiritual character, that nothing secular or earthly can satisfy its continual wants. Hence it is, that the world of mankind is in such an incessant agitation and change. It is seeking rest, and finding none. It is ever rolling and tossing itself, like the ocean in a storm, but it finds no perpetual quiet and peace in its bosom. All things are transient and vain under the sun. "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity." The love of money is the root of all evil. Riches make to themselves wings, and fly away. The fashion of this world passeth away. The whole fabric of earthly things rests upon a foundation of sand, which is blown into ruins before the vehement winds of adversity, ill-fortune, disappointment and death. How, therefore, can the soul of man drink from such a source, happiness adequate to its immortal thirst? The spiritual cannot be satisfied with the natural; the immortal with the temporal.

But there is a source of happiness, true, living, adequate, divine, inexhaustible, everlasting. All, all that the soul needs is there. In that is its primeval blessedness; and, more, its eternal felicity. All else are broken cisterns that can hold no water; fountains, muddy, dry, frozen, death-communicating, according to the influences associated with them.

The LORD JEHOVAH, he is the source of happiness to man. He is the only blessed potentate of heaven and earth. He is the ever blessed God. He is the Good, the Wise, the Just. In him all the angels find their pure, unmixed felicities. In him the spirits of the just made perfect, are ravished with the unutterable blessedness of the heavenly world. He is the sun of light, the throne of glory, the crown of righteousness, the sceptre of victory, the song of rapture, the theme of conversation, the object of delight, the exhaustless foun-

tain of perfection to all the inhabitants of heaven. "In thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand are pleasures forevermore."

And what the Almighty is to that world above, he is to this world beneath, so far as this world partakes of any of those beatitudes. There is no happiness inherent in human nature, or in any human things. If man is happy in the contemplation of the heavens or the earth, it is because God has clothed his works with the beauties or sublimities of his wisdom, or power, or goodness, and because he has given him a mind capable of discovering and appreciating these displays of his character. And so, if man derives any happiness from his moral or religious condition of heart and life, it is because God has done something in him or for him, which is the secondary cause of the happiness in which he rejoices. Is the man happy whose sins are forgiven, and whose iniquities are covered? It is the Lord who blotteth out iniquity, and forgiveth sins. Is the man happy whose nature is regenerate? Except a man be born of the Spirit, he cannot see the kingdom of God. Is the man happy who is sanctified wholly? It is the Lord who sprinkles clean water upon him, and cleanses him from all filthiness of flesh and spirit. Thus we might proceed to inquire into every distinct state of the religious mind, in which there was happiness, and ascertain that all the happiness came out from God as the primary cause. Hence we find the Scriptures speaking of God standing in this relation to his people, and we find his people recognizing him in this relation to them. Thus God spake unto Abraham, "I am thy exceeding great reward." Thus the psalmist spake. "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance." And again, Jeremiah, "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul." The same sentiment spreads throughout the word of God. Christians, in all ages, experience the truth of what the Scriptures declare.

The Scriptures exhort the people of God to be happy in him. "Be glad in the Lord, ye righteous, and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart." "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, rejoice." I cannot find a single passage in Holy Writ which points to any thing less than the Almighty, or what he bestows through Jesus Christ as the happiness of the soul of man. They are exclusive in limiting man to this one source for happiness. In this, and this alone, is his complete and perpetual blessedness, both in this world, and in that which is to come. What more does he need? Can he have more than the Holy One, who inhabiteth eternity?

This source of happiness is accessible. A man may go in pursuit of the sources of happiness which the world presents, and never find them. Or, if he find them, it may be after the lapse of years, and through a prolonged series of disappointments and anxieties. And, when he has found them, they are short-lived and unsatisfactory. Not so with the Source of which we speak. "Every one that seeketh findeth." Now is the day of his salvation. "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto me and I will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." O yes, it is a truth written in the sunbeams of revelation from heaven, that God, the source of happiness, is accessible to man. He is nigh at hand, and not afar off. He is in the world, ready to pour himself into its panting, seeking heart. Whoever thou art, reader, thou mayst live in God and God in thee. Thou mayest be a partaker of the divine nature, and thus enjoy the divine blessedness. He invites thee to come. "He that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." "Return unto thy rest, O my soul." No longer roam in uncertainty, vexation, and distress. Seek thy portion in the

Lord—the God of the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles—the God of heaven and earth, whose is the earth, and the fulness thereof. Build thy hopes on the Rock of Ages. Hide thyself in his pavilion. Make him thy shade and defence amid all the storms and blasts of this mortal life. In him find thy peace, such as the world cannot give. "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." While thousands around are proving the instability of riches, commerce, trade, and politics, thou shalt find that the Source of thy happiness is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

Odelltown, C. E.

I have set before Thee an Open Door, and no Man can shut it.

BY L. A. W.

NOT many days ago, I felt to mourn the hardness of my heart, and was very much tempted to believe I had broken my covenant vows, though I could not tell how. I felt the want of more gratitude to my Savior, when the above passage came to mind. It did not occur to me where it was, nor did I find it at that time. But the Holy Spirit, so ready to enlighten an inquiring mind, and whose office it is to lead into all truth, told me that these were the words of the world's Redeemer. Yes, Jesus had unlocked the door of heaven to all the race of Adam. Thrice glory, and honor, and praise, to Him, who once was dead, but lives again. He that hath the keys of heaven as well as hell, was saying to my fearing, fainting soul, "Behold I, even I, have unlocked heaven for you, and the door stands open wide, and no man can shut it." Fear not, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.

O! what gratitude, what love did it inspire in my heart, for my now risen Lord. Blessed Jesus, how I grieve that I remained so long insensible to the attractions of thy charms! Can it be possible, that so many reasoning creatures, for whom thou hast

so dearly bought such a priceless treasure, can continue to refuse a gift so great, so free?

Oh, ingratitude, how base thou art to rob God of the praise that belongs to him, and to destroy the noblest workmanship of his hand!

The Pattern Showed in the Mount.

"Look that thou make them after their pattern, which was showed thee in the mount."

THERE are in life hours of higher aspiration. There are hours when, like Moses, the spirit goes up into the mountain. The confusion, the tumult, the follies and sins of the world and the past, lie still, as if wrapped up in the morning fog which spreads over plain and valley. The sun shines on the mountain; the spirit bathes in its glory. Some think that nothing inscribed on the human memory can ever die; some things may be covered and dimmed for a while, but the hour must come when the whole will be revealed, and the history of life will open its entire volume—every character, to the least jot and tittle—to the silent and wondering eye. These hours of illumination sometimes approach toward this universal remembrance. The stream is seen as in sunlight, from its deep fountains to the point it has now reached; and a deeper amazement still!—the grand possibilities of its future course, the deepening and widening channels in which it may flow forward, pure, serene, imaging the heavens, even to the great ocean which feeds and receives it, or else the tortuous currents, narrow, heaving, black, throwing up thick mire from beneath, onward to the abyss; realizing the ancient fables of infernal rivers and torrents! So, when memory pictures its living characters on the past, hope reveals its heaven, fear its hell, in the future, both the past and the future looking unveiled into the eye, and reaching into the heart as with electric power. Then open visions of a truer life. Then shine out of the sky which spreads

over us ideas of a divine worship. The old temples, and shrines, and gods of our idolatry, float down the infernal stream; the pattern of a holier sanctuary comes down from heaven, and rests on the mountain. The voice sounds with the vision. See that thou build up thyself after this model. See that thy life make these ideals realities, and fulfil their grandest prophecies. It is not for thee to dwell on the mountain amidst the transcendent glory; for thee it is appointed that thou walk on the lower ground, amidst the struggles and turmoils of men; yet see to it that thou never forget the heavenly vision; be never disobedient to it, see that thou frame thy being like thy vision and thy prayer.

Youth is often, I fear oftenest, the period of most fervent enthusiasms. Let the tale be told of cruelty and oppression, the young spirit burns with generous indignation and spontaneous sympathy, let the prophecy be announced of a brighter epoch, of freedom and of peace, descending in a new baptism on the crushed heart of humanity, the spirit, if unperturbed by falsehoods of education and society, leaps forth with jubilant echo to greet the glad future. Selfish pursuits have not yet clouded its vision. Cold words and colder deeds, the bitter sneer and the boast of pride, and the hatred or neglect of the world, have not yet frozen into the flowing life. Noble attempts have not yet been baffled by the oppositions of men; associates it may be; nay, bosom friends. These come later; and too often the fervent youth passes into the icy man, the flowering enthusiasm withers and becomes sere, lifeless, a forgotten thing among the rank weeds which ignorance and selfishness cherish in the faded and fruitless Eden. Happy the young man who escapes his doom; whose youth flows unchecked, with full stream, into the pure and serene currents of a wise and humane manhood; whose enthusiasm is only gentler, not less earnest,—only deeper, not less strong,—only wiser, not less fervid, through the influences of advancing years, and even

through the disappointments and contradictions which assail it, as well as the successes and the sympathies which sometimes greet it. Soul, rejoicing now in the youth of thy hopes, On! Be undismayed. This mountain of the Lord is not thy place; thou must down into the cloudy and rough ways of men. But the vision thou hast seen in this divine solitude, carry that in thy soul for ever. The spirit that hath breathed and brooded over thy soul, let it quicken and shape thee as it will. The idea which has shined into thee of a redeemed and glorified humanity, let it grow in thee to manly freedom and celestial glory. Temple of God thou art; let him fill thee with his own holiness.

I know well that life spent in the lowliness of our common business and relations seems a little thing, and that common, every-day duties look mean. Especially, one would say, this is a great degradation, from the mountain to the valley; from the splendors of the Lord to the obscurities of man; from the visions of celestial ideas to the doing of petty deeds; from worship before the mysterious pattern sanctuary to the raising up, piece by piece, of the small tent-work set for the daily task. A day of this lifetime of ours! How poor! To awake with the morning sun, to clothe and feed one's self, to go out and work, or buy and sell, through the many hours, to return at evening, and soon sleep again till morning,—this the history of a day, the history of life. Resemblance slight enough to the building and consecration of a temple to the infinite Father. Such the first view. But it is all superficial and scanty. A day is larger and deeper than this. And the life, made up of watchful days and nights of rest, reaches out into higher relations, and its least of things do really become infinite through the spirit in which they are wrought. There is the wonderful analogy before us always. The day with God;—how passes that? He is for ever doing things, how minute to the sense, how small and insignificant! He does not sit

enthroned in some magnificent palace, rolling out vast systems of suns and their earths, all complete and infinite. Suns and worlds from him, indeed, but not the less does he spend himself on the minutest thing upon their surface; the particle of air, the ray of light, the petal, and scent, and hue of the flower, the atom which floats in the air or lies on the cold earth. He does not decline to open the snow-drop, because he has worlds waiting on his word; he lets not the mist-wreath pass untinted, because he has suns to lead on their bright tracks; nor stays he the soft evening breeze, because he has planets to send out on their everlasting circuits.—[Sermons of Rev. T. Stone.

One Burning Word for Jesus.

THROUGH the columns of the "Guide," I want to say one burning word for Jesus; to pour forth the pent-up feelings of my soul. Recently, I have ventured the consecration, that brings full salvation to the soul, and now, by "sweet experience," I can say I am wholly the Lord's. Thine, Jesus! thine in the glowing love that casts out fear. O, *why* will Christians linger in the darkness—why cherish a depravity, that, in too many instances, proves fearfully fatal? And *when* will the church of God awake to the energetic life of holiness, and *shine* in the beautiful radiance of the sanctified spirit? When, O! when?

To my brothers and sisters, let me say, Do not rest short of your happy privilege. Why cling to sin, when you may, by an all-appropriating faith, possess that "holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord?" Do you not desire the blessing?—more, do you not ardently long to rid your souls of those foul sin-stains? What! a child of God, not wish to be holy—not wish to be like his *elder brother*, Jesus? It cannot be! Surely, if anything on earth is desirable, it is purity of heart.

Will you not, if you have not already proved by experience, the joy of full salvation, *now* seek it? *Now!* O, the *peril* of

procrastination! *Now*, the Father commands,—*now*, the Son pleads,—*now*, the sanctifying Spirit waits! God help you to seek this richest blessing, *now*.

EDWARD E. ROGERS.

Is Holiness necessary; if so, when?

BY A. J. MERCHANT.

THE readers of the "Guide" fully understand the signification of the word holiness, wherever it occurs upon its pages; hence it is not necessary to give any definition of the term, nor to propose any theory more specific than "sanctifying the Lord God in the heart;" (1. Peter iii. xv.) for this results in the glory of God; and by it, the life of the imitator of Christ is an exponent of "faith, hope, charity,"—is an unmistakable exemplification of the reason of the hope that is within him. If we have not as yet answered the proposed question, or if we have given some consideration to the subject, but felt ourselves trammelled by the influence of theories, long ago received and long cherished, let us reflect upon the preparation imperatively demanded in order to embrace the truth.

1. In the first place, there must be a divesting of all that can interpose the direct communication of truth, when perceived in a clear and radiant light in its own impressiveness to the heart. It is vain to come to the word of God for instruction, willingly shackled hand and foot by prejudice, preconceived opinions, and man-made theories, the offspring of the carnal mind. There must be a breaking up of all fellowship with these,—a bidding adieu to creeds and forms,—a dissolving alliance with former companions, *prejudice*, and all its train of concomitant errors in dark array. Opinions perhaps, long and dearly cherished, if unstable and vacillating being founded in possible error, must be flung to the winds, and the aisles of the soul left tenantless.

2. Now that the soul is freed from all

incumbrance, it is necessary that there should be therein such a fitting up, as will welcome the approach of truth. What shall constitute this furniture of the inner sanctuary of man? Love; the love of God, his word, and its truth unpolluted. God must be loved, "because he first loved us." His word must be loved, because it contains a perfect revelation of his will concerning us, because it reveals the duty of man to man, because it teaches the primary motives of Christian obedience and love, viz., to glorify God and advance his cause,—because it is the voice of the mighty Jehovah, speaking from heaven to man; speaking all that is necessary for his own glory, and all that Infinite Wisdom could devise for the welfare and happiness of a fallen and rebellious world, for its restoration to primitive purity and holiness; all that is necessary to furnish a sure passport to the haven of immortality and eternal life. As the Bible is the great fountain, the inexhaustible source of truth, truth must be loved for its own sake.

3. Another thought. If such a love of truth, as truth itself challenges from all, now dwells in the heart, it will be developed in humble, fervent prayer for the blessing of God to rest upon you, that, by his Spirit, he may, while you study his word, guide you into all truth. If this essential element be wanting, it evinces the fact that love of both God and his word is also wanting; therefore, there must be a harmony existing, a consistency manifest in the character of any one who would be in earnest, who would agonize to enter in at the straight gate,—holiness,—the only gate taught in the word of God. There must be a divestment, and a fitting up; a divestment of error of any and every form; a fitting up, consisting in love for God and his truth, and prayer for divine guidance.

Reader, art thou thus prepared? If truly thou art, now proceed to consider and answer the proposed question; but, if not, if thou dost still cherish prejudice and false doctrine, if thou hast no genuine love of truth, and art unwilling to invoke the pres-

ence and dictation of the Holy Spirit, it is next to impossible that truth shall find way to thy heart, and for this reason thy heart is now armed against its entrance. God requires humility and simplicity.

We now come to consider this infinitely important question,—Is holiness necessary? if so, when?

1. The first argument, in proof of the absolute necessity of holiness is founded on fact, viz.: *God has made provision, by which, through the operation of the Holy Ghost, all sin and unrighteousness may be purged away.* (See 1 John i. 7. 9.) This provision, the gift of Jesus, as our Savior, reveals the purpose of Deity respecting this question of necessary holiness. It will appear, by asking, Did God design that man should become holy, by furnishing means adequate to that end? The answer is, he did. It is clearly set forth in his character, as infinite in wisdom, justice and truth.

It would have been unwise to make greater provision than the exigencies of the case demanded; it would have been unjust to require a greater sacrifice than was necessary,—to send the Son of God into the world, that he might suffer and die,—die upon the cross, exclaiming, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" It would be in direct contravention of the truth of God, to suppose that less than this could suffice, for, "without the shedding of blood, there is no remission."—Heb. xi. 12. Therefore, "let God be true, and every man a liar," when thus, by providing therefor, he teaches that holiness is necessary.

2. A second argument is founded on the direct will of God. "For this is the will of God, even your sanctification," and "God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness."—1 Thess. iv. 3. 7. Also v. 23. "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly." See, further, Rom. xii. 12. Such scripture evidently implies that holiness and entire sanctification are in conformity to the will and good pleasure of God. He desires, that, by an indwelling

Christ, we should bear and reflect the divine image. Such a revelation of goodness developed toward us, is sufficient of itself to induce us to accept the proffered grace, richly vouchsafed in the gospel. What is our condition? There is a deadly malady infecting us more and more, with its ruinous influences, and the Great Physician offers a *perfect cure*. If the remedy is at hand, if the application be life, if God be ready and willing to effect the cure, who would question its necessity, or would delay a moment to be made whole?

3. Another sense in which the will of God is revealed, is, *in positive commands*; which is the foundation of a third argument. "Be ye holy, for I am holy."—1. Peter i. 16. The voice of God amid the thunderings of Mount Sinai, repeated by him, "who spake as never man spake," demands that "thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength."—Mat. xxii. 39. The will of God is the ultimate rule of duty. What it requires is imperatively necessary. Can any one think that God would have explicitly commanded what is not necessary?

4. A fourth argument is this: Heaven and all its inhabitants are holy, therefore, man must some time, *by faith in Christ*, be made holy, if ever he enters therein.—Heb. xii. 14. How impressive is this truth upon that heart not absolutely barred against it! How many thousands are now before the eternal throne, who were guided by the precept, "Be ye holy." A day is at hand, when he, that is unholy, shall be unholy still. Then let all who would enter the city of the New Jerusalem, put on the garments of righteousness and true holiness.

5. From these reflections we may settle it in our hearts, that by faith we must be made holy,—that holiness is not merely a privilege, a possibility, but an all-comprehensive duty established and revealed by Jehovah; provided for by the vicarious atonement, harmonizing with the will and good pleasure of God, resulting both in his

glory, and man's salvation, and hence imperatively made a condition of seeing the Lord. What evidence stronger, either in nature or amount, can the human mind receive, to induce conviction of truth, or move to action?

Holiness being necessary, it is of transcendent importance to know when. Is it in the far future, when God shall interpose, by a miracle, and gratuitously, (that is, without a conscious act of faith,) sanctify the heart? Or, is it when we are about to open our eyes upon the realities of our unchanging state? These two questions indicate theories taught by some who believe in the doctrine of entire holiness. "To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."

1. Holiness is necessary *now*, for "now is the accepted time, and behold *now* is the day of salvation."—2. Cor. vi. 2. We have no intimation in the Scriptures that the doctrine of entire holiness was taught and preached as a future blessing. The general tenor of the Bible is *now*, be holy now. Now it is provided for, now it is the will of God, now it is commanded; therefore, now, it may be received by faith; *now it must be received, if ever*, for life is but an ever-present now.

2. In further proof of this doctrine of personal holiness, we offer a thought upon these words, "Be ye holy in all manner of conversation."—1 Pet. i. 15 and 2 Pet. iii. 11. "What manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation?" This is the thought and this the argument. *If we fulfil the command, we must be holy now, for, it is impossible to be holy in all manner of conversation, unless the sanctifying grace of God has purified the heart; unless Christ reigns and rules in the heart without a rival.* Is it not impossible for the same fountain to send forth both "bitter and sweet waters?" "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" A pure, a holy heart, is the necessary antecedent to a holy conversation.

3. Again: "Follow peace with all men and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."—Heb. xii. 14. This is a broad, positive, all-embracing command. With all men we are to lead lives of holiness. How can this be, with all men, except we now, at once, embrace the proffered blessing which God with his own hand stretches forth to us—except we now, through faith in the all-atoning merits of our risen Lord, importunately cry, "Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me," that, in answer to our cry, we may now begin to live a life of obedience and love?

4. God hath spoken and confirmed, by an oath, his word; and now he remembers that oath by which he promised, "that he would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear in holiness and righteousness before him *all the days of our life*."—Luke i. 74, 75. What does this language mean? It can be understood in no other sense than that in which it affords an incontestable proof in favor of Christian holiness now.

5. We may justly conclude that the entire sum and substance of duty founded in the law of God, is, the following: Because "the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin"—because it is in consonance with the "will of God in Christ Jesus,"—because "thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength,"—because "God hath manifested the great love wherewith he loved us,"—therefore we should love him—therefore we must be holy, holy now, "holy in all manner of conversation," "with all men," "all the days of our lives."

What he hath given, we receive,

Life from a death of sin;

We ask in faith, we now believe,

We now are freed through him.

Alleghany College, Meadville, Pa.

The World no Longer Mine.

BY J. H. REEVES.

THE world's no longer mine;
Forsaking all for thee,
Henceforth, my Lord, I'm only thine,
To all eternity.

I bathe my weary breast
In love's unfathomed sea,
The storm of passions lulled to rest,
To all eternity.

All worldly happiness,
Has now no charms for me;
In Christ I have the sum of bliss,
To all eternity.

What glories I behold,
My risen Lord, in thee!
And still new glories shall unfold,
To all eternity.

Jesus, himself, hath given,
Henceforth my all to be;
How blest am I—in earth—in heaven—
To all eternity!

Influence.

BY MRS. RHODES H. LEONARD.

It may safely be asserted, that no one, however degraded, is entirely destitute of influence. He may have but very little influence over certain classes of persons, while he exerts a powerful one over those of his own character. But our influence for good or evil depends in no small degree upon the reputation that we sustain. Infidelity would be still more dangerous than it is, if it did not curtail the power of its votaries, by its deleterious effects upon their lives. And we are all responsible for the influence that we exert. We have no right to be careless in reference to the manner in which our power over others is used.

If this reasoning be true, what should be the conduct of him who is called to be holy in all manner of conversation?—to whom it is said, by God himself, "Be ye holy, for I am a holy." If Christians always realized as they ought the weight of their influence upon others, and the degree to which it

may tell upon their happiness for time and eternity, would there be so much inconsistency among them as now mars the lives of many of the professed followers of Christ? Did they but consider that one hasty word of theirs may keep a soul back from the kingdom of God, would they not be more circumspect in their conversation? Christian mother, that thoughtless word of yours may beget a train of reasoning that will lead your child into the labyrinths of infidelity, where he shall wander amid moral darkness until he plunges into the bottomless pit, and is forever shut out from happiness, purity and God. Father, that unchristian act of yours was observed by your little son, and the remembrance of it is engraven upon his memory. It may turn the scale with him in favor of evil, and cause him to plunge deeper and deeper into vice, until, unfit for earth, he sinks into the abodes of endless despair. We think that we have somewhere seen the statement, that a careless word from the lips of his father, was one principal cause of Voltaire's infidelity.

With what circumspection should the child of God walk before his fellow men! Does it not become us to ask what is requisite to render our influence a sanctified one? Can anything short of a heart cleansed from all sin, and filled with the love of God, enable us rightly to discharge our duty in these respects? No. For at no other time are we so vigilant and watchful as when the soul is drinking from this fountain of purity and bliss. Then give yourself no rest until you know by experience that the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin. Then will your influence prove mighty for good, and the means of leading many to the cross here and to endless joy hereafter. Will the results of the influence of Fletcher, Bramwell, Carvosso, and Mrs. Rogers, end with time? Far from it. The revelations of the judgment day and of eternity alone can unfold the great good that will result from their influence upon their fellow mortals.

Pencilings by the Way.

BY DORA.

THE storm-clouds have been dispersed! The tempestuous winds have ceased! The angry waves have been calmed! A voice has been heard above the thunder of the tempest, "Peace, be still!" To-day I feel that my soul is grounded on the Rock of Ages. I have been renewing my covenant with God. I rest on Christ, and trust him to save me from every thing opposed to holiness; to grant me entire victory over the world, the flesh and the devil; to bestow upon me the invigorating, sanctifying and enlightening influences of the Holy Spirit. All these things I claim by faith, through the merits of the Crucified. Consequently, I find myself in possession of a peace that passeth understanding—an assurance of faith that enables me to assert my adoption and heirship with Christ. Shall I cease to sustain this relation? By faith I stand.

When the sacrifice becomes marred—when my faith ceases to lay hold upon the atonement, I then become an alien from God, and forfeit my title to the inheritance. I hope that this may never be, yet, I must "take heed." I must "keep my body under, and bring it into subjection." I must not be "high-minded, but fear," lest I come short of the promised rest. I want to be Christ-like—to have the *full and deep* impress of his image engraven on my heart, and, in order to obtain this, I must cleave to him with a strong faith, and love him with an undivided heart. I must cheerfully embrace the cross, for it crucifies self. I must not fear the furnace, for its fires consume the dross, and leave the gold more pure. I must not shun the rod, for "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." I must not murmur at trials and sufferings, for God hath chosen his people in the "furnace of affliction."

This is the night of weeping, but joy cometh in the morning. This is the time of fasting on the part of the bride, but it shall

be a day of feasting and great joy, when the bridegroom cometh. Now is the season of humiliation, but when the Head of the Church shall appear, she will be exalted. Afflictions first, and then the glory. Tribulation, and then the kingdom. The cross, and then the crown. The "straight gate" and "narrow way" must precede the "abundant entrance." We must die in order to live. We must be in subjection, in order to enjoy freedom. We must suffer, in order to reign. Abasement leads to exaltation—poverty to riches. Such are the paradoxes of the gospel. The one is the portion of this life, the other, of that which is to come. In all this we see the manifold wisdom of God. If we had ease, honor, and wealth in this world, we should not be heavenly-minded, but "earthly, sensual, and devilish," living in pleasure, forgetful of God, and unmindful of our future inheritance. "Where your treasure is, there *will your heart be also*," says Jesus.

Says one talented writer, "Stoop, and conquer; bow thyself and become invincible. He who esteems himself but little, stands on a vantage-ground with his fellow men. Like an eastern house, the heart has a lowly entrance, and every guest must bow his head, ere he can cross the threshold." The wisest man who ever lived, said, "Before honor, is *humility*," and the Savior advanced the same sentiment when he remarked, as a rebuke to his aspiring disciples, "He that is least among you all, the same shall be great." "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

"How great a help is humiliation for the progress of a soul that truly supports it! We find it in a thousand blessings for ourselves, and for our conduct toward others,—for our Lord gives his grace to the humble. Humility enables us to bear with others. The view of our own miseries can alone render us compassionate and indulgent toward those of others."

Where Christ reigns, he commands peace, for he is the Prince of peace.

Thoughts on Prayer.

BY MRS. E. R. WELLS.

WHEN this earth was in its primeval beauty and glory, man had converse with his Creator, face to face; he walked and talked with God, and no interruption to this communion caused his heart to mourn. But *sin* was born, and severed the links betwixt earth and heaven, man and his glorious Author, and left the darkness of impenetrable night to settle, in all its blackness, o'er present scenes and future joys. While no ray of light dawned to cheer the gloom, all was desolate and drear. The steps of man were weary, as he journeyed to the grave; but soon a voice, all musical, was heard, which chased the gloom, and threw a blaze of light and life athwart the surrounding night. "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head" floats on the breeze in angel tones. Expiring hope revives, and death henceforth is a conquered foe. This orphaned earth is thrown back into the galaxy of Jehovah's favor, and shares its Creator's love. Shout, all ye sons of the morning; for "God can be just, and yet the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus."

But no more is the voice of God heard, as he walked in Eden's vale; other means serve to disclose his will, to make known his requirements, and draw man into communion with him. A *throne of grace* is erected, a *mercy seat* established, and, through the blood of the covenant, we may draw nigh by faith,—"ask and receive" all needed good.

And, since it is our only hope, it is well if we consider the privilege of prayer. We conceive the question with us is not that of stern and iron-handed duty, but of privilege; not whether we must, but whether we may, pray. Does the great God, the Creator of the universe, the Upholder of all things, allow sinful mortals audience? May we petition the court of heaven, and disclose, in the ear of the Eternal, our griefs and fears, our joys and sorrows?

Does he, who ruleth in the heavens, and to whom the "inhabitants of the earth are as grasshoppers," condescend to regard our prayers, and listen to our complaints? O yes. In strains as sweet as fill the arched world of light, we hear therefrom, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Blessed privilege! As children approach a parent, so may man his Maker, with the same confidence and hope. And, while it is our privilege to pray, we can but feel the necessity of prayer. We are in a world of sin and sinners; our natures depraved and erring; the inherent tendency of our being is against holiness and God; how much we need the sustaining grace which is only given in answer to prayer! God has revealed conditions through which we may receive his blessing, and regain his likeness; it is by prayer only these results are obtained. If we would be holy, we must pray. Implanted within are desires for happiness which can be satiated only by Him who formed them, and the loathings of our spirits to the corruptions which enshroud us can be removed only by him who is our Redeemer and Purifier. The pleasures of earth are as vanity, and its joys as dust in the balance; for our immortal natures demand something elevating, enduring, and it is only by prayer these ardent longings are removed, these desires satisfied.

We are in a world of misery and death. Vice and ruin stare us in the face on every hand, and death only closes the fearful scene. Our friends die at our side, and the most touching affinities and tenderest ties are rudely wrecked and sundered by the hand of death. The loved ones of our hearts and homes lie in silence in the tomb, and our own limbs totter toward its brink. Soon its paleness will gather over us, the fever fires scorch us, the consumptive pains waste us, and, with one fearful stroke, death will weed us all away. Our natures start back, and shrink in fear at thought of the dying chill, and loathsome charnel-house, corruption's fearful power, the rev-

els of the feasting-worm, and stillness of the tomb. But there is a power which will enable us to rejoice in full prospect of all this, and exclaim, "For me to live is Christ, but to die is gain." There is a power that will make the deathbed scene the stepping-stone to a glorious immortality, and the grave the dressing chamber, in which we lay aside mortality's vestments, and put on the incorruptible, and that power is given in answer to prayer. If, then, such glorious results crown the pathway of the man of prayer, what can we ask more, in view of our necessities, than the privilege of prayer?

While it is a privilege and necessity to pray, there is beauty in prayer. It is helplessness casting itself on power, and feebleness clinging to Omnipotence. It is infirmity leaning on strength, and misery wooing bliss. It is unholiness embracing purity, and hatred desiring love. It is corruption panting for immortality, and earthborns claiming kindred to the skies. It is the "flight of the soul to the bosom of God," and the spirit soaring upward, and claiming nativity beyond the stars. It is the restless dove on fainting wing, turning to its loved repose. It is the soaring eagle, mounting upward in its flight, and, with steady gaze, pursuing the track, till lost to all below. It is the roving wanderer, looking toward his abiding-place, where are all his treasures and his gold. It is the prisoner mourning his fetters, and impatient to be freed, pleading for his release. It is the mariner of a dangerous sea, upon the reeling topmast, desecring the broad and quiet haven of repose. It is the soul, oppressed by earthly soarings, escaping to a broader, purer sphere, and bathing its plumes in the ethereal and eternal. O there is beauty—such as earth has not—in prayer!

But there is also power in prayer. It derives its energy from the promises of God, and, by faith in those promises, it is omnipotent. The treasures of grace are ever open to the draft of prayer. Importunity opens the gates of heaven, and our

prayers should wear the character of importunate knocking at the barrier which limits our approach to almighty Goodness. The consciousness of the faintest secret wish, in the depth of the heart, to know and commune with the infinite Source of holiness, should encourage us to knock and plead with unwearied perseverance, and never desist till we obtain the blessing. "Ask, and ye shall receive," is our warrant for prayer, and we cannot fail. Our prayers should be the holy violence of reiterated entreaty. They should be the loud and lengthened cry of him who finds no medium between a friendly access to the throne of grace, and the agonies of the lowest hell. These holy wrestlings and importunate pleadings; these groans unutterable, heard only by the ear of the Almighty; these sighs of penitence and tears of grief, which, in their agony, humbly motion heaven for relief, are all-powerful at the court above. The highest emergencies must yield; for the word of the Eternal is pledged to answer prayer. It is sublime to view the majesty of its power; heaven and earth may pass away, but every promise shall be fulfilled in answer to prayer. O then, ye seekers after pardon and holiness, urge your suit before God. Mountains shall sink and disappear; the sun stopped in its course; the elements robbed of power; ravenous beasts quieted; the floods stayed, and made to stand on either side as a wall of brass for your protection, rather than a single promise shall fail. Yes, for you, so weak and unworthy, miracles of power shall be wrought, if needful to answer the prayer of faith. Then plead, agonize, believe and prevail.

HUMILITY.—Nothing is more sublime than this grace; for it stands exalted above everything around it, and never attempts to soar higher.—[St. Augustine.]

TEACHINGS OF CHRIST.—"The philosophers of antiquity addressed themselves to the intellect, the words of Jesus lay hold of the heart."

The Testimony of an Old Pilgrim.

DEAR BRETHREN,—A little more than half a century past, I found redemption in the blood of the Lamb. About forty years since, I began to believe unto holiness, and enjoy it. I took hold, very feebly at first, on this text, "Reckon ye yourselves also to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, etc."—Rom. vi. 11. I did reckon with fear and trembling. God sealed the reckoning by his Spirit's bearing witness to my heart.

After that, I was often moved from my mountain—doubted and staggered—but never gave up. I had not clear views; did not understand the nature of the blessing. The subject was not then simplified, as at present, but taught in mystery. Every time I felt an evil temper, or any thing that I thought sin, it set me doubting. "How can this be, if God has sanctified me?" I had none to guide me aright. Those who preached it, mostly, darkened counsel by words, without knowledge.

But I was dedicated; holiness was my end and aim—my element. When I slid down, I climbed up again as often. Clouds and darkness beset me frequently. Man, the world, and Satan, were ever in array against me. But when God's light shone on my heart, which was not seldom, it shewed me that it was a devoted heart, wholly the Lord's.

I lived some years a mystery to myself, but the word and spirit gradually solved the mystery; the word showed me, that to be holy, was to be as God pleased—high or low, weak or strong, dull or engaged—still aiming at his glory.

People, then, who believed in it, thought perfect love made a wonderful creature of its subjects—always on the mountain top—never complaining of temptation—never seen to grieve and weep—never feeling the body's wants, or privations of any kind—never under heaviness of mind from physical cause, want, weariness or pain, and

the brain never so affected as to bow down the spirit, and bind the tongue, or hinder usefulness.

This idea would have destroyed, indeed it did much injure, me; but I was led to think on Job, and Jeremiah, and my Lord in the garden; and began to say, "Well if God please to place me in such circumstances of affliction, in this also I will glory; his will is my joy: the servant is not above his Lord, and his saints and prophets. Their example shows me the way the holy prophets went, and Jesus my forerunner. Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. Blessed is the man that endureth temptation. We must, through much tribulation, enter into rest.

The Spirit guided my reason to settle one point, namely, my instability. I reasoned thus: "When near the fire, I am warm—with a candle in the room, it is light. Withdraw from the fire—I am cold: take away the candle—all is dark. So is my heart, old, wicked, cold, hard. When God dwells within, the old heart is new; the cold heart is warm; the stony heart, soft; the sinful heart pure. If the Lord depart, or rather, if I be removed from him; my heart is again old, cold, stony, wicked. I have nothing independent; he gives me no store to lay by; it is only by Christ dwelling within, and making all things new, that I can be sanctified, or remain one moment holy.

Now I have learned, if I feel insecure, to lay myself again on the altar, by a renewed act of self-dedication. If I but fear a stain, I repair straightway: to the fountain, and there abide—there live, on the altar, close to the fountain—that is living indeed! there is heaven, let earth and hell rage as they may.

Mrs. Fletcher's life and experience was made a great blessing to me in years gone by. Like her I made "the will of God my refuge and rest." Later, I have read some of Mrs. Palmer's writings: they gave my faith a new impetus. I found she was simplifying the truth; and pointing out the

plain way the Scriptures teach; and in which, for some time, the Lord had been leading me. How we need to be pointed to that which we might see! How the Bible simplifies every thing! Holiness is but plain, pure, Bible religion; in its most simple, most lovely form. It has been blurred over with creeds and technicalities—or rather our minds have been so beclouded with these things lying between us and the Scriptures, that we have read through this mist; and seen men but as trees walking.

I am now aged and infirm, and can do little. I have felt a particular exercise of mind, of late increasing—the Spirit's inward groaning, that this scripture doctrine of holiness might spread; be better understood; and its reality more generally enjoyed. I have seemed to foresee this as the only means of ushering in God's kingdom.

When sudden attacks of illness have admonished me of my departure, I have felt as if I had something yet to do; and a sort of condemnation has rested on my mind, as though I had not borne my full testimony; yet I have watched thereunto: but hedges lie in my way, and I cannot as yet see a clear opening to duty.

I have long since heard of the little band that meet in New York city to seek for holiness.—“O might my lot be cast with these!” or some like them. I pray, “Lord, send, by whom thou wilt send; but let the clouds be dispersed that hang over Zion. Let righteousness spring up from the ground.”

A few days since I saw the Guide, for April 1857. I had never heard of this before. I there saw that the work was beginning for which my soul labored—or, for which the Spirit labored in me. In the communications, I found a fellowship with kindred spirits, who are engaged in this work. I see God is doing his work by them. I feel and see, that this is the little heaven which must leaven the whole lump—the churches and the world, till its kingdoms become the kingdom of our Lord Christ.

It is already stirring, moving, spreading, rising, never to settle again; its light never shall go out in obscurity, until the nations shall feel its power.

When the church is once filled with this holy leaven, then will the world be converted. It cannot stand before God's host, having on the full armor of righteousness and true holiness.

Go on, brethren and sisters. God will bring his sons from far, and his daughters from the ends of the earth, to join your humble ranks. Soon will be seen the latter-day glory, when the pots in the Lord's house shall be like the howls before the altar; and on the bells of the horses shall be written Holiness unto the Lord.

I am wrapt up, filled, and fired with the subject and the prospect.

Yours in bonds of holiness,

A. JONES.

N. Gower, C. W.

Shining up Above.

In the graveyard of a little village that nestles among the hills of New Hampshire, a gray, moss-covered stone bears the inscription:

“AGNES K—

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.”

Agnes K—, “Aunt Agnes” as I always called her, was one of those favored mortals who seem always to carry about with them a kind of portable sunshine. As of old the children of Israel had light in their dwellings when thick darkness was everywhere else; so in the darkest day there was sunshine, heart-sunshine, in Aunt Agnes's house—to the most threatening cloud she could see the “silver lining.”

I said I called her Aunt Agnes; but no mother could have watched over my young life with a love more unwearied or unselfish than did she.

I never knew my own mother—she died when I was too young to feel her loss; but there was a warm heart and a pleasant home

ready to receive the little orphan, and I was motherless but in name.

Dear Aunt Agnes! It is many a year since she went home to God; but her face is as clearly before me as if I had seen it but yesterday;—the kind, sunshiny face that was always so cheerful, so hopeful, so full of that peace “which passeth all understanding;”—I sometimes wonder if the one she wears among the angels can be pleasanter to look upon.

How well I remember one rainy day in the early summer! The tall elms that shaded our old brown farm-house were tossing their arms about wildly, and the wind went sweeping over the field, bending the long grass before it, or moaning round the corners of the house as though in search of something lost; while the rain fell thick and fast, hiding the distant hills, that yesterday had looked so green and smiling.

I was standing by the window, sighing for the bright June sunshine, my face reflecting back, no doubt, the cheerlessness out of doors, when a hand was laid on my shoulder, and I turned to find Aunt Agnes's pleasant eyes looking into mine.

“’Tis shining up above, dear,” she said.

Shining up above;—it was true, and yet I had not thought of it. Our eyes could not see it but only a little way above us—just the other side those dark clouds, heaven's own sunshine was as warm, and bright, and gladsome as ever.

It was a dark, wild night in mid-winter. Great snow-drifts had been piled up during the day, and now, that the darkness had come on, we could hear, though we could not see, the storm still raging.

Doubly dreary it was to us that night, for a shadow had fallen on our home, and from the circle gathered round the fire, one was missing.

All through the pleasant summer and the golden autumn, Aunt Agnes's only son—her first-born, and her darling—had been slowly but surely fading away, and when merry Christmas-time came, they had opened a grave through the white snow and the

frosty earth and buried him—buried him in one of those cheerless graveyards that disgrace New England, where the grass grows rank and tangled above the sleepers, and the dismal poplar trees stand like sentinels. To-night our hearts were with him in his grave; so, when little Alice, the household pet, laid her curly head in her mother's lap, she was but giving utterance to our own thoughts, as she exclaimed, with a sob, “Oh mother, hear how the wind blows, and only think of Willie all alone in the graveyard!”

For a moment the mother's heart was wrung, and she thought only of her child, *her* child, alone in the darkness and tempest—the next, she caught a glimpse of the sea of glass, the streets of gold, the gates of pearl—of that city where there is no night, and of him who is the light thereof—of him in whom her dead boy trusted; and drawing the sobbing child closer to her, she whispered, “Allie, dear, *’t is shining up above.*”

—XVY.

“First Pure, then Peaceable.”

THIS notable sentence from the apostle James, (chap. iii. 17,) is so often misquoted and misapplied, and thus made the occasion of a most monstrous perversion of religious sentiment, that it deserves a moment's special attention. What does it mean? What is the real doctrine herein taught?

The perverse application of it against which we plead, is this: First, some men quote it as if the words “*first pure, then peaceable,*” were all that belonged to that connection, and were to be taken apart, and by themselves, and interpreted without any regard to what precedes and follows. Secondly, they take the words “*first*” and “*then*” as indicating the *order of time* in which *purity* and *peace* are to be enjoyed; as if the sentence read—“first pure, then, after that, peaceable.” Thirdly, the application of this mode of interpretation is this, viz.: that a state of contention, disputation and strife in society is to be expected, and

even sought, until after purity is attained. This mode of interpreting Scripture, has always made litigious, contentious, belligerent professors of religion—exactly and palpably what the apostle James condemns in this same passage in most unmeasured terms.

Now, against all this perversion of one of the most precious passages of Holy Writ, we have to say, first, that the sentence "first pure, then peaceable," is grammatically and doctrinally connected with the preceding and following sentences, in connection with which it is to be explained. Secondly, the particular words, "*first*," and "*then*," in the sentence, do not mark an *order of time*, as if the apostle meant to say, "first pure, and then, after that, peaceable," but simply mark the *order of enumeration* of the apostle, by which he counts up and then sets forth, the several characteristics of that "wisdom which is above." He is speaking of the "wisdom from above," in contradistinction from that wisdom mentioned in verse 15, and which he says "is earthly, sensual, devilish." And he says, of this heavenly wisdom, that it possesses the following characteristics, to wit, "first, it is pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." Here, then, is the simple idea of *enumeration* of qualities. As if he had said, "first, pure, secondly, peaceable, thirdly, gentle, fourthly, easy to be entreated," etc. The idea is not that the heavenly wisdom is not "peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy," until *after* it has accomplished the work of *purity*, but the idea is exactly the contrary. The idea is, that the heavenly wisdom possesses all these qualities at one and the same time; so that he that has not one and all these blessed fruits in his own soul, has not got heavenly wisdom. These graces all stand conjoined in the same category, and the "wisdom that is from above," can no

more be "*pure*," without being at the same time "*peaceable*," than it can be "*pure*" without being "*gentle*, easy to be entreated, full of mercy, and without hypocrisy."

This is the idea of this most precious passage. You can hereby tell, at a glance, whether you have the true wisdom, or only that which is "earthly, sensual, devilish." For this last wisdom engenders "bitter envying, strife, confusion, and every evil work," as James says, in verse 16. But in the very next verse he contrasts with this, as the light against the shadow of the same picture, the "wisdom which is from above," which is "pure, peaceable, gentle," etc. Furthermore, in the next verse, (verse 18,) he distinctly says: "Now the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace, (not in strife and contention,) of them [by them] that make peace." Then, in the next chapter, he still continues the same subject, showing that "wars and strife" among men spring from corrupt "lusts" of human nature, not from God, nor from the wisdom which is from above.

We protest, then, against the too common method of quoting and applying the words in question. A wisdom that is not "peaceable and gentle" is not "pure," is not of God. "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." We are never, indeed, to be at peace with sin, but we are, as members of Christ, to be at "peace among ourselves," and to "live peaceably with all men." We are to "follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another." He that cannot fight sin without a contentious, disputative spirit among his brethren, has never yet learned the Christian warfare. His idea of "*fight*," is borrowed from the carnal, not from the spiritual mind. His feet are not "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace," neither does the "peace of God rule in his heart." Whoever yet made peace with a belligerent spirit? Whoever yet published the gospel of reconciliation with a contentious tongue? Who-

ever yet has set forward the blessed kingdom of Christ, by awaking and provoking in men strife and debate? We are afraid of such men. Paul says of such, that they are "doating, (literally have a *distemper*,) concerning questions and strifes of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmisings, perverse disputings, (margin, *gallings one of another*,) and destitute of the truth,—from such withdraw thyself." "Now I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine, which ye have learned, and avoid them." "Let your *gentleness* be made known unto all men." (Wesley's translation.) It is in this spirit we are to go forth to conquer the world.—"And into whatsoever house ye enter first, say, Peace be to this house. And if the son of peace be there, your peace shall rest upon it; if not, it shall return unto you again." Blessed Immanuel, Prince of peace, teach us, thy followers, to obey thy words, and to "follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." Rest assured, brother, that true piety can no more thrive with a contentious spirit, than civilization, education, and public morals, can flourish in a nation that is engaged in war, and has the spirit of war. How significant, how admonitory the words of Luke—"Then," (after the persecutions and public agitations had ceased, not before,) "*then* had the churches rest throughout all Judea, Galilee and Samaria, and were edified; and walking in the fear of the Lord, and the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied." May the Lord send such times and such prosperity, upon all the churches.—[Northern Christian Advocate.

WORLDLY CHRISTIANS.—"The distinguished and world-honored company of Christian Mammonists, appear as a drove of camels, heavily laden, yet all at full speed, and each in the confident expectation of passing through the eye of the needle, without stop or halt, both beasts and baggage."

Thy Will be Done.

BY A READER OF THE GUIDE.

IN reading an article, in the October number of the Guide, entitled "Divine Discipline," the following sentence particularly attracted my attention: "Could we see as God sees, and know as God knows, we would wish nothing in his government or discipline changed," and I was led to inquire how do I see the purposes of God toward me, in the deep afflictions through which I have passed, and the rich mercies bestowed upon me? After close examination, I can truly say I do not desire one act of his, in my own case, changed. The prevailing wish of my heart is, "Thy will be done." I am aware that much is involved in that petition, and that many trembling saints, who live for the *present and future*, inquire how can one feel so confident. The Lord has given the prayer for the *present*, and we may pray thus, trusting him for strength in the future. The *present* is all I can see the requirement demands; therefore I inquire why should not I joyfully acquiesce in the will of the Lord? Am I not a child of God, and ought I not fully from my inmost soul, utter that petition to which every holy being on earth and in heaven responds? Oh, with what rapture the mind is filled as it contemplates the state of this world when the church of Christ has faith to produce its realization! Now I cannot see as God sees, or know as God knows; but I can feel my insignificance to be so great, that I dare not raise one objection to my Father's wishes. Some *young* disciple may wish to know how my soul was brought, and how kept in such a state. I answer—by first giving myself to the Lord, and then *constantly looking unto Jesus as the author and finisher* of our salvation.

THE BIBLE.—The Word of God must not hang, like a jewel, only in the ear, but it must be cabinetted and locked up in the heart as its safest repository.

The Guide to Holiness.

MARCH 1853.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

A STARVING WOMAN.—A lady, passing down Broadway, near Fourteenth street, a few days since, when opposite a butcher's stand, was startled by the excited appearance of an intelligent-looking woman rushing toward her, with clasped hands and a look of despair, exclaiming, "I am hungry, I am hungry!" Stepping inside the store, the lady procured for her some potatoes and a piece of meat. The hungry woman quickly gathered the potatoes into her pocket, and then seizing the bloody meat, put it to her lips, and *ate it to the bone!* then, saying, "I must take this home to Eddie," rushed wildly from the store, leaving the salesman and the lady astounded. Incredible as this seems, we have every reason to believe it true.—[Times.]

LABORS OF REV. C. G. FINNEY.—The Rev. Mr. Finney commenced labors in this city about seven weeks since. His preaching services have been distributed between the Park-street, Salem-street, Pine-street, and Shawmut-avenue churches—chiefly the three former.

His discourses have been mostly directed to the members of the churches, designing to bring them up to a more elevated standard of Christian faith and activity. The results have been in accordance with their evident design and adaptation—deep convictions of shortcomings and delinquencies on the part of professing Christians, and, in instances not a few, of great spiritual conflicts for a higher mode of Christian life.

The preaching has been of a character fitted greatly to search the foundations of religious hopes, and to discover to many the fact that their hopes of salvation, hitherto indulged, were on a foundation of sand.

The influence of the truths presented to professing Christians has been of a most salutary character—enlightening, humbling, quickening, strengthening; so that, should his labors terminate at the present point, they will have been of inestimable value to the cause of Christ. Although but a few of the churches and pastors are directly identified with the special efforts connected with Mr. Finney's

labors, there are few, if any, of the Orthodox Congregational churches in the city or vicinity, which are not represented, more or less numerously, at the frequent preaching services, and at the meetings for prayer. The quickening impulses imparted at these services, are being again imparted, by those in attendance, to other circles of influence, to the honor of Christ, and the interest and strengthening of Zion, in all the region round about.

Hitherto, but a very few sermons have been addressed, chiefly to the impenitent. The last evening, at Park-street Church, the discourse was more particularly designed for those who are yet "dead in sin;" the text, Luke xix. 10, "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." The house was filled above and below—pews and aisles—but not being as well ventilated as usual, and being much warmer, the atmosphere became oppressive, occasioning a little restiveness before the close of service. The service, however, was marked by deep solemnity and interest, and it may be confidently hoped, through the grace of Christ, with saving benefit to some whom he came "to seek and to save."

GENERAL HAVELOCK.—It was not the boast of this brilliant officer that he had won renown as a soldier which will place his name beside those of Wolfe and of Abercrombie, of Moore and of Napier. He looked for a higher reward than those which are bestowed by earthly sovereigns. The objects of his ambition were not the glittering of baubles, of stars and ribbons. It was rather his study to lay his brightest laurels and proudest trophies at the foot of the cross of Christ, to give all the glory to the Almighty Potentate whose he was, and whom he served—to him who girded him for his great enterprise, and with whom there was laid up a crown, one ray of which must pale the lustre of all worldly coronets. From an early period of his distinguished career, he avowed himself on the Lord's side. He was "not ashamed of the gospel of Christ," even when it was branded as Methodism, for it was his constant aim so to conduct himself as to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men. "Havelock's saints" were as proverbial for their courage and good conduct as Cromwell's Ironsides. He was a commander who lived in the hearts of his soldiers, and for whom, and with whom, they were prepared to dare every danger, and encounter every toil.

DEATH OF BISHOP WAUGH.—Our venerable senior bishop died on Tuesday, the 9th instant, at one o'clock, A. M., at his residence in Baltimore. He had been suffering for some time from a severe attack having apoplectic symptoms, but was considered convalescent and out of danger. At about one o'clock, of the above date, he suddenly groaned aloud, as if in pain, and as his wife attempted to change his position to relieve the distress, he replied, "Never mind, my dear," and after this spoke no more. His physician, Dr. Dulin, was called, but, ere he could reach the place, the spirit had fled. He died of disease of the heart, to which he had long been subject, and which had caused sufferings of which few would entertain even a suspicion from his uniform bland and pleasant expression. His last illness was supposed to be brought on by excessive labor at a protracted meeting at Carlisle.

THE SINNER AND THE TEMPTER.—When the late Rev. John Thomas was one day addressing a crowd of natives on the bank of the Ganges, he was accosted by a Brahmin, as follows: "Sir, don't you say that the devil tempts men to sin?" "Yes," answered Mr. Thomas. "Then," replied the Brahmin, "certainly the fault is the devil's; he, therefore, and not man, ought to suffer the punishment." When he said this, the countenances of many of the natives, showed their approbation of what the Brahmin had said.

Mr. Thomas, observing a boat, with several men on board, descending the river, said, "Brahmin, do you see yonder boat?" "Yes." "Suppose I were to send some of my friends, and tell them to destroy every person on board, and bring me everything valuable in the boat; who ought to suffer the punishment? I, for instructing them, or *they* for doing this wicked act?" "Why," answered the Brahmin, with emotion, "you ought all to be put to death together." "Ay, Brahmin," replied Mr. Thomas, "and if you and the devil sin together, the devil and you will be punished together."

THE HUMBLE HOME.—Are you not surprised to find how independent of money, peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed into the humblest home? A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture, and sumptuous accommodation of a mansion; but, if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace.—[Rev. C. Hamilton.]

A CHINESE INDICATION.—One of the Presbyterian missionaries in China, says:—"There are doubtless many who are unsatisfied with the prevailing forms, and are seeking to satisfy the demands of their religious feelings elsewhere. An interesting instance has lately come to our knowledge. The father of Yeh, the notorious Governor-General of Canton, professes to worship only one God, and, the Chinese say, very much after the custom of foreigners. He does not worship images; his position makes his sect, if it may be so called, an object of interest. It has been in Canton about five years, and numbered at first only a few tens, but at present is numbered by hundreds. It would be exceedingly interesting to know definitely the tenets of this new form of religion. It is producing no little inquiry, and its similarity to the doctrines of Christianity are especially noticed. It is quite common to hear the doctrines of Jesus highly praised, and it is sometimes hinted, that the sacred book of foreigners has a very different standard of morality from that which they practise."

EDITORS' DRAWER.

CAN'T FIND.—We would call the special attention of all who have corresponded with us on business, to the article on Guide Cover, under the above caption. Discontinuances and changes have been ordered, and monies have been remitted on the account of persons whose names we CANNOT FIND; and this, perhaps, in consequence of omitting the name of Post Office, County, and State, or some other like neglect. It is impossible for us to keep our books straight without attention to these matters. Will those who write in reply to the information here solicited, be kind enough to affix the letters C. F. to their communications, that we may know to what their letters refer.

REVIVALS AND HOLINESS IN ROCK RIVER CONFERENCE.—The following, from Dr. Redfield, dated Marengo, Ill., will be read with interest:

You may be interested to hear that under the labors of Rev. D. H. Sherman, (who was transferred from your conference, two or three years ago,) a most precious revival of holiness was promoted in St. Charles, about forty miles from this place, that has continued summer and winter, with its usual success, in the conversion of sinners. At the last camp-meeting in September, at St. Charles, five or six of the preachers received the blessing of perfect love, and, as a result of their labors under God, the whole country

around is blessed with extensive revivals, while the Macedonian cry from many quarters is, "Come over and help us."

We are having in this place, a sample of what is passing like prairie fires all over the country. Long before the hour of service, the church is filled, and many come from five to fifteen miles. Almost every standing place is occupied, and hundreds are compelled to leave without entering the church, which is a large country village church.

From thirty to fifty each night press their way through the crowd, as seekers of justification. Many of those who experienced religion at first, are now rejoicing in the fulness of salvation, and the work is evidently on the increase; and at the present rate of increase of power and extent with which the work is progressing, I cannot think it visionary to expect a complete revolution in Rock River conference, before many years.

A very interesting revival had been in progress for a month or more before our visit under the labors of their pastor, J. P. Vaane, a convert from the legal profession. He is a fearless advocate of Methodism. That revival was evidently reaching the descending plane, when the doctrine of holiness gave it a fresh impetus, and the results are truly glorious.

Yours affectionately,

J. W. REDFIELD.

CHEAP LITERATURE.—There has been much said and written, of late years, on the subject of cheap literature, and vigorous efforts have been made to reduce the price of religious publications: That much may be done in this direction with safety, we have no manner of doubt; indeed, very much has been already done; but the tendencies of the age are to extremes, and we think that the developments of the past year or two will show that our zeal in this regard has not been according to knowledge. Especially has this been true of religious periodicals. Prompted, in some instances, by the popular cry, and, in others, by an emulation to outdo every one else in the amount of reading matter furnished for the money, there was a general reduction made, a few years since, in their subscription price; religious weeklies were reduced from \$2 to \$1.50, and, in some instances, to \$1.25; and monthlies were either enlarged in size, or reduced, by payment of large premiums, to the lowest average rates. Now what has been the conse-

quence? Why, many of them have ceased to exist, and others are trying, though they find it no easy matter, to reoccupy their former position and price. The reason of all this is self-evident. The principle on which the change was made is a false one. It was based on the presumption that, if furnished at the same rates that the world supplied reading matter for its ~~the~~ demand for the former would at least approximate to the demand for the latter. Devoutly as this may be desired, it cannot be looked for in fact, and, until we draw a little nearer to the millennium, we must not be surprised if we find that periodicals, pandering to worldly lusts, can be afforded a little cheaper than those pointing to a holy life, and communicating that which will nourish the soul, and meet the cravings of an immortal mind. Who will doubt, that the latter is worth more than the former?

We were led to these reflections by reading an article in one of our exchanges on the subject of resuming old prices. It reminded us of efforts no doubt well intentioned, to induce us to try the popular experiment of reduction in the subscription price of the Guide, a suggestion, which, if complied with, would, we are satisfied, have nearly, if not quite, worked out our downfall. We have made several changes which, we doubt not, have satisfied our readers of our desire to give the largest possible equivalent for the money received, and we assure all concerned that these improvements shall continue to be made as fast as our circulation will render it safe to do so. The Guide to Holiness shall be second to no periodical of its size in price and real merit, if we are able to prevent it.

We have been long contemplating a uniform reduction to clergymen, and should have announced some modification on this point with our January issue, had not the monetary derangement of the country rendered it unsafe to attempt experiments of any kind. We hope, however, by July, to make some change in this direction, so as to get our monthly more extensively circulated among the clergy. To our proposition to circulate sample copies of the Guide among members of Conferences through some clerical brother, we have received one response. We hope soon to hear from others; and, where the thing cannot be reached through this channel, we would be grateful to brethren who would send us the address of the ministers in their several localities.

THERE'LL BE NO PARTING THERE.

Arranged and Harmonized for the GUIDE, by Rev. W. Mc DONALD.

1. Far from these scenes of night, Un - bound - ed glo-ries rise,
CHORUS. There'll be no part - ing there, There'll be no parting there:

2. Fair land! could mor - tal eyes But half its charms ex - plore,
CHORUS. There'll be no parting, &c.

3. No cloud those re - gions know, Realms ev - er bright and fair;
CHORUS. There'll be no parting, &c.

4. O may the pros - pect fire Our hearts with ardent love,
5. Pre - pared, by grace di - vine, For thy bright courts on high,

And realms of joy and pure delight, Un - known to mor - tal eyes.
In heaven a - lone, no sorrow's know, There'll be no part - ing there.

How would our spir - its long to rise, And dwell on earth no more.

For sin, the source of mortal woe, Can nev - er en - ter there.

Till wings of faith, and strong desire, Bear eve - ry thought a - bove.
Lord, bid our spir - its rise and join The cho - rus of the sky.

1. Forever with the Lord.
1. Forever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
2. Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
3. So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
4. Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
Forever with the Lord!

The Power of Perfect Love in Usefulness.

A LETTER FROM A MOTHER TO HER SON.

[Concluded.]

ON Saturday, 9th, the camp meeting was formally closed; but many of the Union company remained till Monday, and a number of others stayed with them. On Saturday night, Brother E— remarked, in the prayer-meeting, that, on the coming day, there would be a great work for us to do, as there were comparatively few of us to labor; and it would be necessary for us to be clothed with divine power, that one might chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. A multitude of unconverted persons would be on the ground, and we must pray God to give us power to prevail with them to be reconciled to Christ. We thought, indeed, when we saw them coming the next day, and looked at our “two loaves and a few small fishes,” “What are these among so many?” But we knew our omnipotent Lord could make them sufficient. So he did. Blessed be his holy name.

On Sabbath morning, I arose early, and walked some distance from the camp, that I might have a season of communion with God. I had been longing for this; for no religious communion, no privileges, however exalted and precious, can compensate for the loss of this holiest, sweetest, most precious privilege, of communing with God *alone*. O, it seemed to me more delightful than ever before. All nature was sending up her orisons. The beautiful trees, as they waved their branches in the morning breeze, were praising the great Triune. The lovely birds, flitting so joyously from tree to tree, were singing their matin songs. And, as the bright rays of the morning sun darted their radiance through the foliage, it seemed to me they were emitted from the Sun of Righteousness to cheer my heart.

O there was a sanctity, a hallowed sweetness, in that blessed Sabbath day, which

VOL. XXXIII.—226.

surpassed all other Sabbaths I ever spent. As I lifted my heart to the Most High, and asked him to fill me with the Spirit, that I might be empowered to work for him, I felt it descend upon me, and I was so strengthened with might in the inner man, that I could not have hesitated to do any duty. I said, Now, Lord, I am ready to go out to battle; for thou hast equipped me for the war, and in thy strength I can do valiantly.

“Strong in the Lord of Hosts, a worm
Shall in his glorious might prevail.”

I returned to the camp, and sat, for some time, on a pile of boards; lost in the contemplation of divine things, and in communion with Jesus. How clearly he made me see that, of myself, I was perfect weakness, but, through his strength, I could do all things. Overwhelmed with a sense of his stupendous love and condescending goodness, I scarcely realized where I was; for, as yet, there had nothing occurred to break the quiet of that hallowed spot, our company being hardly awake. There I sat, rapt in the most blissful meditations for some time—how long, I know not. That precious Sabbath morning, I never—never—can forget. At length, I went into our cooking department, and talked to the poor colored people about Jesus. I found one only out of six, who loved the Savior. The good Spirit helped me to talk with them, and one promised to seek the salvation of her soul.

Again I said, Lord, what wilt thou have me do? A dear sister, who had been blessed the night before, needed some instruction. I went to her with a message. She said it was a great blessing to her.

At 9 o'clock, our experience meeting commenced, and the presence of the Highest overshadowed us, it was a season of great interest and profit. Many had come expecting preaching, and they listened with deep attention to the testimonies which were given. When I arose to speak, I was looking to God for help. He indeed

gave me something to say. I never was more conscious of resting in Christ, and being under the direct guidance of his Spirit than then; but I was led in a singular manner. After relating a portion of my own experience, a message was given me to sinners, and in the strength of the Lord I delivered it.

I was only the organ of clay through which God chose to speak to the people—the power of the Spirit rested upon me. I felt it like fire in my bones. I believe I could have faced a thousand, yes, ten thousand people, without being daunted, and talked to them of Jesus, and the joys of his salvation. I have often wondered how our beloved Sister P— could stand up and talk before large congregations, and seem so undaunted. Now I understood it.

"She sees the Lord, her keeper, stand
Omnipotently near;
Lo, he holds her by her hand,
And banishes her fear."

That is the secret. It is not because she has so much self-confidence. O no; but because she trusts in the living God. He is her strength and her shield. Glory be to his name! While at the dinner table, some one said, Sister W— is yonder, talking with a Universalist lecturer, and a crowd is about her. I thought I would not like to be in her place; that I should be afraid to argue with a Universalist. Then I thought, again "why yes, I would, if called by God, and he filled my mouth with arguments." I went to see how Sister W. succeeded, and found she had just closed the conversation, her opponent still maintained his position, stoutly denouncing the Bible and religion, declaring that all the people in the world were sure of heaven. I had no idea of saying a word until Sister W— had ceased; then I was impelled to speak. I told him I desired to ask him a question. He replied he had no time to stay, and could not converse with me. I replied I do not wish to hold a conversation with you, only ask you a question. He hurried away, although several gentlemen urged

him to listen to my question. I then addressed the others, saying, I will ask you the question which I intended to put to the man who left us. You have been listening to the past conversation, and some of you may have been influenced by his arguments; for, although utterly false, and without foundation, the doctrine of Universalism seems plausible, and to the unrenewed and carnal heart, it is pleasing to cherish the belief, that you may indulge in all the sinful pleasures of the world as long as you live, and be sure of heaven after death. This is what you are naturally inclined to do, and perhaps many of you now cherish these sentiments, and are thereby preventing the salvation of your souls. That man is in a delusion, and I have no doubt but, at some period of his life, he has been enlightened and powerfully influenced by the Spirit of God, and now he is walking in darkness, and perhaps is given up to believe a lie, that he may be damned; because he has pleasure in unrighteousness. Possibly he may once have known the way of righteousness, and has departed from it; for apostates generally become the darkest and most hardened in sin. "Yes," replied some one, "that man was a Methodist for seven years." I replied, this is the secret of his blindness of mind, and I fear, from his present position, he is given up by the Holy Spirit to believe a lie. But the question I was about to ask is this. Admitting the possibility that Universalism is true, and that no place of punishment is for the wicked, will not Christians be as well off as others? Will it be any disadvantage to them that they have loved and served God? You answer, Certainly it will be as well with them as with others. Now I ask, supposing Christianity to be true, and Universalism false,—suppose there should be a place of punishment, as the Bible declares, and the wicked should be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God, who then will be on safe ground? Will not sinners find themselves in a sad condition then?

The countenances of all seemed to indicate an affirmative answer. Then I said, how wise it would be for you all to secure an interest in Christ to-day! If religion can do you no harm, but will make you much happier, even in this life, and give you good security for an inheritance in heaven, is it not the best thing you can do to embrace it now? Then I commenced singing,

"We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy,

Will you go?"

Some of the brethren and sisters joined me, and we sang it in good earnest; for the Holy Spirit helped us. Many looked deeply serious. One fine-looking gentleman, as he approached our circle, looked at me with an expression of contempt and derision, making a remark to some one beside him, but, as I was singing, "Will you go?" I prayed, "Lord, send it to his heart!" Then, fixing my eye upon him, I repeated the words, "Will you go?" His countenance fell. He looked as if an arrow had pierced his heart. He stood and listened with a solemn countenance. After the second verse was sung, I said, "Will you go?" Jesus, your Redeemer, asks, "Will you go?" The Holy Spirit asks, "Will you go?" God has sent us his servants to ask, "Will you go?" This may be the last time the question will be asked, "Will you go?" You may never again be invited to heaven. O, will you go? We sang the other verses; then one of the brethren prayed with much power. God was evidently influencing the hearts of the people, and we afterwards had the joy of seeing several of them bow at the foot of the cross, and give themselves to Christ. Sister W— was eminently useful and successful in bringing souls to Jesus. She labored most faithfully, and, I have no doubt, will have many stars in her crown from that camp meeting. When I turned from this group, I saw several men sitting near, and looking serious. I felt

urged to go to them. Two of them were intemperate, and looked as if they were very poor and wretched. They were brothers. My mission was to them; and, while talking to them, I saw they felt deeply. They were sober, and understood themselves perfectly. After pleading with them for a long time to set their faces toward heaven, one of them gave me his hand, and said, in a solemn manner, "I will promise you to set out for heaven this very day. I promise now I will meet you there, and think I will know you when I see you in heaven." He said he would go into the prayer-meeting, and kneel with the mourners; but had made an engagement, and was obliged to leave. His brother also left, but promised to return in the evening. He came to the meeting, and was converted before the meeting closed. His wife, who is a pious woman, was seated by him when he was blessed, and seemed overwhelmed with joy. "O," said she, "I have been praying for him so many years, and he has come at last." They both expressed much gratitude to me for the interest I had taken in him. I never, I think, will forget his look when he took my hand to bid me farewell. I expect to meet him and his brother in the kingdom above. Several men and some females were blessed that night. We closed up with an experience meeting which was deeply interesting.

Several of our company, who had not before obtained the desire of their hearts, arose, and told us they had, that evening, entered into full liberty. Among these, was our dear W. B—. During the whole camp meeting, he had appeared sad, thirsting for full salvation; but, not being able to realize it on Saturday, he said, "O, Sister J—s, I must have this full baptism of the Holy Ghost. I cannot do the work God calls me to, I cannot preach the gospel unless I am wholly sanctified."

On Sabbath evening, he arose, his face beaming with holy joy, and said, "Now I know God has wrought in my heart that

great work I have so long desired. I am wholly the Lord's. My soul is full. I feel ready for whatever God calls me to do.

About midnight, Brother E— said, "It is now time to close our meeting." Just then, Sister W— brought in a man who was stricken by the Holy Spirit, and we had to stay and pray for him. She left him with us, and went to seek for more of the wounded, and directly brought in another. We prayed for them till nearly three o'clock in the morning; but they were not blessed. Next morning, one of them was converted, and the other promised never to give up seeking till he should find Jesus.

Nearly all our company went down, about ten o'clock in the morning, to Penns-grove, as it was raining, and they thought it best to be at the hotel when the boat would be ready to leave at four P. M. But Sister W— said, "There is no need of hurrying off. I mean to stop and pray for this poor man, one of those awakened the night before. We can go into the preacher's tent, and be sheltered from the rain, and he may be blessed." I replied, I will stay and help you, Sister W—. Several remained with us. The poor man knelt down, and we were praying for him. Suddenly, Sister W— disappeared, and returned with another penitent. There were also two young men who were earnestly seeking entire sanctification,—one a class-leader from Harrisburgh; he was lamenting that he had come all the way from H— purposely to obtain this great blessing; and now he must go home without it. We replied he need not go empty away. Then Sister M. C— talked with him, while some of us were praying with the penitents, and she was so enabled to explain the way of faith that they both laid hold of the blessing—the power of God came down and prostrated them. Soon the other two men were converted, and we had a glorious time at the preacher's stand.

Your ever loving mother.

Aunty Platt.

BY M. D. J.

THE account of "Happy Nancy," published in the February number of the Guide, exhibits, in a striking manner, the power of divine grace to render its possessor happy amid circumstances of poverty, feebleness, privation and solitude. It is touchingly beautiful, and has, doubtless, excited, in many hearts, emotions which have resulted in increased confidence in God, and closer communion with him.

This interesting narration of Happy Nancy's simple, child-like trust in God, and the comfort resulting therefrom, brought to my mind the case of an aged and happy Christian, with whom I have been acquainted for many years, residing in Mount Holly, N. J., whom we always called "Aunty Platt." She has long been dependent upon charity, living in widow-hood, and alone; yet, never did I see her without a bright smile of joy upon her face, and the language of praise upon her lips.

A benevolent society, with which I was connected, supplied her with groceries, and she was visited, monthly, by some of its members. One day, a lady who called to ascertain Aunty Platt's wants, was greeted, as usual, with a smile; and, in reply to her salutation, "Well, Aunty Platt, how do you do?" she said—"Why, bless the Lord, I'm pretty well, I thank you. I was right sick this morning when I got up, and I had my washing to do, and didn't feel a bit able to do it; but I thought the Lord know'd I had it to do, and he could give me strength, and so I jest kneeled right down and asked him to please to give me strength to do my washing, and I began to *feel better right away!* I went to work, and I felt so strong! The way I did flirt round them clothes, was amazin'! Why, I was jest like a gal o' sixteen! and I got 'em done directly, and felt right well ever sense. Now, how good the Lord is, aint he? O, bless his name. I can put all

my trust in him, and I'm so happy all the time, here alone by myself—for Jesus is here with me, night and day."

The lady said, "Well, Aunty Platt, I am very glad to see you so well, and so happy, but I have come to see what you need. I suppose you want some groceries by this time."

"Why, bless you," said the old lady, "I b'lieve I don't want anything." Her friend replied, "Have you all you need? Have you any tea?" "Well, let me see. Why, la, no; I hav'nt got a bit!" "Have you sugar?" "Well, come to think, I used the last this morning, at my breakfast." "Have you molasses?" "Well, raily! I b'lieve I'm out o' that, too." "Are you out of butter, too?" "La, yes; I haint got a bit." Upon further inquiry, she found she was destitute of nearly everything.

"Well," said her friend, "I think you need a good many things, Aunty Platt, and I will try to supply you."

How beautifully expressive of that dear old saint's experience, is the sweet verse,

"The Lord my Shepherd is!
I shall be well supplied,
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?"

In the source of infinite good—the fulness of His love, whose smile creates a heaven—she felt, even in her destitution, that she "possessed all things" necessary to her happiness,—and, forgetting that the frail tenement needed sustenance, she thought only of the supplies of the soul, with which she was so abundantly satisfied.

Trenton, N. J.

FILLED WITH GOD.—"Once I dreamed of being transported to heaven, and, being surprised to find myself so calm and tranquil in the midst of my happiness, inquired the cause. The reply was—When you were on earth, you resembled a bottle but partly filled with water, which was agitated by the least motion, now you are like the same bottle filled to the brim, which cannot be disturbed."—[Payson.

Distinction between Justification and Entire Sanctification.

Extract from a Sermon.

By REV. JOSEPH HARTWELL.

JUSTIFICATION is a law term, and in its *literal*, or *legal* sense, signifies only pardon—a change of relation—the removal of the *guilt* of sin. But, in its evangelical sense, it means the same as regeneration. Using the term in *this* sense, I will say that it seems that the distinction between justification and sanctification, must be clear, should I, at this point, only say, that sanctification is the removal from the heart, of those remains of moral evil, of which the justified believer complains. By it, the remains of inherent pollution are purged away; unhallowed emotions, passions and propensities, are removed, and "the dire root and seed of sin," destroyed. The heart is "purified from all iniquity," and "filled with the fulness of God." And, having purified his temple, the Holy Ghost comes and *dwells* therein, moving and controlling the heart as never before, Love rules in all the principles, passions, and emotions of this renewed being. He finds, in his daily experience, that God reigns supreme in his affections—and so sweetly does he prove that "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

Justification destroys the *power* and *control* of sin—sanctification, its *inbeing*—justification is the binding the strong man armed—sanctification is the casting him out and *spoiling his goods*.

When the soul is justified—(regenerated)—"the love of God is shed abroad" in it; and power is received to *resist* all up-risings of enmity, so as not to yield, and sin. When sanctified, the soul is "filled with love"—is "perfected in love," and the *principle* of enmity is destroyed—ceases to exist; so that the soul not only has victory over it, but is *free from* it. The old man is not only slain, but the body of death is cast far away, leaving the soul to

breathe the pure atmosphere of heaven. The same is true of unhallowed desires. The justified, in the hour of temptation, sometimes *desires* some of the pleasures and indulgencies of Egypt. But the soul truly sanctified, has no such desires, but longs only for the fruit of Canaan. The justified soul, sometimes, when tempted, is conscious of a *wish* that to yield were lawful. But the soul fully sanctified, rejoices in the prohibition, and practises self-denial with *cheerfulness*. He glories in the cross, and counts "the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt." He desires to prosper only in connection with the cause of Christ. If Zion mourns, he seeks his happiness in suffering with her. Jerusalem is his "chief joy."

The soul sanctified is sweetly *subdued*. His will is in *subjection*—is *lost* and swallowed up in God's. In the midst of the greatest disappointments and afflictions, his heart says "not my will, but thine be done."

He wishes to *do* what God would have him do—to *be* what God would have him be—and to be just *where* God would have him—whether in the place agreeable to his natural feelings, or from which those feeling would naturally revolt—whether in Arabia, Feejee, or Nova Zembla—whether among associates agreeable, or naturally repulsive. *The will of God* is the only question with him. He knows that, where *that* would place him, would be for *him* the best place in the world—he has learned that,

"While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none."

The holy calm, and sweet repose of his soul enables him, even in the dark day of adversity, and hour of affliction, to say, "*though sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.*" He knows that he never has but *one* thing to inquire after—but *one* thing to *do*—and that is, the *will* of the Lord *just now*. He proves, that "they that trust in the Lord, shall not make haste"—shall not be anx-

ious, agitated, or confused; hence the deep peace, and sacred quiet of his soul, like the calm lake, so deeply embedded, as not to be agitated by the tempests that rage upon the surrounding mountains.

The truly justified believer, while he feels no condemnation for any wrong indulged, (as such a feeling would be inconsistent with such a state)—yet nevertheless, is conscious that he feels the need of a more *thorough purifying* as a preparation for heaven, and would be unwilling to die without it. But the soul, in the state of entire sanctification, is conscious of a *present* readiness to go; and when he lays him down to sleep, feels that it would be perfectly safe for him to wake in eternity; and if he expected to do so, would fall asleep in *glorious* hope. And why not? since he is dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord,—and "perfect love casteth out fear."

The Presence of Jesus.

BY D. S.

CHRISTIAN experience, the Sacred Word, and the Holy Spirit harmoniously witness to the omniscience, omnipotence, and omnipresence of the Lord Jesus Christ.

A frequent consideration of these divine attributes of the world's Redeemer, will mightily encourage and strengthen the sincere believer. On all occasions, however otherwise it may seem for a time, his infinite knowledge, his infinite power, and his infinite presence is being exercised to perfect the work of grace.

Is the believer beset with trouble on every hand, and almost sinking in the tempestuous sea of secular embarrassment, of painful bereavement, of wasting disease, of bitter persecutions, of sore temptations, of agonizing doubts, mingled with despair? Let him not fear; Jesus not only knows all about it, but he is possessed of "all power," and in his own good time, will say to the raging elements, "Peace, be still." Who can describe the calm that ensues? Love to

such an almighty Savior, now breaks out in songs of grateful praise. Trials only prepare the way for a richer experience. How submissively, then, should we learn to receive and endure them!

Not only all knowledge and all power exists in Jesus, but his promise, "Lo, I am with you always," is verified, and, by the faithful believer, it is constantly realized.

We should not, therefore, question the presence of Jesus when storms and clouds arise, to hide, as it were,

"our Lord from our eyes."

He is as near then, and, if possible, nearer, than at any other time. Abraham, when called to offer up Isaac, did not perceive the substitute which God had prepared, until his faith was tried to the last extremity, although it was very near to him. See Genesis xx. 13.

The Savior, for the encouragement of his disciples, was called Jesus, for at least two specified reasons. First, because he should "save his people from their sins;" and secondly, because his name, Jesus, "being interpreted, is *God with us*." How full of consolation is this fact! The presence of Jesus—"God with us!" possessing all the attributes of Deity. "Great is the mystery of godliness." "God manifest in the flesh,"—"Mighty to save,"—"With you always," saying, "Fear not, only believe." "I bear your griefs, your sins, your infirmities, and will bring you off more than conqueror." But, instead of permitting Jesus thus to "fulfil all the good pleasure of his goodness," through the means of faith and obedience in us, we question, parley, hesitate, and whirl idly about, under almost every wind that may blow upon our passions, emotions and feelings. We need not "live at this poor, dying rate." Faith in the constant presence of Jesus, will give victory in every trial, and impart a peace the world can neither give nor take away.

Give not that which is holy unto the dogs.

The Fear of Man.

BY REV. B. M. ADAMS.

NEXT to covetousness, we think the fear of man, is the secret of a vast amount of the inefficiency we see in the church.

"The fear of man bringeth a snare," is so amply illustrated, in the history of individuals, and the church, as to have become an almost universal guide to causes of declension and backsliding. The apprehension of evil from man, his opinion, influence, and example against us, though really very small in themselves, become overwhelming by the magnifying power of fear,—molehills swell to mountains,—pigmies tower to giants, and we shrink to grasshoppers. In the presence of danger we quake and tremble much like the ancient orator, flying from the enemy, who cried to a bramble, whose thorn had caught his robe, "Spare me!"

This fear of man, accounts for much of the half-way dealing we see so frequent in the church—many a minister blinks the truth of the Bible, to some extent, lest some one, being offended, should lay an embargo on his support, and poverty grin at his window.

The good opinion of some men in the church, has pilloried many a good-hearted minister, who is afraid to face that opinion, with the stern, unbending truth of God, faithfully preached; and thus the poor man, chameleon-like, with one eye on heaven, and the other on earth, blunders on unsuccessful and humbled. Generally, the very thing he dreads comes upon him; if he has smoothed the rough edges, and knocked the corners from truth, for the sake of any earthly gain, he is almost sure to lose the thing he seeks.

How many humiliating illustrations do we find of this!—they teem on every side. Class-leaders, who, for fear of offending their members, allow them to drift out away from God, are sure to see a small attendance, and become unpopular just in proportion to their fearfulness. Thousand

of church members are halting and hesitating about duty; on this ground alone, they are afraid. Satan drives them as Indians do buffalo, into the den and snare of destruction.

Bad as this fear of man is, there is a most glorious remedy for it: "PERFECT LOVE CASTETH OUT FEAR;" and *we know* it is a perfect cure. Boldness is one of the chief characteristics of the cured soul—weak men turn to giants, ignorant men are wise, and despised ones come forth clothed with authority. O that the whole church were soundly cured of this dreadful disorder! Let us ask for this "perfect love;" then shall the old days of Christianity be more than lived over again—days of power, when the thunder of prayer shook heaven, and the onset of testimony storm e hell,—and Christ was gloriously exalted, for "when they saw the boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus."

New York, Feb. 25, 1868.

A Voice from the West.

How much reason have I to praise God that the "Guide" was ever placed in my way, and that, through its instrumentality, my feet were first directed into the highway cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in! Holiness has been to me a theme of deepest interest, and I have sometimes felt a strong impression to communicate through the Guide the way in which I was led into the enjoyment of this blessing, not only that Jesus might be glorified by my confession of his grace, but that others might be induced to walk in that shining path, which leads to the city above.

The Holy Spirit was early given to woo me from the paths of sin, and lead me in wisdom's pleasant ways; but my heart shrunk from the cross, which all must bear who expect to "gain the skies." And

thus I lingered, secretly desiring salvation, till the summer of my sixteenth year. At this time, while listening to a discourse from the words, "Whosoever shall confess me before men," etc., the Holy Spirit deeply impressed upon my heart the necessity of at once confessing Christ; and my spirit found no rest till I had decided to yield up all, and stand out fully on the Lord's side. O the glory and blessedness of that hour! Well might the angels rejoice over one whom God had been striving to win to himself, and who had now decided to be forever *his*. With what avidity I then seized upon everything which promised to help me on in my heavenward course! But still the blessing of entire holiness was not presented to me, as an object to be distinctly sought and attained, and, as a consequence, I did not press forward with definite and earnest effort to gain the glorious prize. Nearly two years thus passed away, when my attention was suddenly arrested by reading, in the "Guide," the experiences of several who had received the full baptism of fire. My impressions were also deepened by reading the *Life of Mrs. Fletcher*, till at length it became the all-absorbing inquiry, how shall I be holy? Is it my privilege—is it my duty, to be fully redeemed from sin?—With prayerful earnestness I turned from the writings of human authors, to the Word of Inspiration; and light from above beamed upon the sacred page, clearly revealing my privilege to enter at once upon that purchased inheritance of the saints. How strong, how intense were my desires to be made a vessel unto honor, meet for the Master's use! But the struggle was long and severe, before my soul was willing to resign *its all* to God, to be disposed of in his own way. Long and loudly did the man of sin plead for a lurking-place in my heart, but grace triumphed. Satan was dethroned; my sacrifice was presented entire, and I received the witness of the Spirit that the offering was accepted, and that the Holy One had made my heart his

in-dwelling abode. My heart was all radiant with celestial light and love.

O had I been faithful in confessing this wondrous grace, and gone on, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord, to what heights of spirituality I might now have attained! But by concealing the holy light which had begun to burn with such brilliancy on the altar of my heart, it was soon *withdrawn*, and I was left to wander on in a wilderness way. But there was One who, with unwearied love, still watched about my path, and hedged my way with thorns. Sickness came and laid its enfeebling hand upon me, and my spirit turned again in bitter anguish to him who alone could heal; but not until I had laid all at the "low footstool of the Crucified," was I permitted to sing in the sanctuary,—“I was brought low, and he helped me.” Kindly and tenderly, since then, has the great Physician borne with and strengthened the infirmities of the *body*, while he has been healing the deeper maladies of the *soul*. During the last spring, while covenanting anew to be forever the Lord's, and pleading that gracious promise, “I will receive you,” my spirit received a deeper and purer baptism than ever before. O such a sense of *purity*! I knew that it was fresh from the *Eternal Fountain*. O the sweetness, the rest, I feel in being all in harmony with the will of God. There, and there only, let me seek my rest, till called to join the white-robed band who circle the throne above, and ascribe blessing and honor and glory and power unto him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb forever and ever.

L.

Appleton, Wis.

FASTING.—“Fasting is the diet of angels, the food and refection of souls, and the richest and highest element of grace and he who fasts for the sake of religion, hungers and thirsts after righteousness without a metaphor.”—[South.

Looking back is more than we can sustain, without going back.

“Lovest thou Me more than These?”

BY S.

ON a sharp, frosty night, which made the light and warmth within all the more welcome, a large and brilliant party were assembled in a gay drawing-room. The apartment was spacious, and the furniture elegant, though it had not that appearance of newness which, in this land of sudden fortunes, so often marks the abodes of the rich and affluent. There was not that glitter and want of harmony, which one often feels on entering a room where showy and costly articles of furniture are heaped together as proofs, not of the good taste, but of the wasteful extravagance of the owner. A regard to comfort, and beauty of design, had marked the original selection, and the charm of association, that sweetest poetry of domestic life, had draped every object with hallowed memories of the past. There was much to please the eye, and delight the ear; and as the gay throng, at first a compact mass, broke and dispersed in different groups, an irresistible desire seized me to follow such as most struck my fancy, and see what lessons of moral strength and power may be learned, even in places and scenes where the world reigns paramount.

A mantle of insignificance is almost equal to a veil of invisibility.—The attention of the world seldom challenges those who have few claims to its homage; and, possessing neither wealth, beauty, nor fame, I found myself as entirely unnoticed as if I had been a solitary dweller in an uninhabited wilderness. Wrapping myself up in my obscurity, I was advancing towards the centre of one of the principal rooms, when I felt a hand suddenly laid upon my shoulder. There was something in the touch that thrilled me, and as I turned to see who had bestowed this friendly token of recognition, the hand was laid upon my eyes, and, when it was removed, I found myself still standing solitary and alone. But a

new energy seemed to have been given to my being—a new sense superadded to my limited powers—a spiritual vision had been granted me, which enabled me to see the invisible and immaterial as clearly as I have before noticed the living, palpable realities around me.

On looking around me with eyes thus divinely anointed, I became conscious of the presence of a guest, who had entered unheralded, and unannounced—yet there was something in his mien which indicated no ordinary character. A kingly nobleness was in his step; a heavenly light was in his eye; but that which most powerfully impressed me, was the voice. The modulations of the human voice have ever been to me a subject of deep interest,—its varying tones of joy, grief, hope, and despair, have always had the power of awakening deep and profound emotions, but this was unlike anything I had heard before. Soft and low as the gentlest whisper, it yet thrilled the whole frame, and caused the heart to beat with quicker pulsations. It was inaudible to all but the person addressed; but the sudden start and the look of anguish, bore witness to its power.

As I followed him, we drew near to a gentleman of portly and substantial presence. It was evident, from the smiling satisfaction of his face, that he was one of those favorite nurslings, whom fortune takes into its lap, and fondles in its arms. A circle of attentive hearers gave evidence of the homage paid to successful enterprise—his opinion was asked—his judgment listened to with reverence. His mind was teeming with a project, which was to add immensely to his already large possessions—true, it might be giving a fictitious value to what was in itself worthless, involve many others in fatal ruin—but this was nothing to him. He was just expressing an opinion, on the subject, calculated to influence his hearers, as he wished, yet disclaiming any personal interest in the affair, and giving it merely as the result of an impartial and unbiased judgment. At this

moment, the unseen stranger approached and whispered in his ear, “‘Lovest thou me more than these?’” A sudden paleness chased the color from his cheek, and his eye, forced to look inwardly, turned away from the sight presented to his view. A cold, selfish and hollow heart, bent on pursuing its own ends, and utterly regardless of the claims or interests of others. True, he gave to charitable objects, but that was only a part of his system of deception. A character for benevolence strengthened his influence, and added to his power, and he had often reaped from it more substantial benefits, than he had ever conferred. Yet he has deluded himself with the idea, that, by these means, he was fulfilling his Christian obligations, and now, in a moment, the fabric of his self-complacency was dashed to the ground. His Savior had come and claimed a service he was unwilling to render. “Lord, suffer me to bring this one speculation to a successful issue, and I will forsake the world for thee. I have so much embarked in it, my means would be so crippled if it should fail, Lord, but this once.” The Savior heard him, and passed on, but, as I looked at that man’s heart, I saw a cloud, black and dense, settle like a pall over his spirit, and a low wail murmured the words, “lost, lost forever.”

Another group now claimed my attention. A beautiful young girl, flushed with animation, and radiant with pleasure, stood in the centre of a circle of devoted admirers. Prodigal of her gifts, she freely dispensed words of hope, and smiles of encouragement, yet she felt nothing for them, not even the innocent desire of affording them a momentary pleasure. To her, they were of no more account, than so many machines. She played upon their feelings as she would have touched the chords of some musical instrument, and when they uttered responsive notes of admiration, her vanity was appeased, her thirst for conquest satisfied. But when the whispered words, “Daughter, lovest thou me more than

these?" fell upon her startled ear, she saw the selfishness of her heart, and shrank abashed from the survey. Self was the idol she had worshipped, and now, the sacrifice demanded of her was, to break the image before which she had bowed, and place her Savior in the shrine of her heart's affections. She wavered—she hesitated—another approached whose homage had been hitherto withheld, "Lord, but this one—let him but acknowledge my power, and I will break off from the world, and own no service but thine." A sorrowful look was the only reply, but, as the Savior moved away, a net-work of iron closed over her heart, and locked it in the unrelenting grasp of the world's cold embrace.

Again, the Savior paused. A woman, past the bloom of youth, but still brilliant in her matured beauty, and dressed with that exquisite taste, which sets off every charm, was seated on a lounge, an object of admiration to all who beheld her, yet, as the spectator turned to look a second time, he found but little to challenge respect, or esteem. Her hard, cold eye, shone with no living fire—no furrows of thought had left their trace upon that smooth, polished brow; but trivial and ignoble pursuits, had imparted to features exquisitely chiseled, a certain mean and degrading expression. The love of dress, was her ruling passion—its ever-varying details, the constant subject of her thoughts. A combination of colors and materials, which should produce a new and startling effect, or a gracefulness of design, which should present, to the greatest advantage, the contour of the form, and the dignity of the carriage,—these were, to her, objects of engrossing interest. Every other consideration in life was subordinate to this—to outshine all others, in the beauty and the variety of her attire, and now, when she had achieved her greatest triumph, and read it in the undisguised admiration of some, and the ill-concealed envy of others, those words of power, "Lovest thou me more than these?" came like an enchant-

er's spell, and turned all the pomp and glitter of life, to mere dust and ashes. She saw, and for once in her life she felt, the emptiness of her pursuits, the littleness of her aims. The contrast between them, and the holy requirements of God's perfect law, appeared so clearly revealed, that she trembled with unwonted fear; but the entrance of a rival turned her mind away from the solemn thoughts that had, for a moment, possessed it. "But this one evening, Lord," she said, in answer to the heavenly monitor, "leave me undisturbed but this one evening, and to-morrow, I will lay aside these gay ornaments, and remember thy claims." Ere the words were uttered, the Savior had left her, and, shrouded in laces, borne down by jewels, all traces of spiritual life were extinguished, and her soul suffocated by the very gifts she had so earnestly coveted, laid cold and torpid in the drear insensibility of death.

We now approached a corner of the room, where a gentle girl sat unnoticed, and alone. Her face was not strictly handsome, yet there was a depth of expression in her eyes, and a calm serenity in her aspect, which immediately fixed my attention. The fair coronal of youth encircled her head, yet beneath it could be seen, on her forehead, the impress of high and noble thoughts. She sought not admiration—she cared not for display; but she earnestly coveted every grace, that she might be the better fitted for her Master's service. As the Savior drew near, and pressed upon her the solemn question, "Lovest thou me more than these?" a sudden change took place in her whole appearance. Her calm and thoughtful eyes, beamed radiant with the fervor of a more than earthly love, and her whole being seemed to grow instinct with life. Turning towards him a face, in which truth and devotion shone in loveliest characters, she gently laid one hand upon her heart, and bowing her head in humble adoration, she murmured, "Lord, thou knowest all

things, thou knowest that I love thee." A look of unutterable affection was the only reply, but cheered, comforted, strengthened, she went on her way rejoicing.

But we cannot follow the application of this soul-revealing test, to every individual character. The author, whose fame depended upon a work, more brilliant in thought than Christian in purpose, sought for exemption, till his reputation was established, and his success no longer doubtful. The mother, whose daughters were to be advantageously settled in life, prayed for postponement, till she had secured, in her meshes, some rich and unsuspecting suitor; the Politician promised, when a successful election had secured to him a comfortable office, to abjure all mean and deceitful practices, and enlist under the Christian Banner of truth; the disciple, who, in the morning of life, had made solemn promises, which the evening found forgotten and unfulfilled, pleaded in extenuation, the desire of winning the world to the service of Christ, by showing the perfect compatibility of the latter, with a keen relish for all the follies and pleasures of the former;—but these, and a multitude of others, were passed by Jesus, with that sorrowful look, which alone indicated his displeasure. To the faithful friend, the aged Christian, the uncompromising disciple, he freely gave his passing benediction, and many a heart leaped exultant as it received the smile of his approbation, for being

"Faithful among the faithless found."

How many of us, as we read this imperfect sketch, can look up to Jesus with the calm confidence of truth, and say, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee."

MANY flowers open to the sun; but only one follows him in his course. Heart, be thou the sunflower; be not only open to thy God, but obey him too.

"Did He Love Jesus?"

BY E. L. E.

SUCH was the inquiry of a little girl, whose heart, we trust, has been won to the love of Jesus. She was talking with a friend about the books she had read, especially her poetic readings, and manifested much curiosity respecting the characters of the authors. She had seen some fragments of sweet poetry, by one Robert Burns, that pleased her very much, only there was something about it that made her doubt what the writer might be.

"Was he a good man?" was her first inquiry. Her friend replied that he was a manly, honorable, benevolent being, and was proceeding to give a cautiously fair description of the poet, when the little listener interrupted her, "Was he a *good* man?"

The same answer was again attempted, when the child, looking up with a serious, meditative face, asked, in a tone which seemed to imply that this question would suffice for all: "But, aunty, *did he love Jesus?*"

Her young mind had not yet felt the fascination of genius unallied to virtue, and it shrunk from sentiments that lacked the purity which Christ had said should "see God."

"Did he love Jesus?" Would it not be well for older minds to make the same inquiry, when listening to the alluring words of silent book companions?

Young Christian brother or sister, did that hero, whose exploits held you so eagerly over the charmed page last night, evince to you the love of Jesus? Were he a living presence by your side, could you have taken sweet counsel in holy things with his spirit? Could you have asked Jesus to read with you the record of his words and actions? And when at last the book was laid aside, were you in such a frame as made communion with heaven natural and pleasant? It is a fearful pover that genius possesses when that genius is

divorced from holiness; it is a subtle secret thing. It comes to us often with all the charm of lovely thoughts and exquisite fancies: we linger in the spell until unable to break it off at will, and then comes the coldness and the self-distrust—the sense of inward wrong—of wasted hours—of thoughts lost to that steady principle of simple honest doing which we so conscientiously resolved upon yesterday.

To some classes of minds, to leave, from motives of Christian duty, an attractive book unopened, would involve more real self-denial than the performance of many a work which seems to lay upon the doer a heavy cross. To relinquish one's intellectual tastes for Christ's sake, may be one of the severest trials a heart may have to bear. With such, a book's companionship has a vast influence for good or ill, and to resign its company will often be like the cutting off of a hand, or the plucking out of an eye. It has sometimes been a question with the writer of these suggestions, whether it is possible to maintain a spiritual walk with God, and yet be habitually familiar with authors, who give no evidence of the love of Jesus! Only a novice in the *way of holiness*, she would inquire of those whose feet have long trodden the blessed paths, what has been their experience respecting the reading of merely intellectual books, either for mental culture, or the gratification of literary tastes?

Then, after asking the question, the little girl's inquiry, "Did he love Jesus?" would seem to suggest a sufficient reply.

If we cannot ask Jesus to partake with us the intellectual entertainment, why should we remain a moment at the banquet? Or, rather, how should it be to us a banquet at all?

St. Paul said to the Corinthians, "I am determined to know nothing among you but Jesus Christ and him crucified."

Should we be ambitious for accomplishments an apostle could well resign! How, in all our searchings for truth and duty, do

we need to offer this prayer, "Lord, lead thou me into the ways of righteousness: show me a plain path, lest my feet go astray from thy testimonies."

Ministering Angels.

BY E. L. E.

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?"—
SAINT PAUL.

WHERE are the angels? to mine eye
No heavenly form appears,
And, when I most could deem them nigh,
No voice salutes mine ears.

Are they above us? is the cloud
That floats in yonder sky
But a suggestive, beauteous shroud,
That hides them from our eye?

Are they around us? is the air
With their rich presence fraught,
Like unseen guests that listen there
For each unwhispered thought?

How do their ministrations come
To want, and woe, and care,
Through toil abroad, and rest at home,
To bless salvation's heir?

They must be near us—nearer e'en
Than we ourselves have known,
Perhaps without a veil between
Their being and our own.

It may be in some burdened hour,
When else the heart had failed,
Though all unrecognized, their power
O'er evil hath prevailed.

And when the soul in faith is free,
And fain would rise and sing,
We know not but the joy may be,
An angel's ministering:

Or, when the soul's high duty calls,
From some fond trust for aye,
The tear in secret woe that falls,
An angel wipes away.

'T were sweet to know that heaven had sent,
Such precious aid to me,
And, where I pitch my earthly tent,
An angel's place will be.

I'd love, when lonely toil is mine,
To feel such helpful care,
Or, kneeling at devotion's shrine,
To find an angel there.

I would not fear my sinless guest,
Did but his wing of light,
O'ershadow all my trembling breast,
And make its darkness bright.

I want an angel, if my Lord,
Such minister would send,
A monitor of thought and word—
A guardian, guide, and friend.

I want to be an angel too,
In that far world of bliss,
When love the sinless never knew,
Hath won my soul from this.

A brief Address to all the Readers of the "Guide."

BELoved BRETHREN:—Will you receive a few practical suggestions, from one who offers them with great diffidence, and yet with an ardent desire to promote the honor of Jesus, by helping to spread the flame of vital godliness and Christian purity, over all the land? The special point to which these remarks will be confined, is that of *shedding the light upon others, as God has shed it upon you.*

1. The "Guide," already embraces, in its widening circle of readers, a large number who have a living experience in the deep things of God. To such this appeal is made. Dear brethren, the matchless grace of God has done *much* for you, and your hearts swell with unspeakable gratitude, as you review it. You have bathed your souls in the all-cleansing fountain of purity, and bleached out your stains in Jesus' precious blood! But have you "witnessed a good confession," whenever the Spirit has prompted? The Lord's will, on this point, has been clearly revealed: "With the heart, man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."—Romans x. 10. It not only honors God, by magnifying the riches of his grace, but is indispensable to our own prosperity, to confess Jesus fully and frankly in his true relation to us. Nor is this all. Thousands around us, who are honestly endeavoring to live for heaven, may be led on to

the higher walks of Christian experience, by a clear and frequent relation of the way in which the Lord has led us into the fulness of his love. Let none view such a testimony in the light of vain boasting, or construe this appeal into an effort to multiply exalted *professions* of piety. We are *afraid* of high-sounding professions, in the absence of the *living essence* of what is proclaimed to others. What we plead for, is this: *Let Jesus be faithfully represented.* If he saves to the uttermost, let us confess the *facts in the case.* Let it be done in the depths of humility, and yet with a definiteness that shall leave a truthful impression on all who hear.

2. For the same reason that Christ is to be acknowledged with the *lips*, it doubtless becomes the duty of many Christians to confess him with their *pen*. To many of you God has committed *talents* peculiarly adapted to this work. Here is a sacred trust, linked with solemn responsibility. Many have felt it, and acted accordingly. But many more have shrunk from the clearly-revealed convictions of duty, in this respect, by their long-continued silence. Perhaps the light that *was* in them has already begun to wane, by yielding so long to the shrinkings of nature. Allow me to make this suggestion: Let those who have both gifts and grace, as they may find it convenient, communicate the dealings of God with their souls, for publication in the Guide. Especially would we urge this in reference to those whose experience is *clear and satisfactory, and likely in any manner to illustrate some peculiar point in a life all consecrated to God.* Remember, a living *experience*, backed up by a holy life, is the most powerful style of preaching, in the entire range of religious truth. If communicated in a proper form, you may speak to thousands in a single breath, and speak to their positive edification.

3. In all communications of Christian experience, *keep the special object in view*, and labor with a single eye for its realization. Remember, all the minute details of

your conversion and subsequent history, are not desired. There is neither room for their insertion, nor sufficient general interest in them to receive the attention of so many readers. The great object of this publication is to "guide" all its readers into

"The land of rest from imbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness."

Hence, the great doctrine and experience of *inward purity* is the specific point around which your thoughts and expressions will revolve. Unless there is something very marked attending your experience, preceding your convictions for a clean heart, it will generally be desirable to pass by this elementary portion, with such allusions only, as are deemed necessary to the subject in hand. Studiously endeavor to bring out something that shall serve to elucidate the doctrine of entire sanctification, and help others into its possession. At all events, let the *matter* be strictly conformed to the facts in the case. Neither *underrate* the real work of grace, nor *overdraw* the picture, but let it be a portrait so truthful as to find its counterpart in the inner life! You will then dare to meet it in the community where you are known, and it will only add to your strength in God.

4. Will you please pay a little attention to the *manner* of your productions? *Be concise*. Express what you mean, and no more. Preserve your own *style* as much as may be, for the sake of variety. You may feel impressed to lay special stress on some particular features in your experience, which will prove an unspeakable aid to others. There are points enough to be canvassed, embracing your first convictions, your progress in carrying them out, your unreserved surrender, the death-struggles of the old man, the all-conquering faith that claimed the prize and brought the witness of perfect love, and the beauties, crosses and triumphs of the narrow way. *Some or all* of these points may be brought out, in such a manner as not to extend the articles to an undue length.

Above all, write for the glory of God, and under the anointing influences of the Holy Spirit. Then will your words come forth baptized in the sweetness of love, and clothed with celestial fire. Then will they burn their way to the heart and conscience, and accomplish the object your longing hearts desire. But this state can only be realized by an habitual walking with God. To avoid *staleness in expression*, the spirit must be moistened by a fresh unction from above, day by day. We must constantly drink at the fountain head, and *live out a new experience, each succeeding day*. What a charm of interest and a winning power, will then attend our testimony! Then, indeed, shall we be lights in the world, that will *burn* as well as *shine*!

In the bonds of perfect love,

A. A. PHILLIPS.

Lima, N. Y., Feb. 22, 1858.

We earnestly commend the foregoing to the attention of our readers. It is from the pen of our newly engaged Sub-editor, to whom has been specially confided the department of Christian Experience. It contains suggestions which should not only be read, but *studied* by those who propose to write for the public eye.

EDS.

Holiness without Power.

BY MRS. E. R. WELLS.

THERE is a kind of holiness professed in the church, that staggers the confidence of many. A large class profess that at such a time, under such circumstances, God, for Christ's sake "cleansed them from all sin:" they speak of it in the social meeting, and at times, in more public means of grace, and it is understood among their acquaintances, that they are the exponents of this blessed doctrine. At the same time, they are weak and feeble as infants—powerless for good. They may possess what might be termed a *negative* holiness, refraining from outward acts of inconsistency—punctual upon all the duties of religion, both social and private, and yet what are they more than others; without life or energy,

sufficient to assist the feeblest or strengthen the weakest of their brethren.

We look for a higher and more extended range of usefulness from those who walk in the highway of holiness. We expect of the merely *justified* soul, that he *live without committing actual sin*—this he *must* do, if he retain his justification; we look that he *grow in grace daily*—this he *must* do if he fall not out by the way; that he *regularly and importunately* plead with God, at least three times in a day—this he *must* do, if he thrive and grow up to the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus; we expect that he be *faithful* upon all the means of grace in his power—this he *must* do, if he would let his light shine; we expect that “*as he received Christ Jesus the Lord, so he will walk in him,*” that, with the same earnestness and zeal, the same self-abandonment and trust, with which he received the Lord, when first he sought him, he must continue to abide in him, else he is broken off. And now if all this is expected, and must be met, in a soul *justified* and growing in grace, what ought we to look for in one professing holiness? Certainly nothing more in their outward walk—for the *justified* soul, sinneth not; the *lowest* type of a Christian lives without committing actual sin; the veriest *babe* in Christ has *no condemnation*, for there is none to them that are in Christ Jesus; and as days and years advance, can he be *less a Christian*, than when first born into the kingdom?

Surely we do not look, that he be *more* than faithful, in the performance of duty, that he *exceed his ability* in these observances. God neither expects or demands more of him in these respects, than of his brethren, who profess pardon and regeneration.

Then wherein lies the difference, aside from the conquest of sin in the heart, and its entire removal? We answer, *in the increased power for doing good*. Says a recent writer, “the powerless Christian

ought to be felt to be as great a misnomer as the forceless thunder-bolt,” and surely a *holy Christian* should be synonymous with a *powerful* one. When there are no foes within to quell; when the source of temptation is all from without, and the entire being instinctively repels assault; when this “warring of the Spirit against the flesh, and the flesh against the Spirit” has all ceased; when cleansed from all sin and filled with love; (for all this is done for the sanctified one;) what freedom from self, and how mighty the power to turn upon aggressive movements for God. God dwelling in them, for God is *love*; filled with God because filled with love! having the elements of Divinity within, who shall say, that *one* may not chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight? The justified soul is a king going forth to battle, but who has secret foes at home; his time and forces are divided between quelling insurrectionary movements among his subjects, and making aggressive onsets upon foreign enemies: but the sanctified one, is a king with peace and patriotism reigning in his borders, and his entire force in the field of conflict and advance.

Now we inquire, Can a soul thus saved be passive? Can he retain this blessing and not have *fruit* as his reward, his inheritance? Says the Savior, “Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear *much fruit*,” and who so well fitted thus to glorify God as he? How mighty his power in prayer! “If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what *ye will*, in my name, and *I will give it you*.” How all-conquering his love! it “goes out into the highways and hedges and *compels* them to come in.” How grasping his faith! “the arms of love, that compass him would *all* mankind embrace,” and he pleads for a *world*, that it may be brought back to God. Now the persons at first described, have none of these characteristics; they are doubtless *sincere*,—whence then, their mistake? We conceive it to be, to some extent, in their former *low*

notions of justification. They were once converted, and since, have maintained a tolerably consistent outward course, loving the house of God and its ordinances, and endeavoring to maintain the forms of piety: yet, all along, they have been painfully conscious of duties neglected, of sins committed; but seeing so many just like themselves, they have concluded they must be in the way to heaven, and in the enjoyment of the divine favor. At times, when a little more faithful than usual, they possessed an inward satisfaction, and a kind of joy, which they denominated religion, and dreamed on of heaven. They would refer to the hour of conversion, as the happiest and the brightest of all their life, forgetting God has said, "that the path of the just, is as a shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." They knew not that this satisfaction and joy was the same that the sinner has when he performs a good deed—the mere approval of conscience, just so far, as they did duty and were faithful; they knew not that the grace they possessed as the fruit of the gracious intercession of Christ, was a *restraining* and not a *saving* grace: of this they were ignorant, and reckoned themselves the saved of the Lord. At times, they had misgivings, it is true, but looking around among the mass of professed Christians, and finding so many like unto themselves, they slept on again.

But soon, perhaps, they are aroused—some extra means of grace, in a revival, at a camp-meeting, or by some providence of God, and they *seek for more religion*—seek a *deeper work of grace*—seek *holiness*. They bemoan their negligence and sins, and reconsecrate themselves to God, and plead for a clean heart. God hears them, peace and joy spring up within, a consciousness of the approbation of their Heavenly Father fills the soul. And now they ask, *what is this blessing?* I was pleading for a clean heart, and God blessed me. "If I ask bread, will he give me a stone? or, if I ask a fish, will he give me

a serpent?" I feel nothing now but love in my heart, it must then be this very blessing. Soon hearing the duty of confession urged, they take upon themselves this holy profession.

Now we conceive their mistake at the outset to be this,—they should seek the *reclaiming power of grace, renewal from wandering*. This had been in heart, if not in life, perhaps both, and *pardon* is what they needed, and it was this sense of guilt that impelled them to "bemoan their negligence and sins, and reconsecrate themselves to God." The *clearly justified* soul, seeking holiness, has no sense of *guilt*, but of *depravity*; the witness of the Spirit that he is a child of God, is as clear as it was at the moment that that witness testified at the first, of sins forgiven, and his consecration is no more perfect, than it was in that hour, when he gave himself to God. It differs from it somewhat, it is true, in that he consecrates himself now, with greater light and in view of peculiar duties, and increased responsibilities. But the person before described, has no such views; his is the view of past failures, and his consecration has reference alone to them.

"But," says one of the above class, "if I was *sincere*, how is it, that God allows me to be thus deceived?" Take this illustration. An enlightened sinner, one, who has been reared under religious influences, is pleading as he seeks God, for a regeneration that will give him lofty vantage-ground, for all the strength and power of an advanced Christian. God pardons and blesses him. Does he answer fully his prayer? Is he not a babe in Christ? Has he not to be fed by the sincere milk of the word, that he may grow thereby, before he can endure meat? or before he can become a man, and attain to the fulness of stature? He receives all he can comprehend; he knew not what he asked. God has his order in saving men, and he follows it strictly. In our weakness and blindness, we would pervert the ways of the Lord,

still he follows his designs, and gives us what seemeth him good.

A brother once proposed this question to the writer, "If you were seeking the blessing of holiness, and God blessed you powerfully, what would you call that blessing?"

We replied, "If, previous to this, I had been living in the discharge of all my duties, if I had daily grown in grace, and in the knowledge of God, my consecration remaining perfect and entire, with an abiding consciousness of acceptance, and yet a deep sense of depravity; and becoming convicted for a clean heart, the removal of inbred corruption, that I might more perfectly serve God and glorify his name, was groaning to be delivered; if, in *this* state, I received by faith while pleading for this blessing, a baptism, I could not fail to call it perfect love, entire sanctification, or the blessing of holiness; for I should have the witness within myself, in that very baptism, but in any state less or beneath this, I should call it, *restoration to divine favor*, whatever I may have been asking."

That one professing holiness, who is powerless for good, or not in advance of his justified brethren, may well take alarm, and institute rigid self-examination; and a strict retrospection of the state in which he was when he sought and professed to receive this blessing. "Was I a backslider needing pardon when I sought holiness," he may ask himself, "or while possessed of a filial relation was I prompted to seek after a more strict conformity to God and his law, from the feeling that

"'T is worse than death my God to love;
And not my God alone."

If on examination he should find himself to be of the former class, let him not be disheartened, or turned out of the way. The blood flows! it speaks to-day before the throne! its stream cleanseth! wash and be clean.

Were all professing this attainment,

baptized with the Holy Ghost—the gift of power; did they sympathize with Immanuel, Jesus in his sufferings and labors, their hearts all sensitiveness in regard to a perishing world—panting to bring sinners back to God, how soon would Zion put on strength! how soon would the world see the glorious sight of a multitude moved by one impulse, and burning with common zeal, going forth to conquest and to victory! while a world redeemed would be the issue of such advance. O, for the baptism of power upon the Church!

The writer does not intend to teach, (so we are informed in a private note,) that the blessing of entire sanctification may not be received at the same time that justification, or a restoration to the divine favor is bestowed. On this point, she would accord with Mr. Wesley, that, while the thing is possible, it is not God's ordinary method of dealing with men.

Her simple aim, if we understand it, is to show that persons convicted, in seasons of religious revival, of deficiencies, and actual transgressions, are frequently led, without that sense of a want of inward conformity to the Divine image, which constitutes the leading element in conviction for holiness, to use petitions, expressive of deep desires for entire purity; and when they receive that which their conviction embraces, i. e., pardon, they mistake it for a higher and holier grace. That such self-deception is possible, none will deny. It behooves us, then, to inquire how we may guard against it. It seems to us this may be done, in part, by a reference to our previous state and exercises, that is, the nature of our convictions, consecration, faith, etc., but primarily, by the testimony of God's Spirit within our own. Am I conscious that Christ reigns within me, to the exclusion of every rival? Have I

"A heart, resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
And Jesus reigns alone?"

Is my love without fear? Is my faith without doubt? Is my resignation without a mixture of self-will? Is my gentleness without a touch of anger? In short, are my graces perfected so that I may now be said to love the Lord God with all my heart, might, mind,

strength, and my neighbor as myself? If so, and accompanying all this, "the Spirit that he hath given us," bears testimony that I am of God, in this higher sense, I may, and should, with boldness, confess it to the praise of his grace. The evil that our sister seeks to rectify inflicts a two-fold injury:—it injures the cause, by leading many to believe that what is denominated holiness is nothing but a reclamation, from a backslidden state; and it injures the individual concerned, by inducing him to rest short of a state of grace, which, if attained, would not only endue him with increased power in the cause of his Master, but would preserve him from those numerous falls and failures which have saddened his former experience. An evil of such magnitude cannot be too closely guarded against. We shall be pardoned, then, if, to our own reflections, we append a short extract from Mr. Wesley's Plain Account of Christian Perfection. See Wesley's Works, vol. vi. pp. 504, 5.—[EDS.]

"Q. When may a person judge himself to have attained this?

"A. When, after having been fully convinced of inbred sin, by a far deeper and clearer conviction than that he experienced before justification, and after having experienced a gradual mortification of it, he experiences a total death to sin, and an entire renewal in the love and image of God, so as to rejoice evermore, to pray without ceasing, and in every thing to give thanks. Not that 'to feel all love and no sin' is a sufficient proof. Several have experienced this for a time, before their souls were fully renewed. None, therefore, ought to believe that the work is done, till there is added the testimony of the Spirit, witnessing his entire sanctification as clearly as his justification.

"Q. But whence is it that some imagine they are thus sanctified, when in reality they are not?

"A. It is hence: they do not judge by all the preceding marks, but either by part of them, or by others that are ambiguous. But I know no instance of a person attending to them all, and yet deceived in this matter. I believe there can be none in the world. If a man be deeply and fully convinced, after justification, of inbred sin; if he then experience a gradual mortification of sin, and afterward an entire renewal in the image of God; if to this change, immensely greater than that wrought when he was justified, be added a

clear, direct witness of the renewal; I judge it as impossible this man should be deceived herein as that God should lie. And if one whom I know to be a man of veracity testify these things to me, I ought not, without some sufficient reason, to reject his testimony.

Religion in Business.

RELIGION is the art of being and doing good, and the school for the learning of this art is not in the closet, but in the world—not some hallowed spot, where religion is taught, and where proficient when duly trained are sent forth into the world—but the world itself—the coarse, profane, common world, with its cares and temptations, its rivalries and competitions, its hourly, ever-recurring trials of temper and character.

This is an art which all can practise, and for which every profession and calling, the busiest and most absorbing, afford scope and discipline. When a child is learning to write, it matters not of what words the copy set to him is composed, the thing desired, being that, whatever he writes, he learn to write *well*. When a man is learning to be a Christian, it matters not what his particular work in life may be; the work he does is but the copy line set to him; the main thing to be considered, is, that he learn to live well. The form is nothing, the execution everything.

It is true indeed, that prayer, reading, meditation, the solemnities and services of the church, are necessary to religion, and that these can be practised only apart from secular life. But it is to be remembered, that all such exercises do not terminate in themselves. They are but steps in the ladder to heaven, good only as they help us to climb. They are but means to an end, and that end can perhaps be best attained by him whose life is a busy one, whose avocations bear him daily into contact with his fellows, into the intercourse of society, into the heart of the world. No one can be a thorough

proficient at navigation who has never been at sea; no man has become a soldier by studying books on military tactics in his closet; he must in actual service acquire those habits of coolness, courage, discipline, address, rapid combination, without which, the most learned in the theory of strategy or engineering will be but a school-boy soldier after all. In the same way, the man of solitary study may become a most learned theologian, or may train himself into the timid, effeminate piety of what is technically called the "religious life." But never, in the highest, holiest sense, can he become a *religious man*, until he has acquired those habits of daily self-denial, of resistance to temptation, of kindness, gentleness, humility, sympathy, active beneficence, which are to be acquired only in daily contact with mankind.

Religion is not a perpetual moping over good books—is not even prayer, praise, holy ordinances; these are necessary to religion—no man can be religious without them. But I repeat, religion is mainly and chiefly the glorifying of God amid the duties and trials of the world—the guiding oar amid the adverse winds and currents of temptation, by the star-light of duty, and the compass of divine truth—the bearing us wisely, manfully, courageously for the honor of Christ, our Leader, in the great conflict of life.—[REV. JOHN CAIRD, in a Sermon before Queen Victoria and the Prince.

CHRISTIAN JOY.—There is a sad want, in our present Christian experience, of that joy of the Lord, which is our strength. There must be more of this joy, and it must be more habitual if the church of Christ would be strong to convert the world; would be prepared to teach transgressors the way of the Lord, so that sinners may be converted unto him; for that is the meaning of the Psalmist, taking what is individual, and applying it, as we must, to the church universal, as the source of her power over men.—[Dr. Cheever.

To Professors of Sanctification.

BY W. B. O.

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1 Study your Bible. | Ps. xix. 7. 2. Tim. iii. 16. 17. |
| 2 Pray in secret. | Matt. vii. 11. |
| 3 "Mind what you say." | Prov. iv. 23. James, iii. 2. |
| 4 Avoid self-praise. | Prov. xxvii. 2. Jno. vii. 18. |
| 5 Be Temperate. | Rom. viii. 12. 13. 14. |
| 6 Be Patient. | Luke xxi. 19. Jas. i. 4. |
| 7 Be Plain. | 1 Peter iii. 3. 4. |
| 8 Be Humble. | Matt. xx. 26. 27. 28. |
| 9 Be Faithful. | Mark xiii. 13. |
| 10 Work, Work. | Eccles. ix. 10. |

Search out the above passages of Scripture, and make a personal application of each. Pray, dear friends, for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon the ministers of Christ. We must have more of the *spirit* in the ministry, before the *church* will advance rapidly. "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."

Look to Jesus as you fly
Onward, onward, to the sky;
He will help you every day,
If you'll only watch and pray.

THE CULTURE OF THE GOSPEL.—The fears, hopes, the remembrances, the anticipations, the inward and outward experience, the belief and the faith of a Christian, form, of themselves, a philosophy and a sum of knowledge, which a life spent in the grace of Academus, or the painted Porch, could not have attained or collected together.—[Coleridge.

"GIVE AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN UNTO YOU."—The Italian form of begging is, do good to yourselves.

THE pains of a noble soul are the May-frosts of life; the pains of the wicked are the frosts of autumn, they precede the punishment of winter,

The great Revival.

The following summary of the great revival now in progress all over the country, we clip from the Boston Journal. The devotement of so large a space to such intelligence in a daily secular paper is a very significant fact.

THE religious interest to which we have alluded in our summary of religious intelligence for some weeks past as existing in various sections of New England, as well as in other parts of the country, has increased and extended itself, during the past two or three weeks, until it may now be said to pervade, to a greater extent than for nearly a quarter of a century before, the whole land. Our exchanges, secular as well as religious, bring to us, day after day, accounts of revivals so extensive as to arrest the attention of the entire communities in which they occur, and which are resulting in conversions by scores, and in some places by hundreds. It is the opinion of the older members of the churches in our midst that no revival, equal in extent and power to that which the churches are now enjoying, has past over the country since the "great awakening" in New England in the days of Jonathan Edwards, and the present work far exceeds that, in its extent. It is not marked by the intense enthusiasm and excitement that followed the preaching of Whitefield, or the revivals at the beginning of the present century, in which various physical convulsive demonstrations were witnessed among persons under conviction of sin, but, on the contrary, it everywhere gives evidence of calmness, and freedom from wild and unregulated excitement. An unusual enthusiasm prevails, but there are no violent or extraordinary demonstrations anywhere. So far as we can judge from the accounts which have come under our observation, these revivals have, in almost every instance, commenced in the churches. The professed people of God have been made to feel the need of a more entire personal

consecration to the work and service of their Master; they have felt their dependence upon God for all spiritual blessings, and have had a stronger and more practical faith in the efficacy of prayer. Feeling thus, they have been more faithful in prayer—in the social meeting—in the family and in the closet, and God, in answer to their prayers, has graciously granted his rich blessing. Men of the world—those whose minds have heretofore been wholly engrossed in business and pleasure, and who have given no thought to religious matters, have been made to feel, during the past few months, as they have never felt before, the instability of earthly possessions, and in this way their minds have been prepared to consider more candidly and seriously than ever before, the claims of God, their Heavenly Father, to the supreme homage, and to the best affections of their hearts.

Up to the present time, there has been less of a general interest in this city, than many other places in New England and in New York city. The interest here is believed to be increasing. The numbers attending the daily morning prayer meeting at the Old South Chapel, have during this week very much increased—so much so, that the chapel has been crowded, and many have been obliged to stand, and the interest has been such, that the services have been lengthened an extra fifteen minutes. Full three-fourths of the audiences at these meetings are active business men. The attendance at the afternoon prayer meeting has also much increased, and yesterday afternoon the Park street Vestry was nearly full. A new Union prayer meeting, has also been started in the Bowdoin square Church Vestry, at four o'clock in the afternoon. Yesterday afternoon, there were from one to two hundred persons present, and the meeting was one of much solemnity and interest. The prevailing spirit at these prayer meetings yesterday, seemed to be that Boston was about to share very much

more largely in the revival, than it has yet done, and for this result much earnest prayer was offered.

Besides the morning prayer meeting at the Old South Chapel (to which allusion has been made) and the afternoon prayer meetings at Park street Church and Bowdoin square Church, there was a religious service at eleven A. M., yesterday, at Park street Church, at which Rev. Mr. Finney delivered a very able sermon. The attendance was large, nearly filling the church. In the evening, Rev. Mr. Day preached at the Salem street Church, at which it was stated, at the morning prayer meeting yesterday, there are indications of a powerful work. In most of the Vestries of the Congregational Churches, the usual preparatory lectures for the communion, which takes place next Sunday, were preached in the evening. St. Paul's Church was also opened yesterday afternoon for divine service, which was conducted by the rector, Rev. Dr. Vinton. It is expected that, during the coming week, a room will be obtained in the vicinity of State street, and a business men's prayer meeting, to continue from twelve to one o'clock P. M., be established.

There is an extended and powerful yet quiet revival of religion in Rev. Mr. Langworthy's church in Chelsea, where Mr. Finney has been preaching a portion of the time, for some few weeks past. Mr. Langworthy stated, at the Park street meeting yesterday afternoon, that the work was deepening and extending itself, bringing in those who have heretofore been sceptical in regard to the truths of the Bible. A large number of conversions have taken place.

At Newburyport, the revival which has prevailed with so much power for some weeks past, still continues. The meetings are crowded, and marked by deep solemnity.

New Bedford is another place which has very largely shared in the revival. The Mercury of yesterday says, in regard to the interest in that city:

"The Union Conference Meeting at the North Christian Church last evening, was more fully attended than either of the previous meetings, the vestry, as well as the main part of the building, being crowded. Rev. Mr. Girdwood opened the services in the former, and Rev. Mr. White in the church above; the aisles were full, and hundreds unable to get in. Some thirteen or fourteen churches are now holding meetings on week-days, and this includes four churches of our colored brethren. The Trinitarian, Pleasant street, M. C., and Pacific Congregational churches hold meetings in the morning. The interest continues to increase, and about six hundred converts have already been brought into the fold since the present revivals began."

We might fill columns of space in recording revivals in various portions of New England, and other parts of the country, but we have not room to do so. These accounts stretch from Maine to California.

Our New York correspondent has, during the week, given our readers almost daily accounts of the truly wonderful revival which is being enjoyed in that city. It is a significant indication of the hold which this movement has taken upon the public attention, that such a paper as the New York Herald, should devote several columns to reports of the daily prayer meetings. The Tribune also, a few days since, had six columns of reports of the meetings in that city and other places, and a day or two after, another detailed report indicating the progress of the work. The conductors of the Press are generally good judges of what most interests the great mass of the public, and generally try to give their readers the latest information, upon the matters which, for the time being, most deeply interest them. In this light, the course of the papers alluded to, in giving up, day after day, columns of room to reports of the religious meetings, shows to what an extent the community are interested in the matter. The Independent, in

speaking of the interest in that city, says :

"It is now more than twenty years, since New York was the scene of so general a revival of religion as is now in progress. Indeed, the present work of grace, is already more extensive and more impressive, than were the memorable seasons from 1830 to 1835. The glad vision of the prophet is realized, and converts fly as clouds and as doves to their windows. Already the conversions of the past winter, may be numbered by tens of thousands.

"The most efficient agencies in the present work of grace have been the prayer meeting and personal conversation with the impenitent by private Christians. No grand machinery of effort at revival has been set in motion; no professed revivalists have been employed; no combinations for union have been framed; but Christians have come together with one heart for prayer and praise; and those who have heretofore labored for Christ only by proxy, have begun personal effort for the salvation of souls. This new development of Christian activity, and of the resources of the churches in the piety and zeal of their individual members, must be of lasting benefit. Indeed, if these efforts shall continue in the spirit of humility and faith, we see not why the scenes of Jerusalem, of Samaria, and of Antioch, should not be renewed in New York. God presses home upon every Christian, his personal responsibility for the conversion of souls to Christ. Are you doing your duty?"

In another article, speaking more in detail, it says:

"In this city the progress of the work is most encouraging. The Methodist churches, particularly, have been greatly stirred. A Christian of this denomination remarked to us recently, that there was hardly a Methodist church in New York or Brooklyn, that was not in the full tide of a revival. Their ministers say that they have never witnessed an equal work of grace. In the Congregational churches, extra

prayer meetings are held, in the Broadway Tabernacle, in this city, the Church of the Pilgrims, and Plymouth Church, Brooklyn; and, in Dr. Cheever's, services are held every night in the week. Nineteen persons have been propounded to be received into this church next Sunday, on profession of faith. In the reformed Dutch churches, revivals are in vigorous progress, with fruits already gathered. Among the Old School Presbyterian churches we have heard of no special indications of awakening, while, in several of the New School, large numbers of conversions have recently occurred.

"On Sunday last—though not a general day of Communion—large accessions were made to a few churches in both cities. In the North Presbyterian Church, New York, Rev. Dr. E. F. Hatfield, pastor, an interesting scene was witnessed. Seventy-four persons were publicly received into the church, *sixty-eight* of whom made a profession of faith. Of the latter, twenty-seven were heads of families, and twenty-two under twenty years of age, many of whom are connected with the Sabbath School. Since the new house of worship, belonging to this church, was completed, (about eleven months ago,) one hundred and fifty additions have been made to the membership, eighty-five being on profession; and in all, three hundred have united since the pastor began his labors, two years ago. In the First Baptist Church of Brooklyn, in Nassau street, on Sunday evening, twenty-two persons were baptized. The building was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the scene, during the performance of the ceremony, was one of unusual solemnity. In the Methodist Church in Sands street, Brooklyn, of which Rev. Dr. John Miley is pastor, about fifty were received on probation. In the Hanson-place Methodist Church, Brooklyn, there have been more than a hundred recent conversions; in St. Paul's Methodist Church, Jersey City, about an equal number; and in the Methodist Church at Harlem, nearly the

same. In the Five Points, the Mission Chapel, under the care of the Rev. N. Mead, has, for some time past, been crowded by the inhabitants of that district, more than twenty of whom have professed penitence and conversion. In Brooklyn, a whole family of Jews recently embraced Christianity. Religious meetings, and also temperance meetings, have been for some weeks past held on board of the United States frigate North Carolina, at the Navy Yard, at one of the former of which fifty sailors came forward to be prayed for.

"Nearly twenty extra prayer meetings, confined to no particular church, are now held at different places in New York and Brooklyn. Such a general awakening has never before occurred in this city, and its progress is watched with increasing interest every day."

The Tribune, of Thursday, mentions the following very interesting incident connected with the movement in that city:

"We understand that, in connection with the stores and counting-rooms of several of our most prominent merchants, private prayer meetings have been recently organized for the benefit of the clerks and other employees. They are held in some retired place in the building, secure from public intrusion, and have been of great interest and profit to those who have attended. Some years ago, a young man from New England came to this city, and was employed as a clerk in a large dry goods house down town. Shortly after his engagement, he came to his employer with the statement that some of the clerks were seriously interested in the subject of personal piety, and requested that a small upper room in the building might be set apart and furnished, to be used exclusively as a place of retirement, to which the various individuals connected with the establishment, might resort for religious conversation, reading of the Scriptures, and prayer. This request was immediately granted, and the room was used for years for this only purpose, resulting in the con-

version of a large number of the persons who, during that time, came in and went out of the employ of the establishment. The similar facts to which we have just referred, are an indication that the present prevalent revival is taking an unusually strong hold upon the mercantile community."

A Witness of Perfect Love Brought Out.

BY MRS. PALMER.

THE DIFFICULTY ASCERTAINED.

"HE loveth our nation, and hath built us a synagogue." So said a minister, who was presiding over a camp meeting, then in progress, as he called our attention to a man of piety, whose benevolent, Christian heart was ever leading him to noble deeds, becoming the Christian name. This devoted Christian gentleman, with many other seekers of perfect love, was humbly kneeling, pleading with God, and this earnest minister expressed a desire that we should converse with him. We had conversed but a short time, before we discerned the difficulty. The blessing of entire sanctification is received by faith, and yet the precise point of time, when that faith is definitely brought into exercise, may not be as marked in the case of some, as with others. But, we think it a vain effort to urge seekers to the exercise of that faith, by which alone the blessing is received, without previously ascertaining whether they are on the ground on which God has promised to receive. But there are many, I am persuaded, on this ground, who do not appropriate the promises, and, therefore, do not obtain the witness, that they are cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit. Too many pause here, as though they had reached a point, from which they cannot proceed. There they linger, as though in helpless attitude, saying,

"I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee."

And thus we found it with the beloved brother in Jesus, to whom our attention had been directed.

ALL CONSECRATED BUT HIS WILL.

He was all consecrated with the exception of his will. He had been waiting, that the Holy Spirit should first speak to him, in some other way, than by the sure word of prophecy. In a word, he had been waiting for a sign or wonder, and while he had been thus lingering, the Savior had chidingly, been saying to him, "Except ye see signs and wonders ye will not believe."

But it is possible, also, to be consecrated, without being fully aware of the *precise* moment when we were enabled to make the surrender, yet no one should rest one hour without the knowledge that the last object is given up, and, if it has already, through grace, been done, then, though the precise point of time may not be known, it is *due* to the glory of grace, that the *fact* should be *acknowledged*, for God is jealous for his glory, and requires of all his creatures, the acknowledgment of every good that is in us, by Christ Jesus.

And the difficulty in the way of believing is, doubtless, with many, that the question, in regard to the *fact* of their entire sanctification, is still unsettled. On the part of this Christian brother, this was partially in the way, but the difficulty was easily removed in his case, the moment he resolutely subjected himself to the test of truth.

"Do you not love the Lord, your God, with all your heart, soul, mind, and strength?" we asked. He hesitated in answering the question, but, from what we observed of the evidently consuming ardors of his soul, and, from what we had heard said of the manifest absorbing devotion of his life, we felt quite sure that the question of supreme love to God might be settled at once.

HOW THE QUESTION WAS SETTLED, AND THE WITNESS RECEIVED.

If the world, with all its aggrandizements, its every conceivable pleasure, and

honor, were concentrated, and placed here, on one hand, and, on the other hand, were placed your once-despised Savior with all his disreputableness, his cross and ignominy, and the question were proposed, Which will you choose? Would you not spurn the world and, a thousand times sooner, say, Give me Jesus — the naked Savior and the cross? "O yes!" he unhesitatingly exclaimed. "And does not this prove that God has the supreme affections of your soul, and that you do, indeed, love him, with all your heart?" Most readily did his heart and lips respond to the fact of his supreme love to God, which he now saw might have been settled long before. What he had been seeking, was the witness of perfect love, and, now that he believed what God had done for him, and acknowledged the fact to the praise of God, he rejoiced with a "joy unspeakable and full of glory," and rose and acknowledged, before the assembled multitude, that he was enabled to love the Lord with all his heart, and from that hour he was recognized as a joyful witness of perfect love. We were about leaving that region, for another meeting; on parting with him, he said, You may hear from me again. The second hearing came in a few days, not by word of mouth, but in the form of a friendly epistle, the reading of which will, I am sure, delight every Christian heart.

THE OPEN TESTIMONY.

E——, Oct 5th, 1857.

MY DEARLY BELOVED SISTER P.

WHEN I said, on giving you the parting hand, that you might hear from me again, I had no idea of writing you so soon. But, as it is near the lapse of a week now, since the Lord sped your willing feet to enlighten and confirm me in the grace of sanctification, methinks you will rejoice with me, to know that the presence of the Lord has not been with me, since, as the pillar of fire, by night; neither has it been with me as a cloud by day, but as an unclouded sun. I have neither raptures nor transports,

but, when I muse on Jesus crucified, sometimes the fire burns and the tears flow, and the thought conceived, that, if destined to the most obscure corner of heaven, that when I will give utterance to the words, "Unto him that loved me, and washed me from my sins, in his own blood, to him be glory, etc.," the whole empire of the redeemed would pause, and look behind them. It would afford me much pleasure if you judge it expedient to give testimony for me at your present meeting. In hope of being one with you, and your loving and beloved husband, I remain yours,

P. S.

Love to Christ.

"I will love thee, O Lord, my strength."—
Psalm xix. 1.

NOT only the flowers unfold their petals to receive the light; the heart of man also has a power of expansion. It is love which opens it, and expands it, so that the rays of the spiritual sun may penetrate and illumine it. The Christian, in the work of self-examination, need not direct his attention to many points; all is included in the daily question, How is it with my love to Christ? That love to him is of great importance, we must conclude, since he in truth requires of us an affection for his own person, such as no one else ever claimed. O, Thou must be more than father and mother, than brother and sister, else how could'st thou, the lowliest among the children of men, lay claim to such superabundant love? Since I have believed in thy word, all my desire has been to love thee. I will not cease to love thee, till thou art dearer to me than father, mother, and brother! If they deny thee, if they revile thee—what is so dreadful as to see one's father or mother reviled at our side! but more than when they reproach father and mother, shall thy reproaches, thy wrongs, go to my heart.

Self-loathing is a characteristic of a spiritual mind.

Why should I be Holy?

BY REV. D. SHERMAN.

WHEREFORE should I, the church, the world, be holy? Men place twenty things before that of holiness of heart, and even in considering the gospel system, they range this topic last in the series of duties and privileges; but that is not God's judgment. The Bible lays the greatest stress on holiness, holding it up to the view of the church, urging it upon them, praying, exhorting, entreating the entire body of believers to receive this great boon, to claim this precious privilege. How is it that we are so blind to our highest good, so slow to embrace the panacea for all the ills that sin has caused, so suspicious of the great remedy which God himself has prepared, and has been at such infinite pains to render available to us? We try all other remedies first to find some resting-place out of God, but without avail. Like the dove from the ark, our souls find no rest; God will not suffer it to be. There must be strong reasons why the Bible, the Spirit, the Church, press us to be holy, since the Lord does nothing without a valid reason. Wherefore, then, should I be holy?

That I may attain a calm, steady peace and joy, a rich Christian experience, the full stature of a man in Christ Jesus, and be adorned with all the graces and excellences of the religious life. What is it that disturbs my repose in God but sin, the upbraidings of a guilty conscience—the sense of wrong-doing, of departures from the Savior, of grieving the Holy Spirit? Why is my religious experience so variable, my repose of soul disturbed so often, the growth of my Christian life checked, and the work that was commenced so beautifully in my heart marred and deformed? There must be some foreign element, some inimical force warring against the highest and best interests of the soul, and this can be no other than sin. Were sin excluded,

the mind would find repose, a holy repose in God, as the centre of all good. No longer tossed about by every wind of doctrine, unmoved by the world's flatteries and frowns, safe anchorage would be found in the throne of the Highest.

We need to be holy because we approach a holy God, a holy heaven, a company of men and angels whose robes are unsoiled by sin. They love nothing so well as holiness. They cry, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty, heaven and earth are full of his glory." And from the throne issues the mandate to the militant host, "Be ye holy, for I am holy."—"Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord." Reader, what do you, approaching heaven without holiness? True, heaven is a glorious place; more glorious, no doubt, than our dull faculties have yet been able to conceive; it is the residence of blessed angels, the palace of the great King, the temple of God himself, garnished and beautified as the dwelling-place of the good. But then you lack the faculty to perceive these excellencies. You are like the blind man entering the picture gallery—like the deaf at the concert—like those amid flowers, who have no sense by which to appreciate their perfume—like those without taste brought to sumptuous boards. Holiness is the tongue that tastes, the ear that hears, the heart that feels, the eye that sees God, and all the blessedness of his abode. Hence, said the Savior, in that inimitable Sermon on the Mount, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Reader, in what do you take pleasure? Do you find it in your merchandise, your worldly treasure, in your social position, in your learning or refinement? Alas! how soon will you leave these; and, if you have not a holy heart, a treasure laid up in heaven, some poor Lazarus will be richer than you, and will hold a more honorable place in Abraham's bosom. Yea, he will strike the angel harp while you are cast into outer darkness with the unclean and the abominable, where will be wailing and

gnashing of teeth. Are you disposed to say, Blessed is he that is rich, honorable, learned or reputable in this world, you have reason to fear that you will never realize the blessedness of the life above; since a mere worldly disposition, and spiritual enjoyment have no agreement. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

But, ere you reach heaven, you desire to do some good in the service of the Master. No one would live a useless life on earth. All desire to leave foot-marks in the sands of time,—

"Footprints that, perhaps, another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

All would find the stars in the crown at the coming of their Lord; and we gain those stars by holy living. It may be doubted whether our usefulness to men is not in exact proportion to the purity of our hearts. Men will not heed our words, our mere theories. They wait to see the fruits thereof in our lives. They can resist the stoutest logic, the most stirring exhortation; but not the earnest pleadings of a holy life, which speaks for Christ as well on the six secular days as on the seventh, and as well in the market place as in the church. Observe how holiness nerves his arm for toil; how it kindles his heart with Christian zeal, and gives him tact to devise plans to do good for Christ and men. Love to the souls for which Christ died fills and overflows his heart. He lives in a heavenly atmosphere, and moves under the same impulses that brought Jesus from heaven to suffer and die for the sins of men. "By the grace of God I am what I am, and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain; but I labored more abundantly than they all, yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me."

A COAT OF ARMOR.—Religion is the best armor that a man can have; but the worst cloak.

A Hint to Preachers.

A CORRECTION upon a stereotype plate, must be more decisive for results, than if made in a single issue from it. A correction secured by the public teacher upon his own mind or heart, must be more momentous than upon that of the private individual. And surely this thought should practically be heeded, where not only moral character, and the highest temporal interests, but spiritual character and eternal interests are at stake. The gospel minister, should, therefore, not be surprised at the inspired direction, "Take heed unto thyself," nor be forgetful of the added fact, "In doing this, thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee." If any one's zeal should be aroused to test self, it is that of the preacher.

A half-dime, held close to the eye, might cover a globe of light more than a million-fold larger than our earth. But if, standing in the sun, we could look back upon the little coin, it would appear scanty indeed. This life, or some idol of this life, may be held so close to the soul, as to shut out from the vision, eternity and heaven. But, by the soul's taking views as if it had already entered eternity, the objects of time and sense may appear in their insignificance; the permanent view of transitory things will be retrospective. Acting under this view, by anticipation, is a great secret of uncompromising ministerial faithfulness. It seems strange that the very one who holds the lamp of truth to guide others, should miss seeing things in the true light. But this may be the case, just so far as the business of holding that lamp is reduced to a "business," in the worldly sense, and is followed with a temporal end in view; whether that end be ease, a good name, a high salary, or aught else, with only a side glance at the saving effects of truth, letting spiritual results instead of earthly ones, be subsidiary or incidental. Thus ceases deep piety, and the qualification to teach deep piety.

O, how important is it, that the gospel minister, who is to impress other souls, should be heavenly-minded, should look at worldly things as from eternity! The stereotype-plate should be corrected.—[Christian Advocate and Journal.

PREACHING.—Bunyan sometimes preached with such enlargement of soul, that he could speak as in a very flame of fire; and then again, was so straightened in his utterance, as if his head had been in a bag, all the time of the exercises. The truth is, the *heart* of the preacher is more apt to be in the bag than his head; and when his heart is there, then generally, as to effect, his head is there also. This experience of the bag, we are sorry to say, is rather more common than that of the seraphic enlargement of soul, which the love of Christ ought always to give us.—[Cheever.

TEMPTATIONS.—Temptations, when we meet them, at first, are, as the lion that roared upon Samson; but, if we overcome them, the next time we meet them, we shall find a nest of honey in them.—[Bunyan.

SUFFERING AS A DISCIPLINE.—The importance of suffering and self-denial, as elements of spiritual discipline, is never by us sufficiently considered. If we draw back from the baptism of suffering, we are not likely to be instrumental in the regeneration, either of the soul, or the literature of the world. How beautiful the language of Cowper:—

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown."

—[Cheever.

"I know of no great expounder of moral principle, I know of no eloquent teacher of divine truth, who is more useful in God's world, than a business man, who carries his religion into his business."

God denies a Christian nothing, but with a design to give him something better.

The Guide to Holiness.

APRIL 1858.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

THE PRAYING BROTHERS.—A company of Methodist lay brethren, of this city and vicinity, are travelling about, among the city churches, with much usefulness. They are sometimes called the "Praying Band," and sometimes the "Flying Artillery." They go together: at their visit the whole service of the Sabbath is usually given up to them; they occupy the altar, pray, exhort, and get awakened persons for prayers. They spent last Sunday, with good effect, at Norfolk-street Church. The example is a good one for imitation elsewhere; well directed, it can hardly fail of success.—[Christian Advocate and Journal.

AN IDOL WELL EMPLOYED.—A military gentleman and his lady, on returning from India, after living, a long while, among Hindoos, brought over a number of idols. Among them was a very large one, which we shall call Rama-sammee. After their settlement at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, they put their residence into beautiful order. Norton Cottage was the name of the house. The grounds were verdant, and the gardens abounded with flowers and fruits. A summer-house in the distance they determined should be ornamented, and should serve a missionary purpose. What do you think was done with the idols? They were ranged in a row, and Rama-sammee, the largest idol, stood in front, holding a missionary-box, on which the words were engraved, in large capitals, as though they were his own effusion,—“Pity the poor heathen.” Visitors were taken to see the gardens and the museum, and Rama-sammee was a very efficient collector for the missionary society. A ministerial friend, who once beheld the scene, was so much taken with the arrangement, that he wrote the following verses on the use to which the idol was appropriated:—

“Aha! an idol god! why this is moving!
The world, at length, must surely be improving,
When such a thing as this—an utter folly—
Can be devoted to a use so holy.
Scarcely should we have dreamt, thought, or
asserted,
That idol-gods themselves could be converted.

“’Tis something new to hear an idol preaching,
A metal god now lecturing, now beseeching;
Yet sure I hear *this*, ‘While some men slumber,
E’en stocks and stones themselves arise and pity,
And idol-gods proclaim the mournful ditty.

“Stand, idol, stand! and help the cause of Jesus;
For in no other service canst thou please us;
Continue with both hands to hold the basket;
The cause wants help, and you can ably ask it;
A face of brass, a never-tiring pleader,
Is well employed for Christ, our glorious
Leader.”—[Juv. Miss. Mag.

A REVIVAL ON A CRUISE.—A correspondent of the New York Observer states, that one of the officers of the United States frigate Congress, recently sought and obtained forgiveness of his sins in the *Garden of Gethsemane*. The chaplain of the vessel, Rev. Mr. Noble, is a minister of the Presbyterian Church, and quite a number of the crew of the Congress have, we are told, recently become hopefully pious.

COUNTING-ROOM PRAYER MEETINGS.—Mr. Manning gave an account of a visit to New York, last week, and of the great interest there. This meeting, he said, was not an expedient to create religious feeling and emotion, but a necessity to give expression to the feeling which is pervading the hearts of Christians here. So thoroughly is New York pervaded with the spirit of God, that the counting-rooms, in many places, are turned into places of prayer, and it is not unusual for the customer, while he is purchasing goods in one part of the store, to hear the voice of prayer and praise in another part. God grant, said the speaker, that the same may be witnessed in our own city.

MISSIONARY LOSSES IN UPPER INDIA.—It is feared that eleven missionaries, and ten ladies, connected with the missions, have been killed, by the natives, since the commencement of the mutiny. Four of these missionaries, with their wives, were connected with the American Presbyterian mission. The mission property destroyed, at twenty-six different places, is estimated at \$350,000, of which, the Church Missionary Society, of England, loses about \$160,000, and the Presbyterian Board, \$130,000.
—American Missionary.

THE WALDENSES.—In the Piedmontese valleys are fifteen Waldensian parishes, confided to

fifteen pastors; these valleys contain about 22,000 souls. The number of Roman Catholics mixed with these 22,000 Waldensians, is somewhere about 3,000, with twenty-nine priests. The Waldensians have 169 elementary schools, many of which, however, are only open for four months in the year.

CHOIRS.—We see it stated that nearly all the religious societies, in Lowell, Mass., have dispensed with choirs, and adopted congregational singing. Among the Methodist societies, in New England, this change is going on very rapidly. — *Independent.*

MEN FOR CHRIST'S ARMY.—"Walking about the streets of New York," said a missionary, "when I landed from the far East, I saw in many public places, this advertisement, in large letters, '*Men wanted*;' and, on looking a little farther, I saw, '*Men wanted for the army.*' Now, this is the advertisement we want written on every pious mother's heart,— '*Men wanted for Christ's army.*' I would write this advertisement in burning characters on every pious mother's heart in the land, and beg her to train up her sons and her daughters for this army. Thousands and tens of thousands will enlist for those battles which make havoc with human blood; and are there not fathers and mothers all over this land, who will train up their little ones to be soldiers in the armies of the living God?"

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

To extend the usefulness of our Monthly, we may occasionally introduce, under the above caption, a few fragments for the little folks. The following, from the "*Faithful Mother's Reward*," a volume published by the Presbyterian Board, is not without its lesson of instruction to old and young.

HOW TO QUIET A CHILD'S FEARS.

It was my custom to have the candle removed from my boy's chamber as soon as he was put to bed. On this being done, one night about the close of his third year, he called loudly for me. I went, and found him much frightened, pale, trembling and crying. He gave me an incoherent account of some tale he had heard, and entreated that a light might be left in his room. I had one brought, and told him that

it should not be again removed if he still wished it to remain after we had had a little chat together, but I thought he would send it away.

I then endeavored to convince him of the folly of his fears, but, finding that he could not shake them off, said, "How old are you, my dear John?" "Almost three years, you say, mother." "Have you always had a candle with you?" "Hardly ever, mother." "What then has taken care of you?" "God, mother; I know that God takes care of me all day and all night." "Yes, my child, you run thoughtlessly into a thousand dangers, but God always preserves you. When you fell from the tree you were climbing to-day, had you a candle to help God to save your head from being broken on the large stone?" "No, indeed, mother." "Well, my child, you know that God sees as well in the dark as in the light. If he saved you then, without the help of a candle, don't you think he can do so, just as easily now, that you are lying quietly on your good bed?" "But George said something would catch me to-night." "Did God tell George so?" "No, mother." "Then George cannot know, for nothing can ever hurt you unless God permits it, and nobody but God can know or tell, when he intends to permit any one to be hurt." He was silent, but still clung to me. I bade him ask the maid of what candles were made. He repeated her reply, "Grease and cotton." I looked at him a moment with an expression of regret, then said, "And can it be, my beloved child, that you are more willing to trust in a little grease and cotton, than in that God who has preserved you through the dangers of so many days, and the darkness of so many nights?"

He looked quite distressed, and I went on, "Nothing can enter this room without his knowledge, for he is constantly watching over you. If he should allow anything to come in, could the candle save you?" "Oh, no! mother, it could not move." "Could God?" "Yes, in a minute." "And yet, my darling, you feel less afraid when you look at the candle burning near you, than when you remember that God is watching over you. My dear John, think how sorry it must make your Heavenly Father to see this—think how it would please him to see you trying to drive away these silly fears, and showing him that you would rather trust to his goodness than to the brightest light. Do you not believe

that God always keeps his promises?" "Yes, to be sure, mother." "And do you not recollect that I have often told you, he has promised, in his big book, that he will take care of all who put their trust in him?"

He pressed me tightly round the neck an instant, and then said, "Yes, I remember, mother, and I will trust to him to-night. But please to tell me what I must do, to keep from feeling so frightened."

"Why, you know, my dear child, how very good God has always been to you—suppose I make a little prayer to him for you now—you can repeat my words—God will hear you, and I dare say make you able to do right." "Please to try, mother." The struggle in his feelings was manifestly great, and the earnest tone in which he reiterated the simple petition I offered, was very affecting—but he immediately embraced me tenderly, and said firmly—"Now, good night, mother—please to take away the light." "I will, my love, and if you should feel a little afraid when it is gone, just think, who is always near you, and say to him, Oh, God, take care of me! and I think you will not want me to bring it back again." "Yes, mother, I will."

Thus ended this, to me, deeply interesting conversation.

I learned that much pains had been taken by a mischievous boy to frighten him, and owing to the liveliness of his imagination and extreme sensitiveness, it was some time before the disagreeable effects of this attempt could be obliterated. From the above period he was occasionally disposed to be timid at night, but it was only requisite to remind him, that the gracious Being who had hitherto guarded him so carefully, would be pleased to see him exerting himself to banish his alarms, and putting his trust entirely in him—and my point was carried. He dismissed me, and fell quietly asleep. As he grew older, I advised him, whenever he felt himself becoming frightened, to call to mind some instances of God's goodness to him, and then pray that he would still protect him from real dangers, and would enable him to overcome his foolish fears, and confide in his care. This he many times told me he had done the preceding night, and that God had been so very kind as to make him much less afraid afterwards, and sometimes to take away his fears entirely, and then he felt so glad and happy, because there was no light in the room.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

A BUSINESS MEN'S PRAYER MEETING.—With pleasure, we comply with the request of the Committee, by giving publicity to the following card. May such meetings be multiplied till our whole land is brought under the saving influence of the gospel.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1858.

Messrs. Editors.—A Business Men's Union Prayer Meeting is held daily, from twelve to one o'clock, in the John street Methodist Church, 44 John street, a few doors east of Broadway.

This meeting is similar to the one held in Fulton street. Owing to the over-crowded state of the rooms at that place, and the manifest increasing interest, it has been thought best to open this place also.

Already have we seen and heard enough of the results of these meetings, to make us firm in the conviction, that, if all Christians throughout our land were faithful, as they have opportunity, we would hear one united shout of praise going up from all the people, because of salvation that has come to all men. It must be evident that we have a right to ask this favor of you, for many of the readers of your Journal are directly (all are, indirectly, at least) interested in what is transpiring in the metropolis of our country, because of the sons, brothers, or friends they have here, whom they would like to have interested in these things. And we would take this opportunity of impressing upon the parents or friends of all such young men, (who may be one of the one hundred and fifty thousand, between the age of sixteen and thirty-five, we have in our city,) that a line, with the address, business or residence, directed to "E," Box 3,841, will ensure them a personal invitation to attend these meetings, and similar ones held especially for young men, at the rooms of the "Young Men's Christian Association," 32 Waverley Place. It is proper to state that many of the most thoughtless, reckless, yea, Heaven-defying young men, have, within a few weeks, changed their views and aims, and are now "clothed in their right mind."

We hope any who read this, when visiting our city, will feel perfectly "at home" in these meetings, and we will be glad to hear from country friends always. It is well for it to be understood, that these meetings are a Union of Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, Episcopal, Reformed Dutch and Presbyterian

brethren, with one common aim of advancing the cause of truth and righteousness in the earth, especially in our own "wicked Sodom."

Information from any of our friends at a distance, as to what is being done among them, sent to the above address, will be gratefully received by us, as tokens that we are remembered in a great common work, and will much increase our zeal and courage to "go forward and possess the land" in the name of our great Captain.

Our land may be, (yea, will be) ere long the joy of the whole earth, if all will do what their hands find to do *now*, "while the day lasts." Hoping we have not trespassed overmuch upon your kindness,

We are, in behalf of the New York Young Men's Christian Association,

Yours, with high regard,

EDWARD COLGATE,	} Committee on Devotional Meetings.
JAMES FAIRMAN,	
WM. M. HASTINGS,	
GEORGE P. EDGAR,	
CHAS. A. MOORE,	

A SUGGESTION.—A correspondent writes: "Will you allow a suggestion? I do not at all speak for myself, but there are many individuals who would be more interested in the Guide, if there was not so much said about holiness as the doctrine of the Methodist Church. We believe nearly all your readers in this place, are connected with the Congregational Church, but we are sure that God has called us unto holiness, and that none but the "pure in heart shall see God." I long to see the full salvation—salvation from sin spread over the universal church of God, and the whole earth be filled with his glory. This suggestion is made without any feeling of dictation or dissatisfaction—and I pray you would receive it in love, from one who would wish to see the Guide in every Christian family of whatever name."

The above suggestion was evidently intended for the Editor's eye alone, but we think it belongs to our contributors generally, and therefore spread it out on our pages. We presume that all that is meant by those who write and speak of holiness, as the doctrine of the Methodist Church, is, that the doctrine is incorporated in our denominational creed, and that hence, the greater guilt and inconsistency attaches to those who, in the bosom of that church, reject and oppose it. It is natural for

us to aim our remarks at those with whom we are brought by church relations into immediate contact. The doctrine of holiness, as our correspondent observes, belongs to the universal church of God, and every possessor of this grace feels a conscious emancipation from sectarian bonds.

"Names, and sects, and parties fall,
And Christ the Lord, is all in all."

No one then in the enjoyment of this precious liberty, can desire to give that prominence to an *ism* which belongs alone to CHRIST. Let us bespeak a charitable construction of such remarks, while, at the same time, we do all in our power, to avoid anything that would hinder the closest sympathy, with those, who, in the different churches of the land, are striving to disseminate the holy leaven of a full salvation.

A NEW ASSISTANT.—The duties of our office have pressed so heavily on us of late, that we have been obliged to call in more aid. Our new assistant, the Rev. A. A. Phelps, of Lima, New York, introduces himself in the present number by an appropriate "Address to the Readers of the Guide," on the subject of Christian Experience, the department to which his labors will have a more direct reference.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—Quite a number of communications are on hand, including several on Personal Experience, which will appear in time. Occasionally, an article is *mislaid* for a time, and suffers a longer delay than would otherwise be the case. But articles of experience are often delayed, for the reason that as a general thing, only one is desired for each number, and the supply is *sometimes* greater than the demand. Our friends will take these facts into account, and bear with us in patience. Among others, we have in possession, articles from L., A. H., N. J. Aplin, M. Lowry, H. F. Crocker, E. E. Rogers, T. B., Carrie, F. E. J., R. F. W., and Mary E. P., which will be used as we have need. We wish to give all proper encouragement for contributors to write; but, as might be naturally expected, some will have to try the second time. Of articles deferred or rejected portions may be used, sooner or later. Communications from H. B. W., Mary, E. L. W., L. S., Frilla and A Believer, can hardly be admitted. The last named is too long, and too elementary in its character. We doubt not the sincerity of the writers, and hope they will try again. L. S. has reason to persevere.

An Important Distinction

BETWEEN THE "WITNESS" AND THE
"BAPTISM" OF THE SPIRIT;—SAVING
FAITH.

BY A. A. PHELPS.

A DOUBTFUL phraseology is sometimes indulged, by brethren of the deepest piety and the most unquestioned honesty. This has probably arisen, partly from a want of sufficient discrimination in the terms they have been accustomed to hear used by others, and partly from inattention to the real facts of their own inward experience. Such language is often employed in reference to the blessing of entire holiness, as to leave the impression that we are to *believe we have received, as the condition of receiving it.* Persons seeking this blessing, are sometimes exhorted to give all up to God, as best they can, and then believe the sacrifice accepted, and the work of cleansing fully wrought, resting on the naked promise of God, without any reference to the *witness of the Spirit.* They are next encouraged to *profess* the blessing; not from an inward assurance of purity, but because God has promised to save them fully on certain specified conditions; and, so far as they are able to judge, they have met those conditions. Sometimes seekers after a clean heart are so fully intent upon the *thing itself*, that they really step into the pool, and are made "every whit whole," in spite of such instructions;—their *hearts* actually outstrip their *heads* in the matter, and their real experience is more deep and extensive, than is indicated by the language they employ. In other cases, we are well assured, that great superficiality has resulted from teachings that have not been sufficiently guarded on this point. Thus, persons have professed a stamp of holiness, which the sequel proved was only *imaginary*, and the result has been disappointment and confusion to themselves, and disgrace to the cause we so dearly love.

VOL. XXXIII.—227.

We are aware of the nice points involved in the ground upon which we are now treading. The matter has been more or less discussed, and sometimes in not the best spirit; but still it is shrouded in uncertainty and doubt to many minds, anxious for the true light. We wish to throw out an idea, not to provoke controversy, but to harmonize the real facts of Christian experience, with the views entertained; and with the Bible. Ten thousand hearts have been washed in the same redeeming fountain, and made one in the perfect love of Jesus. Their views, however, in reference to the nature of saving faith, and the order of the Spirit's operations in the cleansing process, do not always agree; but the harmony would doubtless be more perfect, if all would reflect more carefully on the import of terms, and adhere more closely to Bible phraseology.

The witness of the Spirit is most certainly to be expected on the reception of perfect love; and when this work is fully wrought, *it will be given, and apprehended with greater or less distinctness.* In fact, this seems to be the chief reason why the witness of the Spirit is given at all, that we may know our precise position,—*the real extent of the work of grace.* If we could certainly know that God has purified our hearts by the deductions of our own reason, or by any other means, aside from the direct testimony of the Holy Ghost, then why the necessity of that testimony *at all*? But God has not left a matter of such moment, to depend on the mere presumption and deductions of poor, fallible humanity. It is placing too much reliance upon the correctness of our own judgment, to claim that the work is done and the blessing is ours, simply because we think we have laid all on the altar. When all *is* placed there, the blessing is within our reach, and the promise of God is unfailing to all who seize hold of it, and plead its fulfilment. But there is surely a possibility of our being mistaken in the completeness of our consecration, as thousands can testify, who,

at one time, *thought* all was given up, and tried to believe the cleansing wrought, but afterwards discovered their mistake, when the clearer light shone upon them.

The faith that saves is a venture upon Christ and his promises *before* the witness is given that the work of purification is complete. All will agree here. But this venturing act is not exactly taking "a leap in the dark." It is neither the faith, (rather *hope*,) that says, "Thou *will* save," nor the faith, (rather *experience*,) that says, "Thou *hast* saved,—the work *is done*;" but it is the full disclosure of the heart to Jesus, with the soul all on a stretch after purity, fixing its eye on the gushing blood of Christ, and exclaiming, "Thou *dost* save! Thou art this moment consuming the dross of my nature! Thou art crucifying the old man, and making an end of sin! Thou art just now taking full possession of my heart, and lo! my soul-stains are being bleached out in the flowing blood of the Lamb!" Such a faith as this will shortly and surely embrace, in its out-stretching arms, the "One altogether lovely," whom it seeks; and as the Spirit shines on his own work, the soul redeemed can then break forth in the language of sweet assurance:—

"'Tis done; thou dost this moment save,—
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace."

While we must still insist on it, that the witness of the Spirit is imparted when the soul is fully redeemed, we readily admit that this witness is not always distinctly apprehended *as such*. How many there are, who, in referring to their experience of entire sanctification, claim that the work was accomplished *at such a time*, and yet they remained *so long*, without the direct witness of it;—then it was given so clearly that they could not doubt. But how did they know their hearts were purified, without any divine testimony in the matter? One says: "I rested all on the *testimony of the Word*;—I believed the work done

just because God has *promised* to do it, if I yield all to him and believe." Very true; but is it not quite possible that the terms had not been strictly met? If so, then *you* might not have reached the point where the promise could be relied on as a present realization. Have you no *other* reason for believing that your heart was purified at the time supposed? I think I see you searching within, and hear you say, as the result, while your very countenance speaks forth your increasing satisfaction, as the evidence accumulates that you were *not* deceived: "O, yes! I felt assured it must be so, for such a heavenly peace settled down upon my soul as I had never felt before;—so deep, so abiding! My emotions were but little stirred, and yet I felt the sweetness of heavenly love so pervading my nature as to hush my spirit into perfect submission, and make me delight to sit in adoring silence at Jesus' feet. I seemed to have an inward consciousness of purity, though I did not regard this as a sufficient witness." Such is doubtless the case with multitudes. They receive the blessing and its accompanying evidence, but, mistaking the latter for something still beyond, they are often found seeking it as an after-thing. The mistake is frequently just here: they receive the *witness* of the Spirit, but are unwilling to recognize it as such, until they receive the mighty *baptism* of the Spirit. The *witness* is an inward consciousness, produced by the Holy Ghost, and amounting to a sweet and satisfactory assurance that the desired end is reached. All this may take place without stirring the depths of our emotional nature. Usually, we believe the positive baptism is simultaneous with the cleansing process, but not always, nor necessarily so. The great thing is to be saved, and to know we are saved, whether amid the highest ecstasy and the loudest hallelujahs, or in all the calmness and serenity of the unruffled summer sea. It is good to be powerfully blessed,—to be not only emptied of sin, but "filled with all the fulness of God." It is a precious

privilege to *feel* the celestial embers burning in our deepest souls,—to have moistened spirits and streaming eyes; but these are not to be expected with unwavering uniformity. One thing, however, we must not do without, and that is the ever-abiding witness of the Spirit that we are saved to the uttermost, through the precious blood of Christ!

Lima, N. Y., March, 1858.

A Witness in the Congregational Church.

THE beauty of the doctrine of holiness is, that it not only fills our *own* hearts with perfect love to God, but it also plants within us an eager desire that *others* should be filled with the same unbounded love. We are first ravished with his love ourselves: then we act because we are too full to keep still; hoping, at the same time, that our efforts may influence others to act also. It is this principle that prompts this public confession of the wondrous grace vouchsafed to my poor heart. For nine months the "Guide to Holiness" has been hailed as a welcome messenger, especially when the clear vision of faith has for a little season been dimmed by reason of trials;—*precious trials of love*, to prove and test my heart. As often as I have read the testimonies of others, bearing truth to the doctrine of entire holiness, I have desired to give mine also, from a secret consciousness of my acceptance into this glorious blessing.

Two years ago, I was an entire stranger to the doctrine of sanctification by faith. My Congregational prejudices against everything like *Perfectionism* were *very strong*. Being taught that sin was necessarily mixed with every thought, word and act, I supposed I must struggle on through painful seasons of doubt and despair, to the end of life. In such seasons, I would often agonize for an assurance of acceptance, but some past delinquency would rise up between me and my Savior, and the weakness of my faith obscured the smile of Jesus, and secluded

me from the rest I sought. Thus I lived, sinning and repenting, for fourteen long, dreary years. I sought help among my friends, but found all suffering from doubts and fears like myself. I felt that the Gospel of Christ *ought* to be sufficient to satisfy his redeemed ones, if they were truly born again; and yet I had been repeatedly taught by my counsellors that it was the height of presumption to think of knowing assuredly my sins forgiven,—my adoption into the family of God. Those instructions, however, though respected and heeded to a great extent, were not final. They did not fully come up to my idea of the power of the Gospel and the privilege of Christians. Something within seemed to whisper of greater victories and higher attainments. My convictions deepened; and I reached a point, at length, where nothing short of the clear witness of pardon could satisfy my panting spirit. God more than granted my heart's desire. He not only gave me the joys of pardon, but led me on to a deeper experience still. He directed my steps—I knew not whither—to one who was instrumental in leading me into the light and liberty of a free and full salvation.

I did not glide into this way by *accident*. The cross, and the narrow way were clearly pointed out. Satan followed closely at every step, yet Christ did not suffer him to tempt beyond endurance. The thought of being singular, talking and thinking differently from the multitude, and going comparatively *alone*, was trying to my nature. But Jesus seemed more precious than all things else. The cost was counted. The price—simple faith, with entire self-renunciation—was paid, and the blessing *received*. It came not with a mighty sound, but with a still, small voice; filling the soul with unspeakable joy, and a spontaneous praise of glory! glory! as if from a heart just set free from its fettered chains. I have since believed just as firmly as if a thousand witnesses stood up by my side. Pastor and people seemed to be afraid I was running into some *radicalism*. The doctrine of jus-

tification by faith was received by all; but sanctification by faith was fearful,—perfectionism and present realization, absurd! They believed the work of purification was to be effected just as the soul leaves the scenes of mortality; but to be holy here,—to walk with God with pure hearts and stainless garments, amid all the vicissitudes of this dark world, they thought was quite beyond the power of rational Christians. I thought so once, but a brighter day has dawned upon my soul. I am no longer alone in this blessed way. Other witnesses have been raised up, with whom I can take sweet counsel, recounting the amazing mercies of God.

Feb. 21, 1858.

S. G. B.

Letter on Spiritualism.

BY F. L. U.

"And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him. And he said, This is God's hosts."

"Beloved, believe not every spirit."

LET us not, my friend, put darkness for light, nor light for darkness. Let us not call evil angels good, nor good angels evil, but discern the spirits, whether they be of God or antichrist.

The agency of angels is a truth clearly revealed in the Bible. Their *special* agency, in the triumphant reign of Christ on earth, is asserted by Christ, in his "parable of the tares and the wheat,"—"the *reapers are the angels*"; and also widely portrayed in the book of Revelations. See Matt. xiii.; and also, Rev. ix. and xii. chapters.

One of the visions of Ezekiel, represents in bold outlines, the knowledge and power of the angels, their subjection to God, and their mission to man. "And the sound of the cherubims' wing was as the voice of Almighty God when he speaketh—they ran and returned as the appearance of a flash of lightning—whither the head looked, they followed it—when the cherubims went, the wheel went by them.—The appearance of the wheels was as the

color of beryl stone."—"The wheel" or bright circle, the glory of the Lord encompassing them.] "And above the firmament over their heads, the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone, and the appearance of a man above it. As the appearance of a bow in that is in the cloud in the day of rain, so was the appearance of the brightness round about."—Ezekiel i. and x. chapters.

Never let the angels be dissevered, in our minds, from their Divine Head. They move always in the will of God. What power, what dignity in their mission, when associated with the Lord!

It is a wide field to survey the agency of the holy angels, as recorded in the Bible. Jacob's vision of the ladder, the angels of God ascending and descending, has ever been fulfilling. We will only inquire as to the nature of their mission. The angels had a part to act when the Holy Ghost overshadowed Mary. They announce to man the birth, resurrection, ascension, and second coming of Christ. They minister to Christ, in his conflicts with the powers of darkness.

They had a mission to fulfil, not alone in reference to the man Christ Jesus, but also in reference to his disciples.

And do they not still minister to the heirs of Christ? It is truth relating to Christ and man's salvation, that prompts their movements earthward. They watch over the infantile spirit, the germ of the Christ-life, and when this spirit, in its fullness, enriches the soul, there the angels descend. This spirit, like the natural sun, hath a light perceived and enjoyed by all holy beings. It is the Celestial Dove, that takes up its abode with man, as with the angels, and brings them into affinity.

The agency, likewise, of evil spirits in the affairs of men, is fully established in the Bible. Their presence and power was particularly made apparent in the days of Christ. It seems to have been a special work of Christ, "to cast out devils." *To cast them out.* But where are these spirits?

We have no authority for believing, that the power of Satan died out, or was removed from the earth, at the close of the scripture canon. On the contrary, we have every reason to believe, from past and present evils, that Satan still reigns to some extent on earth. Look down the sad record of history, and behold the Herods, and the Jezebels, the many evil spirits in the regions of the earth, and wonder not that infidelity, and every evil, is abroad in the land. And wonder not, the *need-be* of a day of judgment, and final destruction of these rebellious spirits.

Are not the manifestations of evil, which are now so apparent, permitted in order to expose evil, prior to its condemnation? Is it not thus? "Saints shall judge the world," or joyfully submit to the righteous judgments of God, saying, "True and righteous are thy judgments, Lord God Almighty."

Every plane or sphere of the *natural* mind by the aid of spirits, seems now to be unfolding in the order of the progressive improvement of man. The worlds are intermingling, the spiritual and the natural, as it were openly, and may we not believe the heavenly angelic world, the New Jerusalem, is also descending? "We *are come*," says an apostle, "to the city of the living God; to the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an *innumerable company of angels*; and to the *spirits of just men made perfect*."—Heb. xii. 22, 23.

The apostle, speaking of the bright day of the Lord's appearing, says, "*Then shall that wicked be revealed*."—2. Thess. ii. Is not Satan now revealed by signs and "lying wonders," and also "transformed as an angel of light?"—he comes now as benefactor, friend, *teacher*. Is not this the boldest of all Satan's devices, to put self-control in abeyance, and possess himself the delicate organization of man? It was from such obsessions, our Lord mercifully delivered Mary Magdalene and many others.

At the request of Saul, "from whom the spirits of the Lord had departed," the

witch of Endor, after the manner of such stratagems, caused an appearance or representation of Samuel. But it pleased the Lord to put other words than she anticipated into the mouth of her familiar spirit.

Where do we read, in the Bible, of intercourse being held with departed relatives, through the long period of historic revelation? How easily might human regards be fostered, and other evils arise, if such intercourse were permitted! This is cut off, that the Lord may be all. Will not Christ be the bond of all unions in heaven? "*The Lord hath sent his angel*." Is it not thus, the Bible represents all communications from the heavenly world? The spirit of one holy being is the spirit of all the blessed. It is not Abraham, nor Paul, nor any human personality, but it is the likeness of Christ,—the One Man represented, shining through the face, that engages the holy soul.

In Christ, who is one perfect model, there was no suspension of normal consciousness, or of the natural operations of the mind. Let not man, nor angel, take from us, that freedom in the use of our powers, mental and physical, which God has given us. Good spirits are careful not to encroach on man's freedom, and it is only by a voluntary act of self-surrender, that evil spirits gain control over man. "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

All spiritualism, which has not Christ for its origin, proceeds from the wild vagaries of the brain, or comes forth from the mental action of disordered and lost spirits, and is fearful in its results.

It was one of the last sayings of Christ, to his disciples, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." All suggestions to the mind, whether internal or objective, must be subjected to enlightened reason, and sound judgment, and be compared with the written word; and be received with much prayer,—with an earnest desire not to be misled by the spirit of error. Whatever detracts from the vitality and

power of the word, proceeds from unholy lips, or agencies. Let us beware of enthusiastic, controlling spirits, who assume disguises, and lead the soul into error.

By a law of our spiritual organization, no one in this evil world, coming continually in contact with unholy spheres, can be exempt from the approach of evil spirits, or from evil thoughts and suggestions. In proportion as the spiritual nature is perfected, it will become sensitive and able to discern the spirits.

In vain does any one pretend to new revelations from God, or the holy angels, not in accordance, or contradictory to truths already received. Christ does not contradict himself, nor do the holy angels, conjoined to him, exhibit any truth, in contrariety to the written word. Hence, it is easy to determine the higher truths, the model truths for the perfection of man. Clearer light will be shed on the truth, in proportion as the soul draws nearer to the spiritual sun; or, as one is conformed in heart and life to the will of God.

Christ, on the mount of transfiguration, with Peter, and James, and John, *and Moses and Elias!* Here is a mingling of the spirits of heaven and earth, in the radiance of the great central sun! When Christ is with us, we may pierce the clouds, and hold communion within the veil.

Let the people of God be prepared for the manifestation of evil. "Hell from beneath is moved to meet thee at thy coming." Hell from its lowest depths, seems now stirred up. As if the raging fires of sin were already self-consuming, and intolerable to bear, it seeks relief in the bodies of men, as if by some means to avert its final destiny.

What is done in the secret chambers of the soul—the dark, deceitful imagery, which Ezekiel saw in vision, is now brought to light, that it may be seen and condemned. The judgment hasteneth! Sin must receive its doom. Sin has within itself the elements of its own destruction. A continual recession from God, must end in final dark-

ness. "The day that cometh, shall burn them up," saith the Lord of Hosts, "it shall leave them neither root nor branch."—Mal. iv. 1.

Satan will not let go his hold, without a shaking of the earth, although in this convulsion he knows, that, Samson-like, he is bringing down the pillars of wrath upon his own head.

Must not the separation of truth from error, and the final condemnation of evil, precede the reign of Christ on earth, as King and Conqueror,—or be simultaneous with it? *The contest must be ended when the victory is won.*

The angels, as precursors of the Lord's appearing, are already here, fulfilling their missions—mission of mercy, mission of judgment. Unseen, though efficiently they operate, as when the stone was rolled away from the door of the sepulchre,—as when the chains were loosed from the imprisoned disciples.

Their work will be accomplished. Truth will sit enthroned, as the sun in the heavens, a manifestation so clear, that error will be consumed in its blaze. The motives which actuate the church, or withhold her from action, will be made apparent. Light will make manifest the secrets of the heart.

Said the angel revelator to John, "I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren that have the testimony of Jesus." These expressions of companionship and angel sympathy, are grateful to our hearts. One law governs the family of Christ on earth and in heaven. Both fix their eye on Christ. Angels know only what God reveals to them. They live in the present, submission—perfect joyful submission is their highest happiness. They climb the ladder, step by step, and never reach the Infinite.

"The spirits of the just," transported to the heavenly world, are Jesus-Christ-men, in the fullest sense.

When shall we know, experimentally, what Christ was, in his humanity, and "be made conformable to his death," by dying unto sin, that thus we "may be raised to

newness of life in him?" O, glorious appearing of the Lord, when he appears the second time to perfect the soul in his likeness!

Will not this be the personal reign of Christ on earth, in the widest sense, when each child of God shall become like their Lord, an embodiment or representative of truth? Then will the Christ-man become a king, a conqueror, and control the elements of evil. "Behold," says Christ, "I give unto you power to tread on serpents, and on scorpions, and over *all the power of the enemy*." "In my name ye shall cast out devils."

Christ was not only a revelator, but an exponent of truth. No man, nor angel, can get a higher truth, than *love manifested by Christ*. When man, the *Christ-man*, shares the burdens and sorrows of his fellow men, as Christ did, he will conquer. The universal Christ-spirit will subdue the earth.

We hail the dawning of a brighter day! The gloomy dispensation, of which John, clothed in sackcloth, was the type, the lowly birth, the weary life, the humiliating, painful death of Jesus, and the sorrowing years of his disciples, are passing away. The prophetic visions of Isaiah, "the coming of the Lord in all his glory, and all the holy angels with him," are outstretching not far remote, soon to reach our vision.

Yours, in the love of truth.

Brunswick, Me.

Simplicity of Faith.

BY T. J.

THE want of simplicity in our approaches to the throne of grace, often hinders the descension of the required blessing; and, as a consequence, we are subject to a protraction of grief which God never intended we should endure. However lofty the idea we may form of the *character* of the "plan of salvation," we cannot be sufficiently thankful that the requirements made of us in order to its appreciation, are such as we are

able to comply with. If those requirements were proportionate to the inestimable value of Christianity, or the power of its operations, they could never be met. But although the provision which God has made for our redemption is so majestic in its character as to transcend our loftiest conceptions, yet, in order to avail ourselves of that glorious provision, we are only to become little children, and calmly submit to be saved in the Lord's appointed way.

While on a visit to Richwood, C. W., we had the pleasure of attending a protracted service, which had been conducted by Rev. C. H. Ellsworth, of Paris, for several weeks very successfully; and at whose invitation, on the night in question, over fifty persons presented themselves at the altar of prayer. Among others was a young lady who had sought for several nights the blessing of justification, without yet coming into its possession. She assented to the ability and willingness of God to save, but her faith seemed too weak to apply the promises to her *own case*. She evidently laid too much stress on *feeling*, and bewailed her lack of it. She said if she could realize the intense feelings manifested by those around her, she would be encouraged to trust in the Savior for mercy. We endeavored to convince her of the necessity of strict compliance with the requirements of God's word, irrespective of feelings, other than those which reflection on the past ought to create in our minds; and that, having done this, by "ceasing to do evil," "forsaking sin," and submitting all to God, it is our privilege to exercise a present faith for a present salvation. The various questions and answers exchanged at the time, cannot now be given. Suffice it to say, that she saw at length, the folly of trusting in *feeling* more than in *Jesus*, whom she now began to grasp in the arms of her faith, leaving her feelings to be regulated by the Holy Spirit. We distinctly heard that hitherto almost despairing mourner submitting herself entirely into the hands of the Savior, in the language,—*"Take all, Jesus,—my whole heart. Thou*

art able, thou art willing, thou dost save! I can, I will, *I do trust in thee.*" We whispered once more to inquire whether she was willing to trust God under adverse, as well as prosperous, feelings; to which she emphatically replied: "O yes! I can now believe he does save, and I will not doubt him any more." As an opportunity was given for testimony, she arose and said that Jesus had taken all her sins away, and she was still willing to trust him. She sat down; and God gave her the very feeling she had been so long desiring. Her soul was flooded with joy, and she triumphed in the Lord.

O, how much anxiety might be saved, if we would be more simple in our approaches to God! We cannot be sufficiently grateful for the simplicity in which the greatest truths of the Gospel are revealed. Though we may be illiterate, the Gospel unfolds its precious treasures to our most humble capacity; and, however intelligent we may be, we find sufficient matter to fill the most gigantic mind. But instead of requiring of us something that only the intelligent or wealthy could comply with, God has merely required our unreserved hearts; and to all who render up these, he will reveal himself as the "One altogether lovely." May we all be made acquainted with the exact spirit in which we ought to approach the mercy-seat, that we may not *so long wait* the satisfaction of our desires. *God's promises are true! Let us rest our souls upon them!*

Bayfield, C. W.

**"The Spirit indeed is willing,
but the Flesh is weak."**

BY A STUDENT.

If ever there was a genuine apology, it is this; whether it was made by the Son of God for himself, as he saw the sins of the world like mountains, ready to fall upon him; or if for his few distressed, fatigued disciples, falling asleep in that very Gethsemane where his own soul was in an agony. "The spirit truly is ready, but the flesh is

weak." Did he say this of himself, whose flesh had never been under the influence of a perverted spirit? Was *his* flesh weak? And did it falter when the strong purpose of his spirit summoned it to the sacrifice? His was *then* mortal flesh; not long did it continue so after this. But did he, the Son of God, say this for his followers, who, for the most of their lives, had had their spirits perverted to a grovelling habit, and their flesh made so much the more akin to earth, by the falling tendency of their spirits? *Their* flesh was truly weak, and their spirits weak too, though willing to suffer with their Master in sympathy, and in person. But they remembered him only in dreams, when his soul was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death, and angels saw it necessary to come and comfort him. Their flesh had failed them. Their spirit of self-devotion seemed to have failed them too,—to have come to an end;—but Christ saw that it had not. He saw the weakness of *their* flesh, whether he spoke in reference to his own flesh or theirs. If his was weak, was not theirs weaker? though the trial to theirs was nothing at that time,—in that hour, compared to the trial to his. Of how much value is this apology upon the lips of the God-man, for our weak flesh! "He knoweth our frame, and knoweth we are but dust." We should be afraid to have this excuse made for us by any below Christ, lest they should allow too much for the weakness of the flesh; especially when our weightiest responsibilities are upon us, and our flesh seems the most to fail. But he who knows where the flesh and the spirit meet, and all their mysterious inter-twinings—he who knows *just* how much to attribute to flesh, and *just* how much to attribute to spirit,—He said this. We do not know how far this apology from Jesus would apply to our too intense, or too languid emotions in the common intercourse of life; how far we can claim this excuse—"the flesh is weak," for the too loud and too long, in our speaking, when we are giving reproof, when we are over-burdened

with care, and are to move various machinery around us by suggestion, and, if need be, by command. We would be afraid to apply it, lest we should claim lenity which is not to be given in the erroneous use of faculties. We are bound in all things to seek the more excellent way: how much the weakness of the material part of our being can operate to hinder us in this, who can tell? We know that the medium through which we look at the same things refracts very differently at different times; and this difference must be because of some extraneous particles which pervade this medium more at one time than at another. But we can always get the correct view, if we wait long enough to look up steadily for a little while; for somewhere between the zenith and the horizon there is a mirror set, in which we can get the correct image—not too acute nor too obtuse—by holding the object before it. But I should be afraid of Jesus Christ if he had not made an apology for the weakness of our mortal organism like the one we have here; or one equal to it. I should be afraid that he would make but little allowance for the drawback of the inferior flesh, when strong motives call for the action, and the right action, of the spirit. But this expression shows me that there is more implied in “the weakness of the flesh” than the human eye can comprehend in its view. And it assures me too, that all implied in the fact has weight with him in his judgment of our case. O blessed Jesus! when this weak flesh is unravelled from the fabric of our being, and we become transparent like the angels, how much more like angels will we serve thee! How much more perfectly will we do the work which thou givest us to do, than we do now! How much more freely will our thoughts ascend, and how much higher will they soar, when this organism is all of etherial susceptibility! And when we have got the great idea, we shall not tremble with its weight, as now; nor sink down with exhaustion when we have tried to put its purpose into execution. And we will not, then, dim our eyes with

tears if a cherished kindred spirit leaves us, to go beyond into the great distance; for then our ears will not be dull, and we shall hear their distant music, and shall be catching glimpses of the glorious convoy—gone before us so early, only to explore. We shall not lose sight of them as we do now by having our visual powers enfeebled by the weakness of the organs through which they communicate. O glorious day! when we shall no longer see through a “glass darkly”—but “face to face.”

Confess It? Yes, Confess It!

BY F. E. I.

BUT will it not savor of spiritual *pride*, to confess that the Lord has cast out all the buyers and sellers—all the *usurpers* of my heart, and has prepared the place for his own unrivalled reign? Will it not sound like *boasting*, to confess that my heart is not only *emptied* of all that is *impure*, but *filled with love*, so that all my actions spring from love? Yes, as much as the story of the poor *beggar* savors of *boasting*. Behold him there by the wayside, sick and in tatters, unable to arise! Behold him covered with disgusting sores, to such an extent, as to exclude him from the society of men! See now, that kind physician, as he approaches, raises him up, speaks a consoling word in his ear, and conveys him to his own abode. Day after day, he watches over the poor out-cast with the tenderest solicitude, heals his wounds, arrays him in comfortable apparel, and sends him out at length, loaded with expressions of kindness and a good supply for his future wants. As the restored invalid now goes forth among his fellows, shall he conceal all his friend has done for him, for fear it will savor of *pride*, to tell the story of the kind physician's love?

How aptly does this example illustrate the case of every soul, redeemed to God, and healed of all its maladies! Child of Heaven! Has the great Physician of souls washed away thy defilement, and clothed

thee with the pure robe of righteousness? And does he still apply his precious blood, to "cleanse and keep thee clean?" Then confess, to his glory, all he has done for thy soul. Never fear that it is the expression of pride, to confess thyself a *beggar*, replenished by Omnipotent grace;—a helpless and sinking *invalid*, snatched from moral death and ruin, by the arms of bleeding mercy and love! This very confession is the language of self-debasement, while it exalts Christ as the Author of all the grace we ever received.

Explicit Testimony.

Mr. WESLEY, in a letter to Miss Hetty Roe, afterwards Mrs. Rogers, in 1782, says, "I am in great hopes, as J. S. got his own soul much quickened in Macclesfield, he will now be a blessing to many at Chester. A few witnesses of pure love remain there still; but several are gone to Abraham's bosom. Encourage those in M—— who enjoy it, to speak explicitly what they do experience; and to go on, till they know all that "love of God that passeth knowledge."

To Miss E. Baker, he says, 1788. "Have you a constant witness of the pardoning love of God? And do you find an abiding love for him? Have you yet been enabled to give him your whole heart? If so, at what time, and in what manner, did you receive this blessing?"

To the same, 1789. "I am pleased to hear that the work of God does not decline, but rather increase, in Monmouth.

My dear friend, stir up the gift of God that is in you. Warn every one: exhort every one! Be not weary of well-doing! In due time you shall reap, if you faint not.

Still let thy mind be bent, still plotting how, And when, and where, the business may be done.

Have you received a clear, direct, witness, that you was saved from inbred sin? At what time? In what manner? And do you find it as clear as it was at first? Do you feel an increase?

To Miss J. C. M., Mr. Wesley says, "I believe one thing which has hurt you, is that kind of silence. One use of your present journey may be this:—Learn to speak for God without fear or shame. You have need to be more simple. Look straight forward; eye one thing! Do not consider that you are a woman or a gentlewoman. Do you not bear a higher character? What! know you not that your very body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you? Therefore glorify God with your body and with your spirit. Give him the praise that is due unto his name. I am glad you are going to Stroud."

Mr. Wesley, to Miss Chapman, of Mattington, 1794:

"MY DEAR SISTER,—I should have been glad to see you at Newbury; but the will of the Lord is best. You can never speak too strongly or explicitly upon the head of Christian perfection. If you speak only faintly and indirectly, none will be offended, and none profited. But if you speak out, although some will probably be angry, yet others will soon find the power of God unto salvation. You have good encouragement from the experience of her whom God has lately taken to himself. Speak to all, and spare not. Be instant in season, out of season; and pray always with all perseverance; particularly for

Yours, affectionately."

COURAGE.—I told the judge, as to this matter, (of preaching the gospel,) I was at a point with him; for, if I was out of prison to-day, I would preach the gospel again to-morrow, by the help of God.—[Bunyan.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.—Who will daily read the word of God, unless he finds it daily food? Who will be much in prayer, unless he finds divine communion, which is divine refreshment?

A house divided against itself cannot stand.

The Shining Path.

BY ENOLA.

THERE 's a spirit—a spirit all robed in white,
With a brow that 's gleaming with Heaven's
own light;

With a golden harp of far sweeter song,
Than is ever heard 'mid earth's jarring
throng;

And she hovers around us—that spirit bright,
As we're groping our way through life's dark
night,

And, pointing aloft to a pathway steep,
Sings:—"Mortals, Oh rouse ye from idle
sleep!

There's a path—a path ye have never trod,
That has been marked out by the living God,

The path of Holiness;—it leads
By cooling streams and flowery meads,
Still brighter and brighter growing for aye,
And ending, at last, in realms of day.

Then Christians, away to that blissful height;
On, on, ever on! by faith and not sight!"

We list, and as our sin-dimmed eyes
Look up to where the glory lies,
Our souls reply:—"That path we'll seek!
Our God is strong, though we are weak!
Though over self and sin we tread
To reach that path, yet he hath said:
Salvation full and free is ours;
Then rouse we all our dormant powers,
And toil, till on those heights we stand,
So near unto that other land,

That we'll sometimes hear the thrilling strain
That is floating o'er the heavenly plain,
And a glimpse of its bright glories gain!

O! Holy Father,
*Forsake us never,
But love, and pity,
And guide us ever!*

Guide us e'en to that pure and holy throng,
Who are shining in the realm of song!
That realm where the beautiful never dies,—
Where the light of love shall gleam in all eyes!"

WILBRAHAM, MASS., March, 1858.

We hope our friend "ENOLA" will favor us
again. She has no occasion for withholding
either her productions or her name. Ens.

When a child of God is convinced that
he cannot follow his feelings as a rule of
duty, he is in danger of going to the oppo-
site extreme and follow impulses.

What is the Reason?

A WORD OF CAUTION TO MY CHRISTIAN
FRIEND.

BY. A. H.

WHAT is the reason that we hear so
many of our Christian brethren often ex-
pressing themselves in language like the
following?—"I feel a hungering and thirst-
ing after righteousness;" "I want to be
holy;" "I desire to live a life of faith;"
"I wish to have my will lost in God's;"
"I want to do all things with an eye to
God's glory;" "I long to see the hour
when I shall love God with all my heart;"
and sometimes, "I have consecrated my all
to God." Why are they never able to
say,—"*I am filled with the Spirit;*" "*my
heart is washed and made white in the
blood of the Lamb;*" "*I do live a life of
faith;*" "*my will is lost in the will of
heaven;*" "*I am living to glorify God in
all things;*" "*I do love him supremely;*"
"*my offering is accepted, and I am saved
through Jesus Christ?*" So far from ex-
emplifying that positiveness and maturity
of grace, indicated by these expressions,
it might often be said to them in the lan-
guage addressed to a church of old: "For
when for the time ye ought to be teachers,
ye have need that one teach you again
which be the first principles of the oracles
of God; and are become such as have
need of milk, and not of strong meat."—
But notwithstanding their indefinite and
unsatisfactory experience, what is the rea-
son that they have these strong and strug-
gling desires for inward purity? To shed
light on this question, let us settle two
points: the origin and intent of these
good desires. Whence, then, do they
spring? Do they grow in nature's gar-
den? Reason and Revelation unite to
answer an emphatic—*no*. Man by nature
is *dark and downward* in his inner being
and tendencies. "Every imagination of
the thoughts of his heart is only evil con-
tinually." If an acorn be planted, nothing
but an oak can result. No more can holy

desires spring from a heart so utterly degenerate and vile in its natural condition. Nor can they be attributed to *Satan*. Holy and heavenly aspirations can never be implanted by him who is the author of all sin, and who is exerting his utmost power to poison our nature, and lead us down to his dark abode. They must, then, spring from *God*. Every upward motion of the soul,—every longing desire to be conformed to all the will and image of God, had its origin in *heaven*, and must be ascribed to the Holy Spirit. As we turn to the Bible, we find these desires in harmony therewith; and find, also, peculiar blessings promised to those that have them.

But why does the Divine Spirit awaken such desires in the human heart? *Why*, unless God is more than willing to have them realized, in our own inward experience? Suppose that, at a given time, you did not wish to have your portrait taken; but a friend succeeded in showing its propriety and utility so clearly, as to make you not only willing, but earnestly *desirous* to have it taken. Would you not certainly conclude that it was your friend's *wish* that you should have the portrait? And suppose your friend should lay down such conditions for obtaining the portrait as were perfectly reasonable in themselves, and entirely within your reach. Would you not embrace them at once? It is fair to presume you would. So we, by nature, do not wish to glorify God, but are averse to all his ways. But in the plenitude of his mercy, he moves on our rebellious hearts, and plants therein, longing desires after himself. How can we doubt his earnest solicitude in our behalf? Surely, he who purchased the Spirit's influences at an infinite price, and sent that Spirit abroad in the world, to arouse the stupid hearts of men, to seek for something higher and nobler than earth can afford, is *infinitely anxious* that man should attain all the real good his longing soul desires.

God has not only begotten these desires in our hearts, he has also laid down the conditions of their fulfilment. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." "And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." "If we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us: and if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him." How accessible is the Fountain of life to all who will draw near with faith in their hearts!

Since God's great and unspeakable blessings are to be obtained without money or price, but simply by asking in faithful prayer according to God's will, what is the reason that so many of God's professed children "go mourning all their days?" Why are they content to live on *good desires*, when they might have them freely granted? Some of long years' standing in the Church of God, seem never to get above this twilight region of regret for the past, dissatisfaction for the present, and desire for the future! How lamentable that such should be the case! Dear reader, is this your uncertain experience? Be assured of your unspeakable *loss*, by remaining in this position another day. Be cautioned, also, of the *danger* attending such a course. How can you innocently refuse to press on, with all the energies of your being, until the desires of your hearts are lost in the possession of perfect love? O brother, sister, be persuaded to give your all at once to Christ, and be washed in the all-atoning blood! *Desires* will not answer, for *desires* will never save the soul. These are good and indispensable, but we must have the *substance* of those desires, or all is vain.

The law was our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ.

Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it.

"It is Finished."

BY P. W.

It is finished! Yes my Savior,
Thou the glorious work hast wrought;
Man a free and full redemption,
By thy precious blood is bought.

It is finished!—now is justice
Satisfied upon the tree,
Where the bleeding Savior suffered,
In his last, deep agony.

It is finished!—now the erring,
To the fount may freely come;
Sweetly drink of that salvation,—
Foretaste of our heavenly home.

It is finished! Mourning sinner,
Look to Jesus,—claim the boon;
Ask in confidence, believing
He will to his temple come.

It is finished, trembling Christian,—
Full salvation from all sin;
Through the precious Savior's merit,
Perfect peace may dwell within.

It is finished! Dear Redeemer,
Let the love which brought thee here
Burn in my poor heart, and keep me
To that bleeding fountain near!

Christian Vigilance Bands.

BY REV. W. McDONALD.

Dear Bro. Degen,—The article in the March number of the Guide, with the above caption, has been perused by me with much interest. With your permission, I wish to say a few words in reference to the subject.

There are those who will doubtless object to these bands. They will be regarded as an innovation by some, and quite unnecessary. Let us, from the Methodist standpoint, consider some of the objections which may be urged against them.

1. It is a new scheme.

It is said, "There are those in the church who are always devising new schemes." It is asked, "Are not the old methods of soul-saving good enough? Why adopt new ones?" We confess the old methods are good—very good—good

enough. But what were the old methods? Did ministers do all the preaching, praying and exhorting? Were they the only ones who put forth personal efforts for the salvation of souls? O no. The people assembled often, to exhort one another and pray one for another. They went from house to house, and into the highways and lanes of the city, and urged and compelled men to come to Christ. Each Christian was a soul-saver, and he who won the greatest number was the most wise. They left no means untried. They were in season and out of season,—any way, only that souls were saved. This was the old method. I understand that the great object of the "Christian Vigilance Bands" is, to save souls—to bring sinners to God, as well as to bless their own souls. How much this looks like the old and early forms of Methodism,—“a company of men having the form and seeking the power of godliness, united to pray together to receive the word of exhortation, and to watch over each other in love, that they may help each other to work out their salvation.” But these efforts were not confined to themselves. They were to “instruct, reprove, or exhort all they had any intercourse with; trampling under foot that enthusiastic doctrine, that we are not to do good unless our hearts are free to it.” Vigilance bands of soul-savers are surely nothing new in the Methodist Church. They are the old made more efficient. Lord, give them the wings of the morning, and let them be established in the ends of the earth.

2. They are a new organization in the Church, and altogether unwarrantable.

This is one of the most serious objections which can be urged against them. But it seems to me that even this objection has little weight. Now, instead of these bands being a new organization in the church, they are our old bands revived, and made more efficient. A new element has been introduced into these latter bands, which did not constitute the prominent ele-

ment of the old, viz., soul-saving. This, however, was not omitted in the old bands. Although their chief object was to promote personal piety in their own hearts, they were still not unmindful of sinners. They were to "zealously maintain good works;" among which they were "to reprove those who sinned in their sight, and that in love and meekness of wisdom." These "vigilance bands" make soul-saving their one great object. Hence these latter bands differ from the former, in this particular only. The old were especially designed for the spiritual improvement of Christians, while the latter are designed to promote directly the conversion of men.

Now, if our old bands can be revived and made efficient, ought not every one to rejoice? Many hearts were made sad when they were stricken from our Discipline, and still they were of no practical utility. But here we see a young phoenix arising from the ashes of the old, to do more service for the church and the world than the old ever did or could do.

3. *It originates with "holiness advocates."*

"Its leaders are your holiness men and women." If this be so, we should thank the Lord that holiness is doing some good. If it will devise plans by which the gospel can be brought home directly to the hearts of men, and practically demonstrate the fact, that souls can be reached in that way, and saved, we will give the glory to God. It is true that holiness will not suffer its possessor to be idle while souls are unsaved. Some professed Christians can laugh away time, and lounge away time, and murder time, and do any thing but redeem time. But those who are "full of faith and the Holy Ghost," find little time to idle. With them,

"Time mispent is suicide,
Where more than blood is spilt."

They are warning, exhorting and reproving men. They are "in season, and out of season;" (as nominal professors and

sinners would say,) trying to win souls to God. They are ready to deny themselves, and take up their cross daily, and submit to bear the reproach of Christ, who went about doing good, with a little band of soul-savers. They are willing to be as the filth and offscouring of the world, and look to have men say all manner of evil of them falsely for the Lord's sake.

Why not find fault with the establishment of the M. E. Church, because Wesley claimed that, as a people, we were raised up to spread holiness over the land; and Asbury felt himself "divinely commissioned to preach sanctification in every sermon?" We have reason to thank God that the fruit of that handful of corn planted on the top of the mountain, is beginning to shake like Lebanon.

4. *It demands a greater personal sacrifice than most Christians are willing to submit to.*

This, I presume, is too true. It will be remembered that Gideon had thirty-two thousand men in his army, and only three hundred were prepared for battle. We hope the difference is not so great in the church.

Too great a sacrifice! Think of it! Suppose Jesus had made such a plea when, moved with love, he came from heaven to ransom man. Suppose Paul had offered such a plea when about to "go far hence to the Gentiles?" Suppose Asbury and Coke had felt thus, when desired to come to the wilds of America? Or Dr. Judson, when about to meet the hardships and sacrifices of India? Is any sacrifice too great to save souls from death? Is one half-hour in twenty-four too much to devote to the conversion of the world? Ah, such sacrifice is what the soul needs. It will have a mighty influence upon our lives. As Methodists and as Christians, we are pledged to "deny ourselves, and take up our cross daily; submitting to bear the reproach of Christ." Will we do it?

Only hear a soul-saver of olden times re-

late a little of his experience, and then contrast our sacrifices with his. He tells us that he approved himself in all things as a minister of God, "in afflictions,"—"distresses,"—"stripes,"—"imprisonments,"—"tumults,"—"labors,"—"watchings,"—"fastings,"—"long-suffering,"—"dishonor,"—"evil report,"—"unknown,"—"dying,"—"chastened,"—"sorrowful,"—"possessing nothing,"—"in labors more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft." He received of the Jews, at five different times, "forty stripes, save one;"—"thrice he was beaten with rods;"—"once stoned;"—"thrice he suffered shipwreck;"—"a night and a day he was in the deep;"—"journeying often;"—"in perils of water,"—"of robbers,"—"of his own countrymen,"—"of the heathen,"—"in the city,"—"in the sea,"—"and among false brethren." He was "weary," "painful," "hungry," "thirsty,"—"cold and naked." All this he suffered to save souls. O blessed man of God! Thou art worthy to be called the *chief* of soul-savers. Those who profess to follow thee consider it a great sacrifice to spend one-half hour in twenty-four in saving souls from death. O for a little more of the sacrificing spirit of Paul and of Jesus. Then would the "desert rejoice and blossom as the rose."

5. *It has its origin with a female.*

Perhaps so, and perhaps not so. But sure it is none the worse for that. Good has come out of Nazareth, and the same may be again. Was Miriam's song less truthful and cheering because sung by a female? Was Deborah's victory over Sisera any less important to Israel because achieved by a female? Was Naaman's cure any the less valuable, because accomplished through the instrumentality of a little maid? Was the cake less nutritious to Elijah because it was prepared by the widow of Zarephath? Was deliverance to the Jews less valued by them because secured through the efforts of a queen? Was the fact of Christ's resurrection less certain, important, and soul-cheering to the disciples because first

proclaimed by Mary? Was Priscilla's instructions to Apollos less valuable and important because communicated by the wife of Aquila? Were the labors of those who helped Paul in the gospel less appreciated because the laborers were females? Were the prophecies of Philip's four daughters rejected because they were uttered by females? The Lord save us from all such narrow-mindedness, and help us to remember that, in Jesus Christ, there is neither Jew nor Greek, that is, neither native-born nor foreigner; neither bond nor free; that is, neither slave nor master; neither male nor female; that is, females have equal rights with males. If there be a Mary, an Anna, an Elizabeth, a Priscilla, a Lois, or a Eunice, let them honor God, and win souls to Christ in any way.

In conclusion, I believe these bands will be of essential use in the church. We are to "strive together for the faith of the gospel." We are to be "vigilant." Time is short, only a hand-breadth—and "flying swifter than a weaver's shuttle." Our enemies are vigilant. Satan never sleeps. Wicked men are vigilant in their opposition. They compass sea and land to make the damnation of one proselyte more certain. We are sluggish. We need to be stirred up, and come in contact with active, spiritual natures. We have too long made soul-saving a secondary matter, when it is our appropriate and only work. Moral essays have been read to the people. The logic, the elocution, the rhetoric, have been sound, melodious, and faultless; but sedition, under such efforts, have we heard the cry extorted from trembling penitents, "What must I do to be saved?" We should tarry at Jerusalem until we receive the apostolic fitness for our work,—“power from on high.” Then shall we “save men with fear, pulling them out of the fire.” May the great Shepherd give ministers and people such an ardent desire for the salvation of the lost sheep, as shall urge us out into the highways to compel them to come in.

Lawrence, April 27th, 1856.

A Scriptural Test.

"He that committeth sin is of the devil."—1 JOHN iii. 8.

"Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin."—1 JOHN iii. 9.

BY REV. W. S. T.

THIS third chapter of John in our early religious experience was difficult of apprehension. We mean that part of it particularly which stands at the head of this article. Probably others realize the same difficulties in reconciling it with their experience that we did. There is a positiveness in the above declarations of the apostle John that closes our mouths. He speaks as though none could have the hardihood to controvert what he utters. Nay, there is an air of confidence in these propositions, that no one will ever attempt to deny them. Dear reader, they must be true; and let us submissively bow to them. If our experiences contradict them, it is because we do not understand ourselves, or are deceived. We do not now remember that we ever read declarations that so much commended themselves to our reason as these, when viewed as abstract propositions, without any relation to our own experiences. Yes, we are forced to say, Christianity cannot demand less than this; if it do not thus much for sinners, it would not be worth their having. We wish to be freed from doubt; we ask for some clearly defined test of discipleship; some bold line of demarcation between our unregenerate and regenerate states; some compelling distinction between those who love God, and those who love him not. It is just here, the disciple who was most in the Savior's confidence comes to our aid. He has here given us the most unerring test of discipleship. For rigid simplicity, uncompromising justice, and searching scrutiny, it probably has no equal in the New Testament as a test of Christian attainment. We used to tremble when we heard the minister of Christ announce either of these as his text; lest he might misapprehend their true meaning; lest, if he preached

them as their natural import would seem to signify, that he would unchristianize us, and most of the church; nay, lest he would unchristianize himself, and make Christianity contradict itself. Who of us have not felt somehow thus at times in their religious history, when dragged up to this standard? And why have we thus felt? Is it not simply because it demands a higher state of grace than we are usually in possession of? Have there not been times, in our religious history, when we have not had this instinctive dread of this "measure of the stature of a man in Christ Jesus?" In the hour when we first felt our sins, "which were many," and "a burden too intolerable to be borne," freely forgiven; and exulted in the grace of adoption, would we have shrunk from these tests? Since our conversion, when we have been greatly revived by subsequent baptisms of the Holy Ghost, and while the evidences thereof were fresh and indubitable; would we have flinched to have stepped on to these spiritual test measurements of the apostle? Nay, we would have welcomed them at these times with humble boldness. What is the conclusion, then, we reach concerning these scriptures? They are simply these: the declarations contained in these texts are strictly and rigidly true, without any, the slightest glossing. There is nothing figurative in them. The impression they would make upon the mind of a child, or an unlettered person who knew the commonly received or popular meaning of the words is the true one,—the very one the Holy Ghost would have us feel. There is no defect in the test here set up. If there is any want of congruity or harmony between our experiences and these scriptures, the fault is in us, and not in the test or standard. We are below it, and not it below us. We only fear it because we know we fall short, and will be found wanting and condemned. This is the reason that we do not love it as a standard; that we do not love to hear it preached upon, or alluded to in any way.

Our object in selecting these scriptures is twofold: First, to allay the doubts and fears of some sincere Christians who are perplexed by them; and, secondly, to draw from them an argument strongly favoring the doctrine of entire holiness in the present life.

1. Then we will endeavor to allay the doubts and fears of some sincere Christians who are perplexed by these scriptures. Though the standard here set up is simple, searching and uncompromising, and the difficulty is generally with our defective Christian attainments, and not with this inspired test; nevertheless, there are a goodly number of God's trembling disciples who are perplexed therewith. This perplexity arises, we think, from not discerning between known and wilful sins, and errors of judgment; or what are sometimes denominated "sins of ignorance." We like the expression "errors of judgment" better than "sins of ignorance," for the simple reason that some sins of ignorance have a certain degree of guilt attaching to them. That is to say, we are sometimes accountable for our ignorance. We have probably such an instance in the case of Saul of Tarsus, who thought he was doing God's will when "breathing out threatening and slaughter" against the church of Christ. In errors of judgment, properly speaking, there is never any guilt. For instance, suppose you wish to do an individual a kindness or benefit, and resolve upon a certain way of doing it; but subsequently it appears evident that you erred as to the best method; probably what you intended as a real good, so far as you can see, is a positive injury or harm. The motive being pure, and you having proceeded according to the best of your judgment, the act has nothing sinful or criminal in it, at least in God's sight. It is no sin, and should not produce any condemnation in fact. Again, suppose, in your visions or dreams, you have enacted things at which you would have shuddered in your working hours, all such purely in-

voluntary acts, or thoughts, or words, are destitute of the quality that renders them sinful, viz., volition, knowing, deliberate choice. We might multiply examples of errors of judgment, or acts that are not sinful of themselves, while the acts, abstracted from the motives, are very like sinful ones, and very unpleasant to the one committing them. How many genuine Christians are troubled just here! It is almost incalculable what they suffer in their minds from these things. Satan takes advantage of their peculiar mental constitutions, and of their indistinct perceptions between wilful sins and errors of judgments, thereby causing them often to doubt the genuineness of their conversion; or, if they ever were born again, they are not Christians now. All such may lessen their fears and doubts, and gain an advantage over the arch-deceiver, by remembering the following simple rule: The moral quality of an act resides in the intention or motive that prompts you to act. To make it still more simple, whenever you act, or think, or speak, if you have an inward consciousness that you did so to benefit others, and glorify God thereby; you may rest assured that they are not sinful, whatever may be the consequences, and though the results are such as you would have changed, were it in your power; yet are they not sinful in the sight of God. Let it then be remembered that, when the apostle says: "Whosoever committeth sin transgresseth also the law; for sin is the transgression of the law," he does not include in this any other than wilful, known, and deliberate sins. And where he says, "Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not," and "cannot sin, because he is born of God;" he does not exclude from his estimate errors of judgment, and human frailties, such as we have instanced, and others we might adduce. "We are not under the law, but under grace;" that is, we are not under the law of perfect, absolute obedience, but under the law of faith and love; under an economy that recognizes

the frailties of body and mind, while it does not wink at wilful or known sin. Let every sincere but troubled Christian, then, rejoice that the blood of Christ atones for our mental and bodily infirmities, and supplies what we lack of a perfect and sinless obedience. "For what the law could not do in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh, that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit."—Romans viii. 3, 4. With the above views, we hope that Christians possessing these infirmities need not fear this most searching test of the apostle John, without being at the trouble of mortifying it, or glossing away its true meaning and vitality. But

2. We wish to draw, from these passages of Holy Writ, an argument strongly favoring the doctrine of entire sanctification in the present life. Let us read the passages at the head of this article again: "He that committeth sin is of the devil;" "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin." Mark well these passages, both as they read, and stand related to the chapter from which they are selected. It requires no stretch of the imagination, nor perversion of common sense, to gather the blessed doctrine of holiness, or Christian perfection therefrom. If the beloved disciple did not here intend to inculcate his favorite doctrine of "love," the perfect love which "casteth out fear;" then we apprehend that he never did write or speak anything that savored of true Christianity in his life. The case cannot be put in a stronger light than it is in these passages. Whosoever committeth wilful and known sin is of the devil; is under his influence, and cannot be a child of God, while living thus, no matter what professions he may make. He who is truly "born of God" does not commit known sin, while "his seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin because he is born of God." While the child of God walks by faith, and lives in the pun-

tual discharge of his duties, he cannot sin, for God's grace will prevent him or keep him. "Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not;" it is only when we voluntarily leave God,—take our cause out of his hand, that we fall into sin. Whenever, therefore, Christians are guilty of known sins, it is proof positive that they have backslidden from God,—that they have lost their "first love." Nor would we be understood as saying or implying even that, because one is justified and regenerated, that he is wholly sanctified; but we will say that he is in incipient sanctification, and may live without sinning; and should there be no backsliding after the hour of justification, but a steady growth in grace, the regenerated soul, with proper and thorough instruction in its high privileges, would very soon enter into the land of Beulah, or perfect love. The Lord would make short work of it; he would "cut it short in righteousness." The distance from Egypt to Canaan was not so great; nor the difficulties so many that God's people could not have made the journey in a few days instead of forty years. It was disobedience and unbelief that prevented them, and not God. So we apprehend it is with Christians generally. Justification and entire sanctification may be so near each other that they will appear to us to be cotemporaneous. This must have been the case with the converted thief. It was not necessary that a number of years should elapse between his justification and sanctification. There can be no bar to this in the Divine mind, nor in the provisions of grace. There can be no bar or hindrance, but our ignorance and unwillingness. If the apostle does not teach here that entire sanctification is the privilege of all true believers, he does teach that the justified or regenerated sinner does not commit sin. Let all learn from hence, that a justified relation to God is a most gracious and glorious state. Be careful, then, that no one undervalues it. If, as here clearly taught, one who is only regenerated can live without sinning, then,

if entire sanctification is the Christian's privilege in this life, we have a strong *a fortiori* argument for the possibility of living without sin, when in this higher state in grace. How will the advocates of necessary sinning get along with this text,—“Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him; and he cannot sin because he is born of God?” We confess, to our mind, this is the crowning argument in behalf of the doctrine of Christian perfection. To us it seems an unanswerable argument by those who deny the possibility of living without sin while in the body. John either meant here that the truly converted and growing Christian *did not* sin, or that he *did*. If the former is what he meant, the question is settled by divine authority, and beyond the possibility of cavil, that we are to pray for blameless lives, and expect to be pure and holy while in the flesh. If he not did mean precisely what he says, what import are we to give to these solemn declarations? Does he mean the Bible reader to understand that there are two kinds of sin among men,—one which implies guilt, and another which is free from guilt, or one which God takes no account of? If so, which does the apostle mean here, the former or the latter? If the former, what have you gained? If the latter, what—seeing it is not sin, or is an indifferent thing with a pure and holy God? But some may think they have a gate sufficiently wide for an easy egress from the dilemma of the apostle John, by interpreting him as meaning that the truly “born of God” are not habitual sinners, as they were before. He would not be understood that they never sin; but that they do not sin “habitually” or “characteristically.” If this is all he means, then regeneration does no more for men than a cool, calculating philosophy will do for them. Men may, without a change effected by the Holy Ghost, change from habitual sinners, to the strictest outward regularity, and we may say of them that they are no longer habitual sinners.

There are many such in our world, who are total strangers to what this apostle means by being “born of God.” This will not, therefore, explain the sense of these passages, unless we understand them as excluding all wilful and known sins. As we have before said, while these texts do not prove that all are perfected in love, or are wholly sanctified, who live without wilful and known sin, yet they prove that men may live without committing actual sin, and strongly infer the doctrine of that high state in grace denominated “entire sanctification,” “holiness,” “Christian perfection,” etc. There are four inferences that naturally flow from the foregoing reflections:

1. Many professed Christians, judged by these scriptures, will find that they are total strangers to true conversion.

2. Many others, who were once happy in God—but who now dislike this test—may assuredly know that they are in a backslidden state.

3. There are doubtless some sincere Christians who have doubts and fears when they measure themselves by this standard; but these perplexing doubts arise for want of discriminating between wilful sins, and errors of judgment, or bodily and mental infirmities.

4. These passages show in what sense we teach Christian perfection. They show that all wilful and known sin is exclusive; but that we admit defective judgment or reason, and many bodily and mental infirmities. It is not an absolute perfection, such as God alone possesses that is claimed, nor angelic perfection; nor yet Adamic, perfection. It simply contemplates a perfection of love. Under the economy of grace, the measure of man's responsibility and obedience is his ability; his ability as a fallen and infirm being, and not the ability of an unfallen Adam. Will not our brethren in Christ, then, who disagree with us concerning this great attainment, be so fair and charitable as not to interpret us as teaching absolute perfection, or angelic

perfection, or Adamic perfection? We shall be exceedingly thankful to them, if they will only desist in attaching the qualifying term "absolute," or its equivalents to Christian perfection, seeing neither we, nor the Bible, employ them when treating of this doctrine. It excludes all wilful and known sin, but not defective intellects and other infirmities. Who can demur at this, and style it monstrous fanaticism?

Honolulu, S. I., Jan. 12, 1858.

To Youthful Christians.

BY A REVIVED YOUNG MEMBER IN TORONTO.

WHAT are we doing as those who have to take the place of our older brethren, now on the verge of the unknown world? Is it not a noticeable fact that, in our churches, where a number of young men and women are seen and known as members of the church, almost all the work is placed on the shoulders of the seniors? Is it not true that there is a great amount of unbelief amongst us; a great deal of unfaithfulness, a great amount of the "fear of man," a more than ordinary measure of backwardness with us at all meetings, especially the public prayer meetings, and is it not true we have come very far short of his glory? Yes, it is all true, too true for real Christians. Well, how are we to remedy it? The old members of the militant host will soon have passed off the scene of life, and some persons are wanted to take their places. God's ministers, like Moses of old, have lifted up their arms; they preach, exhort, reprove, and act, as becomes the Lord's "Flame of Fire;" but who are they that hold up their arms, and sustain them in their course? The veterans. Yes, the old brothers and sisters, whose heads fairly show the last days of autumn have come, do their duty, but, in general, the young are faithless. Now, are things to remain in this state? Did our Savior want such members in the church, when he said to the young man, "Go, sell all thou hast, and give to the poor, and come follow

me." "Be ye also ready." What did St. Paul mean in the words, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord;" and what does this mean, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might?" These mean, Every one must make use of all and every opportunity afforded for the advancement of the cause of God, for the interest of his kingdom, for the establishing himself in the faith, for the perfecting of holiness, that he may be able to cry, every moment, "Thy will be done." What was the complaint our Lord had against Laodicea? "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot. I would thou wert either cold or hot; but I will spew thee out of my mouth." That's our position while we don't work. Just like a poor sinner "halting between two opinions." There's a great work to be done, and but very, very few to do it. When will we get alive; when will our hearts burn to see the Lord's chariot moving on; when will we think the time has come in which we are to arise and shine, our light being come; when shall our prayers for the revival of God's work be characterized by that earnestness of souls which springs from Divinity itself? Only, when all is given up to God, when we take the will of God for our golden rule; only when all's well, and we have determined in the sight of God, and trusting in him for all grace to help us, to go to work with full purpose of heart. Shall we any more have to say, in our classes week by week, "I have been unfaithful"? The Lord help us to do our duty. The cry will soon be heard, "Watchman, what of the night?" O that we all may be able to answer. May God help us to prepare, for the "Bridegroom even now stands at the door."

TEMPTATION.—Entering into temptation is a very different thing from being assailed by temptation; but, in neither case, can we conquer or be delivered except by Christ.

—[Cheever.

God is his own interpreter.

The Preparation of the Gospel.

BY REV. S. L. LEONARD.

ONE of the most important parts of the Christian's armor is the sword of the Spirit; and, perhaps, there is nothing that is more requisite to success in the Christian life than a knowledge of the Scriptures. The question of the inspiration of the Bible is a subject well worthy of our consideration; but we shall not, at this point, enter upon the discussion of this matter. We wish to dwell upon the practical view of the value of the word of God. And how great are the benefits that result from the prayerful perusal of its pages, and a practical acknowledgment of its divinity!

Much of the Christian's usefulness depends upon his knowledge of spiritual things. Can the soldier fight successfully, who is ignorant of the character of his enemies? If he be destitute of knowledge upon this point, his very ardor may injure the cause in which he is engaged. How much harm has been produced by misguided zeal! Has not such a zeal done more injury to the church than all the attacks that infidels have ever made upon her? How often is the professed follower of Christ strict in tything mint and anise while he forgets the weightier matters of the law! He is zealous about forms and ceremonies, while he shows, by his conduct, that he is destitute of the love which is the end of the law. And is not much of this inconstancy owing to an ignorance of the Scriptures? Has it not prevailed most among those who are least acquainted with the Bible? Had the word of God been allowed a free circulation among the votaries of Rome, they would never have supposed that the counting of so many beads will make amends for so many sins. But we need not go to Rome in search of proof of the evil influence of an ignorance of the oracles of God. Are there not hundreds of Protestants in this land, who exhibit a most deplorable deficiency in this

matter? How many are there who are carried about by every wind of doctrine! What is the lesson of experience upon this point? Those who have been most successful in contending with these spiritual foes, have been deeply versed in the Scriptures. This book has been the man of their counsel. From it they have learned how to face their enemies. How earnestly did David study those parts of the Bible, that were written before his day! How high an estimate did Luther place upon the oracles of truth! Was not Wesley's intimate acquaintance with the Word of God one great source of his spiritual strength? Would Fletcher ever have been the mighty champion for the truth that he was, had he not been a close student of the Bible? Was it not from this source that the martyrs derived much of the courage that sustained them at the stake?

Reader, do you study the Word of God? Do you carefully peruse its pages? Without a knowledge of its teachings, you can never fight successfully the battles of the Lord. How worthy is this gift of heaven of your regard! Here you may learn the character of the enemy with which you are called to contend, and the source of your true strength. This is "the only star by which the bark of man can navigate the sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss and security."

Knowledge of Christ.

BY J. B. PEASE.

It is hardly possible to over-estimate the importance of acquaintance with Christ. It is "through the knowledge of him that we escape the pollutions of the world." It is "through the knowledge of him that all things that pertain unto life and godliness, are given unto us." And "grace and peace are multiplied unto us through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus, our Lord." And the Scriptures abound with the direc-

tions to "consider him," "remember him," "look unto him," and "think on his name." When we become acquainted with Christ, we find a solid satisfaction in the contemplation of his character; the world loses its charms, and Christ's attractions are seen to be capable of completely captivating and absorbing the soul.

But what is it to know Christ? There may be danger of getting a distorted view of it, as if it were to sit down and enjoy the sweets of affectionate intercourse, *mainly*, whereas this is but a part.

When we know Christ, we shall find a deep meaning in what he said, that "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and we discover that his highest joy was not "to please himself." His spirit was of that "love that seeketh not her own." "His joy was to sacrifice his own comfort, yea, though he was rich, for our sakes he became poor; that we through his poverty might be rich;" to leave his Father's house where there are many mansions, and wander upon the earth without where to lay his head, and go hungry often, and thirsty and weary; and bear the constant sight and sound of what was most repulsive to his pure nature among sinners; without any to be of kindred spirit, but nearly all incapable of appreciating him; despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; and when he contemplated what he should accomplish by his sufferings and death, he was so eager to complete the glorious sacrifice, that he cries out, "How am I straitened till it be accomplished!"

This *perfect love*, this disinterested benevolence, that is so strikingly characteristic of our Savior, is what we are particularly in danger of losing sight of. But if we come to know him, we shall find that "the things that are highly esteemed among men are abomination in the sight of God." We shall find that to be of his Spirit, and to walk with him, is to delight to sacrifice ease and suffer privations, that we may lead souls to the fountain of life.

Ah! how many are like Peter, who tried to persuade the Lord to "pity himself," and avoid the dreadful sufferings, not knowing that to go through it and thus accomplish such glorious results, was the joy he set before himself. Those who walk with him, shall find it a great joy to bear what is a cross to the natural man—to deny self, in order to confer a greater good upon others; and find this way to be that of pleasantness and peace. Such was Christ's spirit, and "how shall two walk together unless they be agreed?"

Then shall they know what that meaneth, "Therefore, I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake."

If *such* be our spirit, it will not constitute our greatest delight to stir ourselves into a glow of happy *emotions*—to enjoy rapturous anticipations of *future* bliss; nor in seeking some congenial spirit to enter into such *feelings* with us; much less shall we be pining for some one to come and impart *comfort* to us. We shall find that "LOVE SEEKETH NOT HER OWN." It is self-sacrificing and *self-forgetting*; and its possessor finds himself borne on toward the object of his affection, with such an attraction, "the love of Christ constraining him, that it becomes his meat and drink to do his will."

If he were upon earth bodily now, there are some who would find themselves in as great surprise as his disciples were, when he was so taken up with declaring the glad tidings, that he seemed to have forgotten his hunger; and they would be astonished to find they partook so little of this *self-forgetting* spirit. They would find that Christ did not consume his time in gathering around him those who could sympathize most with him, to receive their affectionate sympathies, but rather in going to the sick, the poor, the ignorant, and afflicted. They would not find him sparing the flesh, or solicitous in regard to creature comforts; but regardless of privation and sorrow

himself, directing man to the joys perennial, of his Father's house. And oft would they find him out in the cold, dark night, in prayer for them, regardless of fatigue, and want, and painfulness.

There is a kind of indirect attack, the devil has resort to, when he sees he is not successful in preventing a soul from seeking holiness, and heavenly communion with God. He will artfully lead them to the other extreme, and induce them to be spiritual idolaters—*idolizing their own joys*, and forgetting that the perfection of love is its *going out of self*, to be *absorbed in pleasing its beloved object*.

The two great requisites of health are the same with the soul as with the body, viz:—food and exercise. If we neglect food, we starve. If we neglect exercise, we become dyspeptic. So, if we neglect to feed the soul by prayer, meditation, contemplation, (and reading is the great help to meditation,) we become dry, dwarfish, lean, and weak; our souls do not grow, and we find our duties becoming a task. Or, if we neglect to “exercise ourselves unto godliness,” we become slothful; even though we read and contemplate; and *self* finds a refined way of reinstating itself, and we tend to be a poor, spiritual dyspeptic. “Ye, therefore, beloved, seeing ye know these things before, beware lest ye also, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your own steadfastness.”

Thoughts from my Journal.

BY U. B.

SABBATH. While attending the intermission prayer meeting, and listening to the prayer of one of the sisters, I was much edified with the scope and sentiments of the prayer. Her soul seemed drawn out in thankfulness and praise to God, for the great privilege of being called with an holy calling, and of a public confession of Christ before men. “O,” said she, “we are not ashamed of the gospel of Christ!” I was deeply impressed with the thought of the

high privilege of the Christian, and took occasion to make a few remarks on the difference between duty and privilege; a subject worthy of serious consideration; and one not often dwelt upon. In the soul wholly sanctified, duty and privilege are always blended; yet, by the mass, they are considered, and, in fact, are two very distinct things. It is always right to act from a sense of duty, but in the performance of Christian duties, (strictly so called,) this, to say the least, is the lowest motive of action. Those Christians who never act from a higher motive, than a sense of duty, will always be wanting in the most important element of Christianity, that is love. If love do not constrain us to act, so as to make every duty a *privilege*, we may know we are sadly deficient in the surest test of Christian character. If we attend meetings on the Sabbath, or on other days, or enter our closets, or bow around the family altar, merely because we are constrained by a sense of duty, we shall not get greatly blessed ourselves, or have our hearts so warmed as to be made a blessing to others. God is a God of love,—religion is a religion of love; and all its duties must be performed under the influence of love, or they will be but as “sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.” If our hearts are glowing with love, we shall not think so much of *duty* as of *privilege*. We do not take our food, when in health, because it is our duty to feed, and strengthen our bodies, but because it gives us satisfaction, and meets the cravings of our animal natures:—so should it be in the performance of Christian duties; they should give us pleasure in the performance, and meet the cravings of the spiritual appetites. Until this can be the habitual state of our hearts, we may know our spiritual system is diseased, and we need the Great Physician to heal our backslidings, and cure our infirmities. Alas! how many professors know not the sweets which cluster around the performance of Christian duty, and never seem to act, only as they are goaded to the task by the imperious

demands of conscience. To such professors, there is little indeed in religion, which to them is really a privilege;—every duty is a task, every sacrifice is a pain; and it is greatly to be feared that, in the end, such religion will prove no privilege to its possessor. If the eye of any such professor should fall on these lines, be admonished to seek a richer baptism of the Spirit, and to be so filled with divine love, that, henceforth, every duty shall be to you a blood-bought *privilege*. When the whole church shall become holy, we shall not be so much pained with excuses, and cold indifference. May the Lord hasten the time.

The Christian's Struggle with Depravity.

SELECTED.

"THIS is fearfully great, even after they have, through grace, powerfully subdued, and gloriously triumphed over it; their Redeemer, himself, is the Captain of their salvation; they are embarked with him, and bound for heaven; they look at the compass of God's word; they hold the rudder of sincerity; they crowd all the sails of their good resolutions, and pious affections, to catch the gales of divine assistance; they exhort one another daily, to ply the oars of faith and prayer, with watchful industry; tears of deep repentance and fervent desire, often bedew their faces in the pious toil; they would rather die than draw back to perdition; but alas, the stream of corruption is so impetuous, that it often prevents their making any sensible progress in their spiritual voyage. And if, in an unguarded hour, they drop the oar, and faint in the work of faith, the patience of hope, or the labor of love, they are presently carried down into the dead sea of religious formality, or the whirlpools of scandalous wickedness. Witness the lukewarmness of the Laodiceans, the adultery of David, the perjury of Peter, the final apostasy of Judas, and the shameful flight of all the disciples."

If the above graphic description is true, the injunction of the apostle should be remembered by every Christian, *i. e.*, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

E. DAVIES.

A Sailor's Story of his Conversion.

AT one of the recent prayer meetings in this city, a sailor rose, and narrated to the congregation the circumstances of his conversion. He was a young man, a native of England, with an intelligent face, and an impressive manner of speech; and his remarks were received with great attention. He said:—

"I am a stranger here, and such a scene as this is one that, until very recently, would have been altogether new to me. Nine weeks ago I was converted, and since then have become in some degree familiar with prayer meetings and church services, though before that, I knew very little of either. I have been a very wicked man. For one so young, I have gone into almost incredible dissipation, and have committed almost every known sin. I can hardly imagine a person to have gone a greater round of wickedness than I. I am the youngest of a large family of children. My father is dead, but my mother is living. She is an old woman, now more than seventy-five years of age. She is a devoted Christian, and has always tried to bring up her children to be like her, and some of them have followed her example. Several of my brothers and sisters are earnest and sincere Christians, who, with her, have oftentimes at home prayed for my salvation. But I could never endure a single thought of religion. Whenever the subject was mentioned to me, I immediately repelled it, and repelled it often with a horrid oath. The thought that the members of the family prayed for me always made me angry. I was warned against my dissipation, but went more into it the more I was warned. I grew more

and more wicked every day, out of spite, and I *tried* to be a great sinner. At last I determined to leave home. I wanted to get away from the influence of a praying mother. I wanted to be free from all restraints, so that I might indulge myself in whatever I chose, to my own satisfaction. My mother implored me not to go. I told her I was going to set, and *would* go. Her eyes filled with tears, and she could say nothing more. With whatever sins I had, I had some love for my mother, and I gave way before her tears. She asked me to promise her that I would never go to sea until I could first obtain her consent. I assented, and remained awhile at home. A young man, who was my companion in dissipation, left England and came to this country, and after he had been here a short time, returned in the same ship. He told me that I could enjoy myself grandly if I would go away from home as he had done, and that there was all manner of pleasure in New York. I again determined to go to sea in company with him. My mother, seeing that I was bent on going, could not bear the thought that I should leave without her consent, and so she gave it. I accordingly made preparations to ship at Liverpool. Just before I started, which was about the first of last December, my mother gave me a sealed letter and a small Bible to put in my trunk, and told me not to open the letter until the twenty-first of December. That was her birthday, when she would be seventy-five years old. She gave me her blessing, which I shrank from receiving, and I went off. As soon as I got clear of home I felt at liberty. I said to myself, 'Now there will be no one to pray for me, and I shan't be annoyed with Bibles and texts.' I left home without any sadness, but rather with a kind of wicked pleasure; and when I got on board ship, I soon forgot all about mother, and brothers, and sisters. After we had set sail, and were well on with the voyage, a storm arose that was very violent. Just about this time I was taken very sick,—

not with sea-sickness, but with a dangerous fever. I lay in my bunk, tossing about with the ship, as wretched and miserable as a man could be. The doctor told me that I was at the point of death, and that if I had any preparation to make for eternity I had better make it, for I had not long to live. This he repeated also in the cabin among the passengers, one of whom, an aged man, came to see me. I remember his face; it was all kindness; but I hated the sight of him. He came with a book in his hand, and said to me, 'Young man, you are almost gone; I have come to read to you something out of the word of God.' I looked up at him a moment, and said in a rage, 'Hand me the book;' and when he offered it to me, I took it and put it to my lips, and made a solemn *oath* that I would have nothing to do with God or with religion. I told him that, if he read to me I would not listen, and bid him with an oath to leave me alone. He then went away; and I lay stark alone in my bunk. It seemed to me that I was at that time more miserable than I had ever been before in all my life; I do not refer to my bodily sickness, but to my distress of mind. It was evening, and there was no light near me, but all was dark as midnight. Suddenly the thought came over my mind that it was the twenty-first of December, and I remember my mother's letter. I could not rise and get it, for I was not able; and my first impulse was to call one of my messmates to get it for me. But I remembered that it was between the lids of my Bible. I was ashamed to let any one know that I wanted the Bible; and I did not want *that*, but my mother's letter. I lay for some time, and at last determined to call some one. One of my messmates came at the call; I asked him to get a lantern, and to go to my trunk and get a Bible with a letter in it. 'Ah,' said he with a sneer, 'now you're sick you begin to be a coward; what do you want with that book?' 'I don't want that book, but the letter in it,' I replied. In a few minutes

he brought a lantern, opened my trunk, and handed me the Bible and letter. He then left the lantern on my bunk and went away. I sat up a little in the bed, and opened the sealed package. The very first words that I caught brought tears to my eyes. They were my mother's words,—‘My dear Tom.’ I read the letter carefully from beginning to end. It was a mother's prayer for the conversion of her son. I had been miserable before, but those words made me more wretched than ever. I then began for the first time to feel remorse for my sinfulness, and to have a fear and dread of judgment. I turned about in my bunk in agony which I cannot describe. I had been told that I could not live, and now I was afraid to die. What could I do? I began to pray! This was what I always had a horror of before, but I was forced to come to it at last. I prayed to God to let me get well again, and made a solemn promise to him, on my bed, that if he would only raise me up I would reform my life. The burden of my sins almost crushed me. Even if I had not been sick, it seemed as if I should have died of these. I continued to pray, and when it was expected that I would die, I was still alive, and I was kept alive, and instead of growing worse I grew better. The doctor told me then that I had a narrow escape, and that I had been lying at death's door. As I got better, I got more and more comfort. The light gradually dawned in upon my dark soul, and its darkness was dispelled. At last, one day there came a sudden joy,—a sweet peace,—that wrapped me round like sunshine. My heart was happy, and while I was wondering what it was, the mercy of Christ was made known to me. I felt the consciousness that my sins were pardoned. I began to be stirred with a new life. Whereas before I hated my home, now my heart yearned towards it. My mother,—Oh I wanted to see her, and to put my arms around her neck. I wanted to tell her that I had read her letter, and what I had

found in it: And my brothers and sisters—I had no more desire to be separated from them, but with my whole soul I longed to see them, and to tell them that I had found the Savior. My joy continued, and I told my shipmates of it. Some of them laughed at me, but I did not care for that; I knew in whom I believed. At last we came into port; it was on a Saturday morning. On the next day, I found the Mariner's Church; and, my kind friends, I have been here ever since. I am happy to be here, and can only thank God that he has led me to himself, and has led me to you in so wonderful a way. I am waiting here to go home and see my aged mother. She is very near the grave, and I want to throw myself upon her neck before she dies, and thank her, and thank God for her prayers for a wayward son.”

The Way to Holiness.

It is not my intention to write for those who are disposed to cavil with the doctrine of sanctification, or those who are indifferent to the subject, but to such as are sincerely desirous of obtaining the blessed estate. Dear brother or sister, listen to one who has passed through the struggle, and by the abundant riches and fulness of God's grace, has obtained the happy evidence that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, and he will endeavor to point you to the way.

Jesus says, “I am the way, the truth, and the life, and no man cometh to the Father but by me.” Again he says, “Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast off.” Jesus is the only name through which we may find admission to a throne of grace; for he is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption. Then Jesus is the way to holiness; and you must look directly to him; and whatever will obscure your faith and confidence in him must be overcome; for the moment you rest your all in him, he is your sanctification.

But you will say, probably, I am so unworthy of this grace, that I cannot believe. If you are waiting to be worthy, you will never be sanctified; your unworthiness should be your plea, that the grace and merit of Jesus may appear. You must see your helplessness and unworthiness, not to sink you into despair, but to drive you to Christ; for you will trust in him unto salvation only when you have lost all confidence in the flesh. Even your prayers will seem powerless, your groans and tears of no avail, and all your own works will be a loathing to you. But submit yourself to God through Jesus Christ, who is your sanctification. Behold yourself in him, washed and cleansed.

But there is another difficulty still in the way of some. They will say, I am willing to submit the whole work into the hands of Jesus, and believe he will make me holy some time in his own time, but not now. Dear friend, his time is now. He has said, "Now is the time." You say, "Not now." Hence there is a controversy between you and your Savior, which is dishonoring to him.

Nay, thirsty one, now is the time you should believe. It is wrong not to believe. Say, Here, Lord, I will, I do believe; thou hast said now; now let it be. And here rest your soul, in the all-atoning merit of Jesus.

But you say again, Would it not be presumption for me, who am so great a sinner, to aspire to that holy state immediately? Ought I not rather bear the burden under which I am laboring, and thereby evince a humility and patience worthy of God's notice? Dear soul, Satan has destroyed many on this shoal. Humility is submission to God; submit, and you are sanctified. But again, many have lost their evidence through neglecting to confess what God has done for them, lest, say they, some might think it boasting. This is a wrong conclusion. It is the confession of your poverty, and the declaration of the riches of God's grace freely bestowed upon you through the merit of Jesus Christ.

Then approach the fountain of life; drink its sweet and exhilarating waters; wash therein, and be clean; do not hesitate; venture on Jesus; his blood will cleanse you from all sin. Then tell it, proclaim it all abroad, that Jesus is a present Savior; and that he saves from all sin.

M. J. KESTER.

—[Religious Telescope.]

The Prayer Chamber.

"LET us choose a room and consecrate it to prayer," was the remark of a young lady, recently converted, to her Christian associates. Yes, do it, young Christian, and God will bless. O! how hallowed the place, thus set apart to commune with God! It is a royal chamber, though its ceilings may be low, its walls without hangings, its floor uncovered. God will meet the contrite spirit there, as soon as in the chamber, hung with the richest tapestry, and carpeted in softest velvet, and decorated with all the costly appurtenances of wealth. Thought now carries us back to a little chamber, thus consecrated long years ago, by one just merging into womanhood; and fresh in our memory are recollections of the first prayer there offered after her soul was converted to God.

O, we remember the emotions connected with the breathings forth of that first prayer to a reconciled God; though the language has long since passed from our memory, but on the records of heaven it is written, and the sacred incense still floats athwart our spiritual horizon. How blessed to kneel in the presence of a reconciled God, and pour forth the warm breathings of gratitude, and thanksgiving:

"O happy day, when Jesus washed our sins away."

How cheering to know that we have an "High Priest, who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, who was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin!" And though others may misjudge us, God knoweth our hearts, and

appreciates the motives that influence us to action, while man judgeth by outward appearance only, which so often deceives. But we may come to God and tell him all about it, and feel that he sympathizes with us, as no earthly friend can do. Blessed privilege! thus to commune with the "Father of our Spirits," and in that little room too, that he has so often hallowed with his presence. It was our privilege, for a number of years thus to retire to a room of our own choosing apart from the busy crowd; and though humble in its surroundings, it was indeed a Bethel to our soul. And when circumstances called us to go forth to other scenes, how strong was the tie that bound us to "the place we had chosen for prayer!"

Though beneath that roof-tree, our tiny eyes first oped to the light of this beautiful earth, and the innocent, gleeful days of childhood had been passed around that hearthstone, and all the pleasing associations of early life were connected,

"With the orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot that my childhood knew."

there was no tie so sacred as the one that united our soul to that room. There had we gone to God in hours of doubt and despondency, with a load on our hearts, and, while kneeling before him, the burden has been lifted therefrom, our souls have been comforted and encouraged, and the song of triumph has arisen like holy incense before the throne.

Bless God for that room. Methinks, if my soul were disembodied, I should wish sometimes to pause, stoop down and gaze into that little room, and then, looking up to the throne, I could each time strike a sweeter, louder, more melodious strain on the golden harp God had given me.

Yes, young Christian, be assured God will deign to dwell in such a place; he will make it all glorious with his presence. O! I expect, in reading over the pages of the diary, that I am every day tracing on the

records of heaven, to find many a signal victory gained, in answer to prayer there offered. Why, reader, take courage, God will answer prayer. Repair oft to the consecrated place, and, however dark the sky, or fierce the temptations that assail thee, thy "God is a rewarder of all who diligently seek him," and

"Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees."

Prayer is a universal antidote to all his assaults, because, "prayer is the slender nerve that moves the muscles of Omnipotence," and none were ever turned empty away. Why, "ask what you will, and it shall be given you." "He who spared not his own son, will with him, freely give us all things."

Come, then, to the mercy seat,—

"Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name."

And so shalt thou go on thy way rejoicing in the Lord, till glory ends what grace begun.

LETTIE CLIFTON.

[Northern Christian Advocate.

Choice Sayings.

"Jesus Christ lived to teach us how to live, and died to teach us how to die."
—[WM. SECKER.

"If the mercies of God are not *lode-stones* to draw us up to heaven, they will be *mill-stones* to sink us to perdition."—[SECKER.

"Whatsoever is not above the top of nature, is below the bottom of grace."—[SECKER.

"What are *carnal* men to *Christian* men? The *power* of God appears in the *formation* of one; but the stupendous *grace* of God shines illustriously in the *transformation* of the other."—SECKER.

"There is no passing for current coin in heaven, without the stamp and signature of heaven."—SECKER.

"It is better to be preserved in brine, than to rot in honey."—[SECKER.

The Guide to Holiness.

MAY, 1858.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

A SCOTTISH SPURGEON.—A correspondent of the *Presbyterian Herald*, writing from Glasgow, thus describes a new revival preacher who is creating a great impression in Scotland :—

"In the early part of the year, our city enjoyed the ministrations of Mr. Brownlow North, a lay gentleman of independent means, who has devoted himself to the preaching of the Gospel. He is an Episcopatian, but addresses all who choose to listen to him wherever he finds an open door. His object is to deliver the simple Gospel message, which he does with overpowering earnestness. He speaks with fluency, and even elegance, makes no attempt at exegetical preaching, says that he has but one doctrine to expound and enforce, and disavows the ministerial character and authority. But such is the fervor of his earnestness, that the largest edifice in town was not capable of containing the multitudes who flocked to hear him, from the highest to the lowest; nor were two addresses on the Sabbath sufficient to meet the demand upon his ministrations, which are continued throughout the week. Our Presbyterian ministers of the Free Church and United Presbyterian Church, and one of the Established clergy, admitted him to their pulpits; and the ministers of all our churches received from the example of this good man a lesson on the importance of earnest preaching. Many inquirers who had been awakened by the addresses of Mr. North, visited and conversed with him during the week. His visit, there is reason to believe, was productive of much spiritual good.

This gentleman, a few years ago, was a terrible reprobate. He had a shooting lodge in the Highlands, where he indulged in very loose and profligate practices. After his conversion he devoted his labors as a Christian man exclusively to those districts where he had formerly rendered himself most notorious and obnoxious by his profligacy. In his expressions of self-reproach, which of course must be taken with considerable limitation, he has repeatedly declared that he had been guilty of all the sins in the decalogue except murder. Mr. North is no fanatic. He is a calm-minded man, thoroughly imbued with Christian principle, and profoundly

impressed with a sense of the duty laid upon him of making known the great salvation. I heard him address about three thousand people, who were admitted by ticket to the City Hall, and the effect of his simple and earnest pleadings was very impressive and memorable. No preaching, I dare say, since the days of Whitefield, has produced such a powerful effect upon the popular mind as this remarkable man's addresses; and their power lies not in their logical structure, but in their earnestness.

A friend of mine, who has seen Mr. North in his wild days on the stage as an amateur player, once dined in his Highland lodge along with a gay party. The wine was circling freely, and a Highland boy, whom Mr. North had engaged as a domestic servant, entered with a fresh supply of liquor, and in setting it before his master, whispered something to him; upon which, North instantly withdrew from the table and took a cigar, refusing to indulge longer in his cups. Turning to my informant, he said, "P—, that boy is a Christian; I could trust him with untold gold." Whether that poor Highland boy's humble influence as a child of God was instrumental in touching the wicked heart of his master, my friend could not tell. But, on the occasion referred to, his warning whisper arrested North in his bacchanalian career, and probably he was in the habit of using the same liberty with his master on other festive occasions."

A NOVEL SCENE.—A Wisconsin correspondent of the *Rochester Union*, states, that, in going from Prairie du Chien to La Crosse, a few days ago, a singular scene was presented on the steamboat. At one end of the long saloon, a clergyman was preaching to a small crowd gathered around him; in the middle, gambling was in busy progress; and at the other extremity of the saloon, there was music and dancing.

THE FIGHTER CONVERTED.—The *New York Tribune* says :—The celebrated Orville Gardner, familiarly called "Awful Gardner," prize-fighter and trainer of pugilists, has been recently brought under the influence of the general revival. He is now at a small town in the vicinity of New York, where his brother was recently converted, and where he himself has been led seriously to consider the subject of religion. He attended an inquiry-meeting held in a Methodist Church, and to the sur-

prise and pleasure of the better class of his friends, requested the prayers of the congregation—a request which on three different occasions he repeated. Having some unimportant business to do in this city, a friend asked him if he would “jump into the cars and go down and attend to it?” He replied, “I have more important business to attend to first, and I shall not go to the city till it is done.” He has at present under his training three men for a prize-fight. On being asked if he would give them further lessons, he replied that “he would go to them soon, but on a different errand from that of boxing and training,” and that he “would try to persuade them to give up their fighting, to reform their character, and to embrace religion.” We learn that his earnestness and seriousness are undoubted, and that he has become hopefully converted.

PRAYER IN A THEATRE.—At the prayer meeting at Burton's Theatre, New York, on Saturday last, Henry Ward Beecher was the leader in the devotional exercises. Every place in the theatre which could contain a human being was filled. More than three thousand persons were present. The *N. Y. Times* gives the following incident:

At this moment, there came in from the neighborhood of the theatre a volume of musical sound—the singing of a hymn in another meeting. Mr. Beecher rose, and stepped to the foot-lights. Raising his hand, he stood quietly a moment, fixing the attention of the audience before he spoke. “Brethren,” said he, “do you hear that? Stop a moment! *That's the sound of worship out of the old bar-room of this theatre!* Let us spend two minutes in silent prayer and thanksgiving!” He resumed his seat, and for the two succeeding minutes the falling of a pin could have been heard.

HOPEFUL SIGNS AMONG THE MOST DEGRADED.—One of the most interesting meetings in Boston is the noonday meeting held by Father Mason, in his Hall, corner of Ferry and North Streets, in the midst of the most depraved part of the city. Many of the most dissolute of both sexes have been there, wept and prayed, and give good signs of a thorough reform. Christians, following the example of Jesus, labor with them, and great good follows. Considerable money has been raised to procure means to aid those who wish an honorable and virtuous employment. The prayer of every one seems to be that the good work may go on.

THE WHOLE COUNTRY IN REVIVAL.—From the great West accounts come of the great awakening there. We saw a letter on Thursday from a merchant of this city, who has been travelling in Iowa and Wisconsin, and who says that everywhere, in the stores, at the hotels, in the streets, in the cars, the one prominent subject of discussion is religion. A gentleman from Ohio lately stated, that, by adding his personal observations to those of a friend, he could say, that from Omaha City, in Nebraska, to Washington, *there was a line of prayer meetings along the whole length of the road;* so that, wherever a Christian traveller stopped to spend the evening, he could find a crowded prayer meeting, across the entire breadth of our vast republic.

A SALOON KEEPER CONVICTED.—Rev. Dr. Nevins, of Chelsea, in illustrating the extent of the revival in reaching different classes of men, spoke of a keeper of a saloon in that city who had been prominent in leading young men into the paths of dissipation and vice, who had been reached by the Spirit of God, and whose saloon was used last night for a prayer meeting. The man himself was sick on his bed in an adjoining room, but he could not remain there, and putting the quilt around him, came out and asked the Christians present to pray for him, and himself started and sung the hymn:

“Show pity Lord, O, Lord forgive,
Let a repentant sinner live.”

He avowed his earnest determination henceforth to serve God. The meeting was interesting.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

THIS REVIVAL WILL NOT ALWAYS LAST.—Such was the remark of a Christian minister, as he was plying the unconverted with a variety of motives for yielding to the gracious influences of God's spirit. Though well intended, in our humble judgment, it was ill-timed and unfortunate. However much such considerations may move on the impenitent, (and we doubt whether even this can be claimed to any very great extent,) it operates as an opiate on the faith of the church. And why, let us ask, may not this revival always last? Is God capriciously bound to a limited period in the outpouring of his Spirit? Must such seasons constitute eras in the church's history, separated by long, intervening years of spiritual

drought? We are free to admit that such has been the fact in the past, but must it need be in the future? We believe not. The church has been gradually merging from gross darkness to great light, and God will hold her responsible for that light. It has been generally conceded, that the commercial derangements of our country, have contributed much in leading the church to God; and, in the renewal of her espousals, as she has come up out of the wilderness, leaning upon the arm of her beloved, her beauty and her faithfulness have instrumentally attracted the eye of the world to Christ. Was the renewal of her covenant engagements an impulsive act, having reference to a limited season, or was it the calm, deliberate decision of the soul to wed itself to its rightful Lord, for all time, *aye, for eternity?* If the latter, our revival will not have an ephemeral existence—it will not be set down as one of those excitements, which have their day and are forgotten. The revival of business will not put out its fires—the revolution of kingdoms will not arrest its progress. Let the church learn the secret of *abiding* in Christ, and from her will flow perpetually rivers of living water. It was the absence of this higher life alone, that caused her to wane in her influence on the world—its maintenance will render that influence irresistible, and contribute, in no small measure, to the ushering in of millennial glory. Let her watch over herself with godly jealousy. Let her guard each avenue of the heart. Let her start at the first solicitation of a rival, and cleave closer to her spouse, and he will beautify her with the reflection of his own image, and lead her from conquering to conquest. What solemn obligations does the present revival impose on the lovers of holiness! With them, to a very great extent, will it depend whether it be permanent in duration or not. Now is the time, beloved, for you to sow the seed of truth. If you would preserve young converts from backsliding, if you would save those who have been longer in the way from the falls and failures of the past, teach them, while their hearts are yet tender, the fulness there is in Jesus, and the solemn obligations which Heaven imposes to lead a holy life. If ever there was a time that your light should shine, it is the present. With Jesus in your heart, utter, to the praise of his grace, the rich experience which you have had in the deep things of God. Such testimonies carry an irresistible weight, and we believe them to be one of the heaven-ordained means of keep-

ing alive our own faith. Said a minister of the gospel, who had for years professed this grace, but whose experience had been somewhat vacillating, "Brethren, I have been long studying how to keep the blessing of holiness—I have learned the secret." Then, in a subdued tone, he added, "Give it away—*Give it away.*" Depend upon it, beloved, there is much true philosophy in this remark. Freely ye have received, freely give. Let that precious light that the Holy Spirit has imparted, *shine*, and there shall be added to that which has been already given, and you will have more abundantly. But let your testimony be not only of Christ, and for Christ, but *in* Christ, and *with* Christ. Besides the living testimony, much might be done by the circulation of books treating on holiness. These will gain access where your voice cannot reach, and will frequently secure attention and awaken thought where there is no motive for resistance. Sow beside all waters, and God will bless your efforts. The church must be aroused to her high and holy calling, or, after the present exultants are passed, she will relapse again into her old formalities, and the revival and its precious fruits will be numbered among the things that were.

May God lead us to faithfulness.

A GREEN SPOT.—Last September, by the solicitation and efforts of several ardent lovers of the precious doctrine of full salvation, a special meeting was established in the city of Rochester, for the promotion of this work. These meetings are held every Friday afternoon, in the North Street M. E. Church. By common consent, they are led by Rev. John Parker, who receives the hearty cooperation of Rev. J. N. Brown, the Pastor. Several ministers from other parts of the city are usually present, as well as a representation from nearly every Methodist Society, and some even of other denominations. Quite a number have found a fulness in Jesus, including one regular minister of the place, and several class-leaders and official members. It was my pleasure to attend one of those meetings in March, and my heart was cheered with the sight of my eyes. The most spiritual of the city regard the "Friday meeting" as a "green spot" in their midst. How much more becoming and Christ-like does it seem for those ministers of Jesus to give their sanction and influence to this work, than to glory (as did one whom I knew) in their successful efforts to *break up* all meetings of this kind under their jurisdiction!—[SUB-ED.]

REMEMBER ME.

Arranged and Harmonized for the GUIDE, by REV. W. Mc DONALD.

1. Je - sus, thou art the sinner's friend, I look a - lone to thee;
 2. Re - member thy pure word of grace, Re - member Cal - va - ry;

3. Thou wondrous Ad - vo - cate with God! I yield my - self to thee;
 4. And tho' I'm guil - ty, weak and vile, Sal - vation's full and free;

5. Howe'er for - sa - ken or distressed, Howe'er oppressed I be,
 6. And when I close mine eyes in death, And creature helps all flee,

Now in the ful - ness of thy love, O, Lord! re - mem - ber me:
 Now in the ful - ness of thy love, O, Lord! re - mem - ber me:
 Re - mem - ber all thy dy - ing groans, And then re - mem - ber me:

While seat - ed on thy throne of love, O, Lord! re - mem - ber me:
 Then, in thy all - a - bounding grace, O, Lord! re - mem - ber me:

Howe'er af - flict - ed here on earth, Do thou re - mem - ber me:
 Then, oh! my great Redeem - er, God! I pray, re - mem - ber me:

O, Lord! re - mem - ber me, O, Lord! re - mem - ber me;
 And then re - mem - ber me, And then re - mem - ber me;

O, Lord! re - mem - ber me, O, Lord! re - mem - ber me;
 O, Lord! re - mem - ber me, O, Lord! re - mem - ber me;

Do thou re - mem - ber me, Do thou re - mem - ber me;
 I pray, re - mem - ber me, I pray, re - mem - ber me;

Christ in his Saints.

BY DORA.

THERE is no truth more plainly revealed in the Word of God, than this, that Christ dwells in the hearts of his saints.

With what confidence the apostle Paul exclaims,—“I live; yet not I, but *Christ liveth in me!*” When enumerating the blessings for which he prayed in behalf of his Ephesian brethren, he names this, “that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith.” The deep interest of his soul toward his Galatian brethren is thus expressed: “My little children, of whom I travail in birth again, *until Christ be formed in you.*”

When writing to the church at Rome, he among other things exhorts them to “put on the Lord Jesus Christ;” and, in his epistle to the Colossians, he declares that “the mystery which hath been hid for ages, and from generations, but now is made manifest to his saints,” “the riches” and “glory” of which he would have made “known among the Gentiles,” is this, “*Christ in you the hope of glory.*” To his Corinthian brethren, he with great confidence asks, “Know ye not, your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?”

How may we attain unto this inestimable blessing—an inward Christ? In reply to the question proposed by a disciple just prior to his crucifixion, “Lord, how is it, that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world?” Jesus says, “If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and *make our abode with him.*” With this, agrees the language of the apostle John,—“God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and *God in him.*” Again he says, “And this is the love of God, that ye keep his commandments.”

Both Jesus and John show that true love will be evinced by an obedience to the divine precepts, and that, in the hearts of those who thus love, Christ will dwell.

VOL. XXXIII.—228.

Jesus also says, “By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.” John harmonizes with this when he says, “If we love one another, *God dwelleth in us*, and his love is perfected in us.” And now, lest we mistake the character of that love which we must have, in order to insure the indwelling of God—the apostle gives an infallible test: “By this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God, and keep his commandments.”

Obedience to the commands of God, is the touchstone given by Christ and the apostle John, by which we may know whether our love be of the genuine kind or not. It is not a love based on affinities and theories, but it is a love that “is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.”

Though one had the power to speak the languages of all men, and with the eloquence of angels—though they possessed the gift of prophecy, and had understanding of all mysteries and sciences—though, by mighty faith, they could remove mountains into the midst of the sea, and with the spirit of wonderful benevolence, bestow all their goods on the poor, and nobly die a martyr’s death rather than yield their principles, yet, if destitute of this pure and heaven-born love; all, all beside, would profit them nothing.

It is such, yea, it is the same “love wherewith” the Father loved the Son. Says Jesus, in his prayer to the Father,—“And I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it; that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and *I in them.*” It is a love “without dissimulation,” an “unfeigned love,” and he who has it in his heart will do “no ill to his neighbor; therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law.”

The apostle Paul exhorts his brethren to be “rooted and grounded in love”—it is the “good ground,” which bringeth forth an “hundred fold.” We are to “forbear one another in love,” and to “speak the truth

in love." Is the church to "make increase of the body unto the edification of itself?"—it must be "in love." Are its members to be "knit together?"—it is "in love."—Would we have an active faith? It "works by love." This is a love that is not "in word, neither in tongue," only, "but in deed and in truth."

If the possessor of this love "sees a brother or a sister naked and destitute of daily food," he says not, "Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding he giveth them not those things that are needful to the body." Love feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, lifts the heavy burden from the weary shoulder, relieves the distressed, comforts the afflicted, and strengthens the weak.

Such is the love which leads to obedience, and secures an indwelling Christ. And now one blessed thought in conclusion. The King, seated on the throne of judgment, is represented as saying to those upon his right hand,—*"Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."* Done what unto Christ? Why, they had fed him when hungry,—given him drink when thirsty, clothed him when naked, visited him when sick, ministered unto him when in prison. And how? By doing it even unto the least of those, his brethren, for in them *Christ dwelt*.

Brother! sister! hast thou ever thought "O, that I had lived when the Savior was upon earth! with what delight would I have hung upon his words,—with what eager haste prepared a repast and a couch for his refreshment, when hungry and weary with fasting and long journeying. How I would have brought the cooling water, with which to lave his fevered brow, and bathe his soil-worn feet. I would have applied balm to his bleeding wounds, when scourged by Roman soldiers, and near his cross would I have taken my stand, and mingled my tears with the weeping Mary's, and from the fulness of my heart, told him my grief and love." Turn thine eye no

longer back to Nazareth, to Gethsemane, nor Calvary, but remember that Christ is *here*,—he yet lives and dwells "with men on earth," and while thou art bestowing kindly acts of love on his saints, thou art in verity ministering to him whom thy soul loveth.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, *ye have done it unto me.*"

"Guide to Holiness."

BY M. LOWRY.

Thou lamp of life and love divine!
O may thy truths with radiance shine,
Till darkest night shall turn to day,
Beneath thy heaven-born spirit's sway.

Sweet messenger of holy joy,
And perfect love without alloy!
Still may thy monthly rounds be run,
Till love unites all hearts in one.

This is the life and this the power.
O may it richly on us shower,
Till all be sprinkled from above,
And taste the joys of perfect love!

Then will thy work appear, indeed,
Rich harvest of a precious seed;—
The true millennial day shall come,
"And angels shout the harvest-home."

Onward! Upward! point us still,
To the top of Pisgah's hill:
Conduct us to the river's brink,
Then in the arms of love we'll sink.

And when we're come to Canaan's shore,
We'll need thy guidance then no more;
But follow angels as our "guide,"
Till we arrive at Jesus' side.

OWEN SOUND, C. W.

NEGLECT.—"There is nothing in our earthly affairs that is valuable, that will not be ruined by neglect—and why may it not be so in the concerns of the soul? Let no one, therefore, infer, that because he is not a drunkard, an adulterer, or a murderer, that, therefore, he will be saved."—[Barnes.

Holiness—its Effects.

"WITHOUT me," says the Savior, "ye can do nothing." No one feels so fully the truth of this inspired declaration as the truly holy soul. In perusing the written experience of several eminently pious persons recently, I was surprised at the harmony of thought and expression on this point. I fear not to assert, that no greater test—so far as mere feeling is concerned,—can be, or should be, desired by the lovers of holiness, than this deep, pervading consciousness of personal nothingness. In the language of the poet we may ever say,

"Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need."

This state of feeling, however, does not exclude the existence of that perfect faith, which will enable us to say, "I can do all things through Christ strengthening me." In this, there is a blending of perfect weakness and perfect strength—the perfect weakness of the finite, and perfect strength of the infinite. In Professor Upham's work, entitled, "Divine Union," we find an extract from his personal experience corroborative of our own views on this subject. It reads as follows: "I have been taught, for many years, and by painful experience, that I can place no confidence in my own thoughts, feelings, and purposes. In none of these respects can I be my own keeper. On the contrary, I have seen, with the greatest clearness, that to be left to myself, either in these respects or in anything else, is always to be left in sin. And so great has been my anguish of spirit, in view of my inability to guide myself aright, that I could only pray that I might be struck out of existence and be annihilated, or that God would return and keep that which I could not keep myself."

Were this effect of "perfect love" generally understood, we should be better prepared to "perfect holiness," and to "grow in grace." For the want, or lack of knowledge on this point, many fall back into a

lower state of grace, or go mourning after something—they know not what. Here is the point where that faith is needed which will permit God, in accordance with his will and word, to lead us by a "way we know not."

God has so constituted man, that he possesses a three-fold nature, viz., physical, intellectual and moral. The gospel system, or economy of grace, is such, that it reaches and operates upon them all, till, if there is no opposition by the creature, the whole becomes leavened or redeemed from the dominion and power of sin. We have already expressed a few thoughts in relation to the effect of holiness, as exhibited in the conscious nothingness of the creature and the all of the Creator. To show how this blessed state of things is to be effected, it would be as well, perhaps, to begin with some particulars respecting it.

First. Our *understanding*. In proportion to our knowledge and understanding of the laws and effect of grace, will, no doubt, be our attainments, taking it for granted that we are sincere, and seeking after God with all our heart. This faculty of the mind needs close and constant attention, and should be regulated and trained under the teachings of the Word and Spirit of God. It will be utterly impossible to "draw nigh to God" in the exercise of a perfect faith, until, with our understanding, we perceive Christ in all his offices as the "end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." When this point is attained, faith may stretch out her hand, and take to herself the promises, and find, that, in very deed, they are all yea and amen.

My Christian reader, permit the question to be asked, How do we understand this matter? Are our perceptions of holiness, or of "perfect love," clear and scriptural? Are we holding on whereunto we have attained, "not laying again the foundation for repentance?" If these interrogations can be answered in the affirmative, the leaven of grace is now effecting its

blessed work in every part of our being. In order, therefore, to accelerate this state of things, our *will* is another important faculty, or item of our being, which needs attention. Here is a grand citadel, one which often holds out the longest and hardest against every weapon except that of indomitable courage and faith. When conquered, it becomes the most blessed participator in all the victories of grace.

As we pass along with our subject, we would continue our inquiries, and here ask, Is our *will* subjugated, conquered, refined and prepared to adorn the temple of grace? If so, we may bathe in a sea of unsullied pleasure, and find all its waves both cleansing and refreshing to our souls. The Lord grant it may be even so.

The next particular to which we would turn our attention, relates to the *conscience*. This, in connection with our other faculties, has become disordered and perverted. Its origin, like all other evils,

"Sprang from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race and taints us all."

Not only is the conscience affected by original depravity, but also through the practical habit of sin and unbelief. "Now the Spirit," saith the apostle Paul, "speaketh expressly, that, in the latter times, some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy, *having their conscience seared*," etc. Perhaps in none of our faculties are the effects of depravity and sin so little noticed—so little suspected of being wrong and boding wrong, as the one we are now contemplating. Hence the obvious cause of so many false theories and false teachings, which, in the end, result in crime, misery, and death.

It is doubtless owing to the perverted state of the conscience, that many professing Christians do and say things without any apparent compunction, which are clearly forbidden by the Word and Spirit of God. For instance, a profusion in dress, equipage, amusements, etc., speaking lightly

of others, or as we would not that others should speak of us, running in debt when there is no necessity for it, promising and failing to perform, eating and drinking that, or in that degree, which is not for the glory of God, using tobacco and intoxicating drinks, covetously withholding time and money from the cause of benevolence, wasting time unnecessarily in sleep, etc., etc.

In every minutiae of life, especially of holy life, the conscience is kept in constant exercise. We do not go out or come in, rise up or lie down, think or speak, eat or drink, or do anything else, but we have reproof or encouragement from this ever-watchful monitor.

In view, therefore, of this state of things, it becomes our imperative duty to seek for a scripturally enlightened and purified conscience. Possessing this blessing, all our decisions will harmonize with the unerring teachings of the sacred Spirit and Oracles of God. We would therefore suggest the propriety of making a definite effort, to instruct and mould this faculty of the mind, so as to have it fully answer the great purpose for which it was created. To this end our prayers and our faith should be also definite. In the work progressive of holiness, it becomes frequently necessary to enter into a consideration of particulars which have many times before been considered. We have evidence of this fact, from injunctions like the following: "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith." "Exhort one another daily," "lest any of you be hardened," etc. The same sentiment is also taught in many of our hymns. For instance, the following in relation to the conscience:—

"From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshy heart,
The tender conscience give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make;
Awake, my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake."

B. 8.

Take the Cross.

BY A. A. PHELPS.

THERE is a cross in standing out fully on the side of Christ and truth, and witnessing a good confession in all the relations of life. Yet every one who expects to be crowned in the resurrection of the just, must conscientiously take up, and unfalteringly bear, that "consecrated cross." No matter how much the flesh may tremble, and incline us to seek an easier path; the flesh must be crucified, and the voice of the tempter hushed to silence, by our prompt obedience. A failure here is a *fatal* one, which all are exhorted not to make. The Word assures us—and experience confirms it—that this is, after all, the shortest, and cheapest, and safest way for all to tread;—*it is the only way to a crown of bright glory in the mansions above!*

But it was intended only to say a few words in reference to a single point. It is this: When our brethren and sisters write for the public, and thus witness to the truth, do they not often snub the cross, by withholding their names? We are convinced that articles for the press would be read with greater interest, and generally do more good, with the proper names of the authors attached. Especially would we urge this upon all writers on *Personal Experience*. No one should write an experience which he is afraid to meet at home; and where the true *testimony* is given, the world ought to be blessed with a knowledge of the *living witnesses*.

Sister B——, of this place, a mother in Israel, whose depth of piety I have never known surpassed, recently assured me of her solemn convictions on this point. Many years ago, she wrote her experience of perfect love; but a mistaken humility concealed her name. The anonymous article made its appearance, but she felt that she had kept back part of the price, and realized a spiritual loss from that hour. The editor of the Northern Christian

Advocate will understand this allusion, as he was her pastor at the time. Let all prayerfully weigh this matter, and resolve to *take the cross!*

Lima, N. Y.

I Love Jesus.

The writer of the following does not intend to speak of the distinctive work of inward purity at present, though she is not a stranger to its blessed reality. Of this, she may speak at another time. The design of the writer is thus expressed by herself, in an accompanying note: "My object is not to speak on the subject of *holiness*, but to show the power of *divine grace* to keep the youthful heart from following after the *fleeting things of earth*." SUB-EDITOR.

How often have my heart-strings thrilled, as I have heard, in the mingled songs of God's little ones, the simple words,—

"Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away."

Well do I remember the eventful hour when first I knelt as a humble penitent at the feet of Jesus. It was in the winter of 1852, when, under the faithful preaching of Dr. Redfield, (Rev. J. K. Tinkham being our preacher in charge,) I was brought to see myself somewhat as God saw me. It was just at the time in life when the world began to wear the most pleasing aspect, and Pleasure beckoned me with a flowery hand to continue with her gay votaries. But blessed be Jesus that I was brought under the influence of the Holy Spirit, thus early in life. From how many fearful snares has it saved me!

Though taught in early childhood, by a pious mother, to lisp "Our Father who art in heaven," and though I often uttered that prayer as I grew older, yet, when I came to look on my heart, by the light of divine truth, oh! what a heart of *sin* I found; and almost despairingly I cried,—

"Is there any mercy, Lord?"

Oh! send it down to me."

There *was* mercy in store, and a blessed manifestation thereof was communicated to me. Hard was the struggle to give up the world; and I felt, while the strong

fetters that bound me to earth were being severed,—

"'Tis bitter pain, 't is cruel smart,
But O! thou must consent, my heart."

And I *did* consent to let Jesus save me. The language of my overflowing soul in that happy hour was, Glory to Jesus! Glory to Jesus! And in view of all that grace has done for me, since, to wean me from earth's vain glitter, and purify my nature, I still repeat, Glory to Jesus! For some time I have been able to adopt the following beautiful language:

"Let worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me—
Once, I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

* * * * *

"Creatures, no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart—
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart."

And still the Savior is with me, and I am permitted to enjoy his presence every day; and I rejoice to know that *salvation* is my *present portion*, and *heaven* my *future home*.

AMAH.

Henrietta, N. Y. March, 1858.

"Passing Away!"

BY S. Y. L.

THERE are some expressions in language which are burdened with the weight of human destiny. The simple words which head this article embody a truth deeply impressive, and full of solemn emphasis. They are the sad wail of nature; the mournful requiem of humanity. They sweep through the halls of memory gathering the events of the past;—they fathom the future, and trace the checkered pathway of life until it is lost in the dark waters of the stream of death. "Passing away" is written upon everything earthly. It is the melancholy dirge of the rippling rill, for soon shall its last wave hurry to mingle with the waters of the rolling ocean. It is the gentle whisper of the twinkling stars, as they stud the dark platform of a moon-

less sky, for we are told that "the heavens shall pass away;"—that "the firmament shall be rolled together as a scroll," and no longer shall these lamps of heaven light the slumbering world. The bright flowers that unfold their petals to the morning sunlight, murmur in their departing fragrance "passing away," for soon shall the last rays of the sinking sun tremble upon their faded and scattered leaves. The towering pyramids; the splendid monuments of human genius; the grandest works of art, are all hurrying on to the sepulchre of decay, and shall soon be buried in the grave of oblivion. The splendid temple of nature which has been reared by nature's God, hung with burning worlds, adorned with continents, and gemmed with oceans; carpeted with liquid silver and velvet green; fringed with landscapes, and dotted with islands;—even this superstructure, the masterpiece of Heaven's workmanship, shall be consumed, while over its ashes shall rise the "great white throne." Every thing material sighs "passing away."

Upon the muffled drum of time the funeral march of the teeming millions of earth is being beaten. Onward, onward, moves the great procession to the charnel-house of death. The wave of every successive generation is freighted with human beings, rolling onward to the boundless ocean of Eternity. All of us journey from the cradle to the grave;—finding between the warmth of the one, and the coldness of the other, no resting-place. Like the ripe oak of the forest ready for its fall, even so the aged sire, with whitened locks and furrowed cheek, is tottering over the tomb. The man of vigor in the prime of his life,—the maiden flying on the rosy wings of youth,—and the golden one that gambols in the sunny hours of childhood, all are in the moving caravan of life, *all* are passing away. Unconsciously the flying moments wing themselves away, and make up the sum of human history, as the blending waves make up the mighty deep. The day, the year, the successive periods of

human life, all hasten away, and are remembered only as an evening dream.

Life's pilgrimage is short and eventful; full of sunshine, full of shadows. It is compared, in the Bible, to a shooting star, which blazes for a moment in its brilliant career o'er the heavens, and then expires in darkness and gloom. It is represented by a "flower of the field," which unfolds in beauty, and cheers with its rich fragrance, but in one short season withers, and is forgotten. The inspired penman, also, compares it to a "weaver's shuttle," which swiftly flies onward, but soon completes its mission. Various are the figures used to represent it, all teaching its frailty, and proclaiming its brevity.

With fearful rapidity we are hastening to join the vast army of the sheeted dead, to remain with them for a brief space in death's dungeon, and thence to pass to the judgment-seat of Christ. The brightest eye will soon lose its brilliance, and its dark fire shall grow dim in death. The loveliest human form will soon crumble to dust, the most blooming cheek fade, and the most bounding heart cease forever its pulsations. To the Christian, this thought is one of unmatched sublimity, for it points his eye to the splendors of that world to which he is journeying; it fires his soul with the vision of immortality. To the sinner, its contemplation is filled with darkness and misery. The fact that he is "passing away," is a dreamlike indefiniteness, a cloud-skirted mystery.

Reader, let the fact that you are "passing away," impress you with your relations to God, and urge you to continual action. To a world of bliss, or a world of unending misery, you are travelling.

"Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.
There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the *second* death!"

Throw your vision over the dark stream into that world beyond, for *there* it is never said, "WE ARE PASSING AWAY!"

The Secret of the Lord.

BY LEILA.

The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant.—Psalms xxv. 14.

THE secret of the Lord

Will ever be with those,
Who, on the Savior's simple word,
Confidingly repose.

With simple, trusting faith,
They Abba, Father, cry,
And God, their Heavenly Father, hears,
And helps them from on high.

On them he sets the seal,
Of his unchanging love,
And daily feeds their hungry souls,
With manna from above.

They yield the heavenly fruit
Of love, and peace, and joy,
That peace the precious Savior gives,
The world can ne'er destroy.

With such delight in God,
They daily grow in grace,
Reflecting still his image here,
Till they shall see his face.

"The just shall live by faith,"
Assured of perfect peace;
Their path is like the shining light,
That ever will increase

Until the perfect day,
Shall bless their longing eyes,
And the bright Sun of Righteousness,
Shall gladden all the skies.

To me, that trusting faith,
Dear Savior, now impart—
A sweet assurance of thy love,
An humble, holy heart!

Give me such perfect love,
That, e'en in death's dark vale,
Thy presence shall illumine my path,
Nor heart nor flesh shall fail!

For then my promised guide
Shall answer to my call,
And faith be sweetly lost in sight,
When Christ is all in all.

Newport, April 24, 1868.

An Analogy

BETWEEN THE HISTORY OF THE ISRAELITES IN THE WILDERNESS AND THE NEW TESTAMENT CHURCH PRIOR TO HER ENTERING THE REST OF FAITH.

BY M. W. RUSSELL.

NOTWITHSTANDING the knowledge we have of God by the works of nature around us, and his inward revelations to the soul, still the mass of the human race are comparatively ignorant of him, in some of the most important relations he sustains to us, through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, as our strength, our wisdom, and our keeper.

The Israelites, at the commencement of the seven years' famine, were led to see their awful condition, as death stared them in the face; but God had prepared them a deliverer, their beloved Joseph, who was eminently a type of Christ. He was sold for twenty pieces of silver, hated, reviled, falsely accused, condemned, inwardly crucified, buried for three years in prison, and finally, through suffering, to what amazing glories did he enter into rest! In like manner, the human race, when they see the inward corruption of the heart, their fallen, hopeless condition, the terrors of the second death staring them in the face, Christ arises as their Savior and Deliverer from the penalty attached to a broken law. The Israelites were kindly treated by the Egyptian monarchs, while Joseph lived; but soon after his death, were terribly oppressed, and often mourned under the lash of the cruel task-master. The new-born soul likewise rejoices in deliverance from the terrors that threaten the transgression of the law. At first, abundantly satisfied, like the Israelites, with the joys resulting from deliverance, and the good things set before it, it goes on for a while, weeks or months, perhaps, in this happy state; and, while it feels the love of Christ glowing in the heart, it willingly attends to all Christian duties; but, in a moment of tempta-

tion, or amid the busy cares of the world, it neglects to take up some cross; the next time it has not so much feeling, and it resolves to wait till it has more; so it keeps going round the cross, until it has become so magnified that it seems impossible to take it up at all. But conscience says, You have made a profession, and you must do so and so; thus it becomes the "school-master, or slave-driver, (as Mr. Finney calls it,) and uses the lash to excite it to duty, until at last it is led to cry out with Paul, O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"—Romans vii. 24. It is not so with the sanctified soul; having found it hard to serve two masters, it has renounced self, laid all upon the altar, and committed itself to Christ, to do his will, whatever it may be. Then he appears as its strength, and everything is spontaneous; for love, instead of fear, is the ruling motive of the heart. It simply trusts and confides in him as a child in its parent, being "careful for nothing." It does not look forward to the next hour to see whether it shall have to do some important duty, or take up some heavy cross, knowing that he will not impose upon it any burden too heavy to bear. It remembers that "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength," and, if it is constantly renewing its strength, what has it to fear?

As God proclaimed deliverance to the Israelites, by his servant Moses, so now he seems to be proclaiming deliverance to this generation, by some of his faithful servants. As miracles were performed to convince the Egyptians that he was the true God, so now we may say they are being performed almost daily, by bringing in the outcasts, those who were sunk in the lowest depths of vice and misery, with sceptics and infidels, who totally rejected God. The barriers that seemed, a few years ago, to be insurmountable, have been removed; the gospel has been preached to almost every nation, and those who have not heard it are ready to receive it. Some of the

strongest fortresses in Satan's kingdom have fallen, and hundreds and thousands have been brought, by the sword of the Spirit, to surrender at the feet of Jesus. "The shouts of victory are being "wafted in on every breeze," and the cry comes from the north and the south, the east and the west, "Come over and help us." But are we ready? Can we go forth but partly armed—with the old shield of faith we have been using these many years, so often pierced and broken by the darts of the enemy? The answer is, No, that is not sufficient. God is calling upon his people, to put on the whole armor; he offers them a new shield, the full assurance of faith, which alone can conquer the world. A voice cries, "All things are now ready,"—"go up and possess the land." Shall we say, "We are not able"? The assurance comes again, "They that be with us are more than they that be with them."

Whatever God may overlook in those that know not their duty, who have not the precious light that is beaming in upon us in this nineteenth century, it is evident that his perfect law prohibits the commission of a single sin; and, if we refuse to obey that law when it is made known to us, or we have the means of knowing it, terrible will be the result. We have become so wedded to the world, and so accustomed to little sins, as some term them, though no sin is a little sin in the sight of God, that the idea of holiness, to a worldly professor, is exceedingly repugnant. Love is the fulfilling of the law, and sin is the transgression of it, so that, while the soul is entirely actuated, in all its exercises, by pure love to Christ, those exercises of the heart cannot be sinful. I have often heard Mr. Finney say, that, "if we would ever see Christ, we must be like him;" and can we be like Christ without being holy? "But," says one, "I expect God will make me holy before I die." You do! What ground have you for supposing that if suddenly cut off while you knowingly live in the commission of one sin, God will,

at that moment, make you holy, and take you to heaven! O fatal delusion! "He that violates one of the commandments is guilty of the whole."

But to return to the Israelites. Although they worshipped the God of Abraham, known to them as the great I AM, yet, having no adequate idea of his nature, they, at the same time, supposed that the idols of Egypt possessed the attributes of Divinity, and were worshipped to some extent by them, as having power to dispense good and evil to all the inhabitants of the land.

Likewise the soul that has not attained a full maturity of grace supposes that the idols of the world, in the way of dress, pride, anger, must be retained, and in some way or other, courted: ornaments must be worn to please friends; a certain degree of worldly pride must be cherished, in order to maintain respectability, and conscience even must be sacrificed often to preserve its honor. Mr. Finney calls every thing an idol that comes between us and God; and says, "The way to heaven is so straight and narrow that we cannot take any of them with us."

After a long succession of miracles, Pharaoh lets the people go. What rejoicing is there in all their ranks! and as they breathe the air of freedom, their joy is expressed in anthems of praise to their deliverer. So the burdened soul, as it comes into the liberty of a free and full salvation, rejoices, with a "joy unspeakable and full of glory." They pass along, guided by the pillar of cloud, by day, and that of fire, by night, until they come to the margin of the Red Sea, where they encamp; but suddenly they are surprised by the approaching host of Pharaoh. Before them is the sea, and behind them is the advancing hostile enemy; they know if they go forward death awaits them in the deep, if they return backwards they must encounter the swords of their pursuers. Just at this crisis Jehovah appears as their deliverer—a voice goes forth, the waters roll back on either side, and the Israelites pass over in

safety. The Egyptians pursue them, and are overwhelmed in the waters. Likewise, the sanctified soul often has to pass through deep waters of affliction, where it cannot at first, see the hand of God, and the enemy says, "You can never go through this;" but faith, the guiding star by day, and hope, the beacon light by night, reveal Christ as its strength, and he speaks in the still, small voice—"My grace is sufficient for thee." The Israelites were strengthened, while passing through the wilderness, by the manna that fell from heaven, and refreshed by water that issued from the rock struck by the rod of Moses. So the soul, united to Christ, while travelling through the wilderness of this world, is strengthened by the bread of life, (the word of God,) and refreshed by the promises as they flow gently forth from that cleft-rock, the lips of the Redeemer.

When they reached Mount Sinai, in the absence of Moses, not fully understanding the nature of the true God, they erected a golden calf as an object of worship.—Soon the mountain began to tremble at its base, and His voice was heard in thunder tones at its top, signifying his displeasure. Likewise, the newly sanctified soul, in an unexpected moment of assault, failing to appropriate Christ, *may* fall into sin. But, how the inner temple trembles! The mild voice of reproof seems to echo through the inner chambers of the soul, as though it would never die away. As the Israelites laid their hands on the head of the sacrifice, thereby transferring to it their sins,—so we, if we violate the law, must lay hold of Christ by repentance and faith; and, as he bears our sins away, we are cleansed from all unrighteousness. Let us not think that, if we become holy, we shall not need to bathe again in that "fountain filled with blood;" for we need to repair to it, then, oftener than ever, in order that we may be kept "unspotted from the world."

The Israelites were required to fight with and destroy their enemies on every side.

So we are required, with the "sword of the Spirit," to fight our spiritual enemies who often threaten to overthrow us. They were detained forty years in the wilderness because they had not faith sufficient to go up and possess the land. Thus, they were turned back from time to time, when they were on the very borders of it, until all the generations, but those of Caleb and Joshua, had passed away; for they alone had said, We are able to go up and take possession. So the New Testament church has many times touched the borders of the promised land; at the Reformation, and in the days of Wesley, she seemed to come still nearer, but through unbelief was again driven back. At the present time, we are nearer still, and a voice louder than ever, cries, "Go up and possess the land." The question has been asked, "Will the present revival cease?" It will abate or continue, just in proportion as God's people put on the whole armor, and gird themselves for the conquest.—When his people become a holy people, then will Satan's kingdom begin to tremble and fall—then will this earth become the kingdom of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Then shall we enter the promised land, when Christ will reign King of kings on the earth, a thousand years, with the sceptre of love, *in the hearts of his people.*

Unbelief,

AND ITS RELATION TO OTHER SINS.

BY J. D.

THERE are various opinions as it respects the relation which unbelief bears to other sins. Some regard it as the great cause or parent from which all other sins proceed; while others view it as the effect or offspring of some greater sin, and would think it as unwise to speak or preach against the sin of unbelief as it would be for a physician to apply a remedy to the effect instead of the cause of a disease he wished to remove.

But we think the word of God, as well as the experience of many devoted Christians, prove it be the great fountain or

root of all sin. It is, in fact, the first seed which Satan sowed in the human heart. God placed man in Eden with the charge, "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for, in the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." While he believes God's word, he obeys it, and is pure and happy; but the first temptation which is presented to the sinless pair is unbelief. "Ye shall not surely die," says the subtle foe, just the reverse of what God says. Now if man believes the word of the serpent, he must disbelieve the word of God. He cannot have faith in the one without unbelief in the other. He listens to and believes the serpent, which is the first step towards the fatal fall. Now he can reach forth his hand, and take the fruit for which, a short time before, he had no desire; he neither coveted it for food, nor delighted to gaze on it.

But now the daughters of Eve see that it is a tree "good for food," and that it is "pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise." What has caused this wonderful change, even before the fruit is tasted? Neither the tree nor its fruit has changed; it looks the same, and is the same. But ah, Eve has changed. That heart, which, a short time previous, was pure and holy, has now received the fatal seed of unbelief, which, the next moment, springs up, and bears the fruit of disobedience. Thus it appears that unbelief was the first sin that entered the heart of our first parents, which shows it to be the great foundation, or corner stone, on which the devil reared his kingdom in this world. And that soul, who is striving for "all the fulness of God," the whole purchased inheritance, finds that this corner stone of unbelief is the most difficult to be displaced, that the top stone of Christ's kingdom may be brought forth with shouting. "Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain; and he shall bring forth the headstone thereof

with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it."—Zech. iv. 7.

Unbelief is also represented as the root or cause of all the sins of the children of Israel in the wilderness. The word of God charges all of their grievous sins, both of omission and commission, to unbelief. "To whom sware he that they should not enter into his rest, but to them that believed not?" "So we see that they could not enter in because of their unbelief."—Hebrews iii. 18, 19.

It is true there are portions of Scripture which seem to represent unbelief as the effect of other sin; but not as existing in justified believers. Jesus said, "How can ye believe which receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only?" But he spoke of those Jews who did not believe even the law of Moses; and of whom he testifies, "I know you, that ye have not the love of God in you." And St. James says, "Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss; that ye may consume it upon your lusts." But the apostle addressed these words to a class of worldly-minded professors, and not to justified believers.

Again, it is written, "The Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save, neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear. But your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you, that he will not hear."—Isaiah lix. 1, 2. But, as justified believers do not commit sin and iniquity, the prophet cannot be addressing this class of individuals here.

We wonder not that those who are immersed in actual sins cannot believe a sanctifying promise as applicable to them.

But may we not wonder what is in the way of a truly justified believer, who, for months, strives, and fasts, and weeps, and prays, for the blessing of holiness, but finds it not, if unbelief is only "the effect of other sins."

Now here is a difficulty. As justified believers are troubled with unbelief, and a

great deal of it too, they must of necessity commit or hold on to a great deal of sin to give birth to so much unbelief. But St. John tells us, "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin. Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not. He that committeth sin is of the devil," but, if we say that unbelief is dependent upon other sins for its existence, we find ourselves obliged to admit that a justified believer can commit or hold on to sin, and, at the same time, retain his justification.

Hence we are compelled to give up the above glorious Bible truth, that a justified soul doth not commit sin; or let this monster appear without disguise as the Agag of all sin. O, if unbelief were treated with the severity it deserves, how would every faithful minister hew it in pieces, before the Lord, and every true child of God would flee from it as from the face of the serpent.

Binghamton, March 4th, 1858.

A Few Words from an Old Man.

BROTHER DEGEN:—I have long, long patronized and read the "Guide to Holiness," and I trust with much comfort. I am old, and must soon pass away. I would like to be useful to those inquiring, and leave my testimony behind, to the living reality of our holy Christianity.

The subject of holiness should enlist the deepest sympathies and most anxious inquiries of the soul. To become holy, is at once a command, duty, and privilege. A strong collateral evidence of the attainableness of perfect love, will be furnished by taking a general view of the whole plan of salvation. Let any one try, by a mighty *stretch of faith*, to grasp in the infinite benevolence of God in the gift of his Son who was manifested to destroy the works of the devil, and he will not find it so difficult to believe that he will "with him, also, freely give us *all things*."

I recollect to have conversed with a brother in Christ, who professed to enjoy

sanctification, and when, interrogated as to the certainty of it, he replied, "Whenever I can look up by faith in the atoning blood of Jesus, the way then is all clear in a moment."

O, it is a great thing to be a *believer*, in the truest sense! To know fully how much is meant by *believing in Jesus*, is the Christian's highest privilege. To *believe*, is to embrace the whole record that God has given of his Son, and to *experience* the complete *efficacy* of the Redeemer's blood, is a full salvation from sin; "and by patient *continuance* in well-doing," we "seek for glory, and honor, and immortality," and shall be rewarded with "eternal life."

Glory be to God, that, when the enemy attacks by his strongest weapon, unbelief, we have power to look to Jesus, and immediately see a fulness in *Him*; and such a sight of Christ will break the tempter's power.

We should thus reckon with God, that, as Christ has paid all the debt, and purchased for us pardon and holiness, it becomes both our duty and privilege to believe and enter into rest. "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from *all sin*." With this sentence, I am content to close for the present.

T. B.

Nashville, Tenn.

Levity.

Is it wrong to indulge in levity? Although the practice of the great mass of professing Christians would seem to indicate that this question must be answered in the negative, we unhesitatingly give it as our opinion that levity is not only wrong, but a great sin. In the first place, it unfits the mind for prayer. Can you, my Christian friend, engage in light and trifling conversation, and then approach God, and implore his blessing upon yourself, and what you have been saying? You may ask his forgiveness, it is true, but, by that very act, you acknowledge you have been

doing what was not right. Then again consider its effects. Thousands of hopeful converts have, in their infancy, been drawn, by the indulgence of this habit, into a backslider's or formalist's grave. What kind of influence levity exerts over the minds of those who are seeking, or rather who would seek, higher attainments in the divine life, we will let the experience of our readers decide. If we may be permitted to refer to our own, we would say, that, to this cause more than any other, may be attributed years of heart-wandering, which, although they may be forgiven, can never be recalled.

In addition to all this, levity greatly impairs, and often destroys, the Christian's capacity for usefulness. Who can, even when in the society of Christians, join in vain and foolish conversation, and then proceed to that which is "edifying," without a painful consciousness of inconsistency? It is more probable that, under such circumstances, religious conversation will not be introduced; and we have sometimes thought it would be better that it should not, than to have it succeed that of so different a character, especially where it is introduced, as it frequently is in such cases, as a kind of offset to what has been previously said. And then who, that indulges in levity in the presence of the unconverted, can, at any and every suitable opportunity, warn them of their danger, and urge them to flee from the wrath to come? Ah, if we would win souls to Christ, our "speech must be always with grace, seasoned with salt." While we feel that levity in a Christian is not consistent, the sinner knows it is not. In view of all these facts, we cannot view levity in any other light than that of being a great sin, and a very dangerous one. The danger is owing, in no small degree, to the apparent harmlessness of the practice.

It is very easy for the tempter to persuade well-meaning persons, "that there is no great harm in being a little lively," and then, when the first step is taken, how soon the way is

prepared for another and another, until the enemy gets a strong foothold in a citadel which was not prepared to repel him, because not aware of his approach. O, if there is ever a time when the arch-deceiver is transformed into "an angel of light," it is when he is persuading Christians to "talk nonsense."

But the question will naturally arise whether, in avoiding levity, there is not danger of going to the opposite extreme. We readily admit there is need of caution on this point; yet with those whose natural disposition and past habits would incline them to undue levity, there is very little danger of becoming too serious. Not many months since, we had a dear, saved school-friend, who had once been the gayest of the gay. But so fully convinced was she of the inconsistency and danger of indulging in the flow of wit and humor, so natural to her, that more than once she was obliged to leave, for a time, the society of young companions, that in secret she might gain that grace which would keep her from speaking the "funny things" that would rush into her mind. Still, with all M—'s caution against "sinning with her lips," she was neither sad nor unsocial. When Minnie J—, one of the most talented and observing of that group of school friends, was weighing the great question of then seeking her soul's salvation, she said, "If I knew I could be as cheerful a Christian, as M—, I would not hesitate a moment longer." This was unmistakable evidence, coming from an unprejudiced source, that an amiable, and even winning deportment, may be combined with seriousness and candor. Few, perhaps none, who read these lines, have ever had more powerful temptations upon this very point than the writer. We would not, therefore, speak to others harshly, but in the spirit of love and sympathy. That both reader and writer may be enabled to "have our conversation in heaven" is the prayer of

ANNA.

The Great Calm.

"Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."

MARK VI. 50.

"It is I," (or, as our old version has it, more in accordance with the original,) "I AM! be not afraid!" Jesus lives! His people may dispel their misgivings—Omnipotence treads the waves! To sense it may seem at times to be otherwise; wayward accident and chance may appear to regulate human allotments; but not so: "The Lord's voice is upon the waters,"—he sits at the helm guiding the tempest-tossed bark, and guiding it well.

How often does he come to us as he did to the disciples in that midnight hour when all seems lost,—*"in the fourth watch of the night,"*—when we least looked for him; or when, like the shipwrecked apostle, *"for days together neither sun nor stars appeared, and no small tempest lay on us; when all hope that we should be saved seemed to be taken away,"*—how often, *just at that moment*, is the "word of Jesus" heard floating over the billows!

Believer, art thou in trouble? Listen to the voice in the storm, "Fear not, I AM." That voice, like Joseph's of old to his brethren, may seem rough, but there are gracious undertones of love. "It is I," he seems to say. "It was I, that roused the storm. It is I, who, when it has done its work, will calm it, and say, 'Peace, be still.' Every wave rolls at my bidding; every trial is my appointment; all have some gracious end; they are not sent to dash you against the sunken rocks, but to waft you nearer heaven. Is it *sickness*? I am he who bare your sickness; the weary, wasted frame, and the nights of languishing, were sent by me. Is it *bereavement*? I am 'the Brother' born for adversity; the loved and lost were plucked away by me. Is it *death*? I am the 'Abolisher of death,' seated by your side to calm the waves of ebbing life. It is I, about to fetch my pilgrims home. It is my voice that

speaks, 'The Master is come, and calleth for thee.'"

Reader, thou wilt have reason yet to praise thy God for every one such storm! This is the history of every heavenly voyager: "So he bringeth them to their desired haven." "So!" That word, in all its unknown and diversified meaning, is in *his* hand. He suits his dealings to every case. "So!" With some, it is through quiet seas, unfretted by one buffeting wave. "So!" With others it is "mounting up to heaven, and going down again to the deep." But whatever be the leading and the discipline, here is the grand consummation, "So he bringeth them unto their desired haven." It might have been with thee the moanings of an eternal night-blast, no lull or pause in the storm; but soon the darkness will be past, and the hues or morn tipping the shores of glory!

And what, then, should your attitude be? "Looking unto Jesus," (literally, looking, *from unto*;) looking away from self, and sin, and human props and refuges and confidences, and fixing the eye of unwavering and unflinching faith on a reigning Savior. Ah, how a real quickening sight of Christ dispels all guilty fears! The Roman keepers of old were affrighted, and became as dead men. The lowly Jewish women feared not. Why? "I know that ye seek Jesus!" Reader, let thy weary spirit fold itself to rest under the composing "word" of a gracious Savior, saying,—*"I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in HIS WORD do I hope."*—[The Words of Jesus.

Faith and Feeling.

BY T.

"What if thou *always* suffer tribulation,
And if thy Christian warfare never cease;
The gaining of the quiet habitation,
Shall gather thee to everlasting peace."

THE devout and sincere Christian is sensitive to every thing, which in the least intermits his peace and fellowship with

Christ, and, at various points of his experience, inquires, how far he may indulge his feelings, while in suffering and trial, and not cripple his trust in God; for to maintain an undeviating course toward his final rest, is the unchanged purpose of his heart.

He is commanded to have "above all, the shield of faith;" here we learn that faith is a sturdy, valiant grace, against which, Satan and the world contend so fiercely, that we are tempted to think it has no kin to feeling—no sympathy with the delicate and tender fibres of the heart. Although faith may sustain an unflinching position, yet it is friendly to sensibility, and supports the gentler graces of the spirit.

Faith, is, indeed, a great sympathizer—how often she lifts up the weary eye to the cross and mercy-seat, for encouragement and consolation—how she tinges, with the roseate hue of morning, the dark, midnight hour, when death and sorrow are doing their worst!

"O, for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink,
Of any earthly woe."

Persons sometimes reply, when inquired of for the state of their souls, "O, I am weak in faith," or "I have lost my faith." We think such are in a sad state, indeed, and what can we do to help them renew their faith, and restore them, as it were, to their feet again, for their heavenward march?

The ardent, sensitive temperament of some keeps them so alive in feeling, that with difficulty they stand by faith in trying times. Mr. Wesley said he grieved, but did not fret. Some lose faith very easily; the least discouragement through the opinions of others, or their own mistakes, will intimidate them so, that they drop their shield, and stand undefended before their enemies.

We must infer from Scripture, that faith in God is a mother grace, as we are commanded to believe in Christ, then love Him, who first loved us. We believe he has

pardoned, or cleansed us, and our love immediately rises in swelling gratitude for his condescension to our low estate; we love him, in proportion to the gift he has bestowed upon us, if purified, with all the heart, with all the soul, and all the might.

When sorrowing feeling is tumultuous, it has many grievances to ponder over; so many tender relations that are afflicted, that faith is put behind, and can have but little to say; though now and then striving to put in a few words for God and his faithfulness, such as "Look to Jesus," "Fear not," "Be of good cheer." Ah, but sobbing nature keeps the mastery, and dwells upon the wrongs—the second causes. Faith is discouraged, weak, and tried, and only faintly whispers, "All things work together for good, to them that love God."

A query rises—if, after we have pleaded earnestly with God, for something we knew was according to his will, and he has spoken the answer to the heart, that he *will do* the things we have asked, how are we to behave when again exceedingly tried in our feelings, while the fulfilment of the promise is delayed? Are we to begin and plead over again, in the same way, renew the burden upon the heart, or, amid the strife of feeling, and trial of faith, calmly and patiently wait? We think experience teaches the latter way the best, for peace, faith, and love. The Christian is not a stoic; he feels, and grace has refined his feelings; neither would his trials answer the divine purpose if he did not feel them—thus, they magnify the grace of God, which sustains our faith, while we feel to the quick.

The great end the Christian has to keep in view, is to *look up*, that while he *feels*, his faith may see the unseen hand through the tears of his anguish. Though we weep, and feel sad, God is keeping his steady course in his dealing with us—as one expressed herself concerning a fellow-disciple, who was in sore trouble, "God knows what he is about." Faith must look to the High Priest who pleads for us, and is touched with the feeling of our infirmities. Des-

ponding Christian, while thou art in trouble, there is a great movement in heaven on thy part, that thy faith fail not—continue to trust in God, in the midst of thy tears, and swellings of heart—let not the commotion within be so great, as to drown the whispers of faith, which points to Him, who is thy ready helper through the blessed Spirit. When the feelings are quieted and hushed by faith, peace abides even in tribulation—if we keep submission, and cheerfulness, faith must live above grieved feelings.

“O, how many a glorious record,
Had the angels of me kept,
Had I done, instead of doubted,
Had I warred, instead of wept.”

There is a point in feeling, which, if passed beyond, we sensibly wound our faith, and are left for a while like a wreck, sensible of spiritual loss. Some question why they are so tried and tempted. One reason may be, that in trial they bring forth the *most* and *best* fruit,—or may have more faith to endure, than those who do not pass the same ordeal; thus they glorify God more. None of the patriarchs or prophets were tried as was Abraham, for he was to be the father of the faithful, and the example of faith and obedience to all the future church, Jewish, and Christian. He did not possess a foot of ground in that strange land he was commanded to seek, only the cave of Macpelah—his burying-place—a beautiful providence, that his bones should take possession for his seed after him. It was at the extremity of the promise, that Isaac was given. So it may be with us. God in his sovereignty may meet us, *only*, in the time of our *utmost* need; why, he knows best, and we may never know, while in this present state of partial knowledge. Thy will be done, is our song, and upon it let us joyously triumph.

HOLINESS.—“Give what God will, without holiness you are poor; but with that you are rich, take what he will away.”—[Cheever.

Diffusion of Holiness.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, March 25, 1858.

THE glorious work of the Holy Spirit, proceeding from the Father and the Son, is spreading from the cities of the north-eastern states, to the south-western borders of the Union. The warming and purifying rays of the Sun of Righteousness have reached even to the grassy vales and rolling prairies of Texas, where many souls are emerging into the light and joy attendant upon purity of heart, and entire devotion to God. The Rev. L. S. Friend, is evidently endued with a mission to the church, requiring them to put on the beautiful garment of righteousness, and appear before the world as a burning and a shining light. Through his preaching, exhortations, prayers, and discourses, explanatory of the doctrine of holiness of heart, as taught in the inspired volume, attended with power from on high, some eighteen at this place, at one meeting, gave testimony that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. Several meetings have been held since, at which the sacred fire burned high upon the altars of many hearts, and shouts of victory over the man of sin, saluted the ears of those present. Many Christians at other places where Brother Friend has labored, have thrown off the shackles of the world, the flesh and Satan, and are now rejoicing in the saving influence of the blood of Jesus, which cleanses and keeps from the defilement of sin. The prayer of the church in this delightful land is, that this rising wave of holiness to the Lord may increase in volume, and spread like a mighty ocean billow, until the two distant tides, which are now convulsing the Christian world, may meet in general conflux, and like a great ocean cover the length and breadth of our happy Union, and the name of the Lord be glorified. Our stationed minister, Rev. B. Harris, is among those who enjoy the blessing of perfect love, and is consequently well fitted to fan the flame already lighted up, and spread the kindling fire.

S. CUMMINGS.

A Holy Ministry.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

ARCHBISHOP Usher was a man of distinguished learning, piety, and diligence. A friend of the archbishop frequently urged him to write his thoughts on *Sanctification*, which at length he engaged to do; but, a considerable time elapsing, the performance of his promise was unfortunately claimed. The bishop replied to this purpose: "I have not written, and yet I cannot charge myself with a breach of promise, for I began to write; but when I came to treat of the new creature, which God formeth by his own Spirit in every regenerate soul, I found so little of it wrought in myself, that I could speak of it only as parrots, or by rote, but without the knowledge of what I might have expressed; and, therefore, I durst not presume to proceed any farther upon it."

Upon this, his friend stood amazed to hear such an humble confession, from so grave, holy, and eminent a person. The bishop then added: "I must tell you, we do not well understand what sanctification and the new creature are. It is no less than for a man to be brought to an entire resignation of his own will, to the will of God; and to live in the offering up of his soul continually in the flames of love, as a whole burnt-offering to Christ; and oh, how many who profess Christianity are unacquainted, experimentally, with this work upon their souls!"

This narrative of the good archbishop is touching, and tends to cause every man, and especially every minister of the gospel, to turn back at the threshold of his own heart, shut the door upon the outward world and thoughts of other men, and to remain long shut up in communion with his own soul. And most necessary is it that this very sad and solemn self-knowledge should be early attained by every ambassador of Christ, and most profitable would its attainment prove. The great

crowd of worldly-thinking, worldly-talking, and superficial-feeling preachers, who make up a large part of those who have the sacred ministerial name, must be replaced by a thoughtful, studious, prayerful, humble, consecrated, and heavenly-minded ministry, before any great and powerful baptism of the Spirit can fall upon the world. And no man who has never entered into most scrutinizing acquaintance with the secrets of the deepest depths of his own nature, and become thoroughly penetrated with a sense of the sum and detail of the evils of his heart, the faults of his character, and the dangers of his temper, has any solid, deep, and broad foundation for growth in holiness, and ministerial devotion and power. It is one of the most profitable of all mental exercises for a minister of the gospel, to compare himself with the *ideal* of ministerial character, deportment, and labor, which will be furnished him by a constant and prayerful study of the scriptures, by contemplation of the great work for which Jesus Christ has "chosen him out of the world," and by appreciative meditation upon the lives of the eminently holy and useful men, who have adorned and dignified the annals of his sacred calling.

This should be a life-long exercise. The life, language, labors, and spirit of St. Paul, if constantly kept before the mind, will lift up a standard that will attract the soul with a noble spiritual emulation. Those, of all the devoted ministers of the gospel, will have the same influence. A minister of the gospel who does not constantly strive to know himself, and to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the character, grade, and progress, of his own Christian experience, as compared with the scriptural standard, can never attain to much excellence in spirituality, or ministerial power and usefulness. The absence of this spiritual foundation, will also induce an overweening self-consequence, professional pride and vanity, and a general worldly judgment of his profession and labors, which threaten not only the loss of usefulness, but

also the loss of his soul. Ministerial self-knowledge of the right kind, consists not merely in knowledge of one's self, in the light of his own individual and perhaps selfish judgment, of the responsibilities of his calling, nor in the light of the ordinary standard of ministerial character and practice. But it is knowledge of one's self in the light of the law of ministerial responsibility which exists in the mind of God—which is conformable to the love which "gave his Son a ransom for us all"—which is illustrated by the sufferings of Christ and the pleadings of the Holy Spirit—which is emphasized by the misery and danger and constant ruin of souls, for whom Christ died—and which is exemplified by the characters, lives, and labors of the prophets, apostles, martyrs, and holy men of every age. In the presence of this law, let ministers of the gospel look into themselves, and mark their spirit, and judge of themselves with a severe and jealous scrutiny.

How many men are tripping easily into the pulpit, and talking with flippant tongues, and unabashed eyes, and with a sinful regard to worldly things, who would fall upon their faces, were they to see themselves in the light of this law!—[Texas Christian Advocate.]

Each Man marking his Man.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM A MINISTER
IN BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

* * * YOUR letter to me contained excellent advice in reference to the duty of individual effort to save souls. Soon after I had received it, I preached upon the subject of each soldier of the cross marking his man. I also read an extract of your letter, and told my congregation that I should set the example. But, as I considered that I was worth any three men, I should select three souls for the charge. In three weeks I led my prey captive. I took the spoils of war, and laid them at my Captain's feet. The work commenced in good earnest. In

three weeks we added seventy souls. Praise God! In the revival we witnessed some of the most beautiful features of the Christian warfare. Sometimes we saw the wife leading a stricken partner to the penitent form, requesting an interest in our prayers. Then we saw a sister leading a captive brother to the Savior, and a friend leading his friend to be saved by him whose friendship is firmer than brotherhood. I ought to say that my congregation was fully prepared to take hold of your advice, because the tidings of the great work in Hamilton, Canada, had very much roused us to a sense of our duty. You kindly enclosed me the account in your letter; but, as the Canada journals are largely circulated here, we had been made familiar with the work before your letter came.

I shall rejoice to hear from you again as soon as possible. I have delayed, partly to see the fruits of the revival. I am now entering upon our quarterly visitation of the classes, renewing the tickets. What a difference I see between the present and the first quarter! All our classes are filled up with new members. I can say "*The rain also filleth the pools.*" We have just held our annual missionary meetings, and the collections are considerably in advance of former years."

GOD OUR PORTION.—When God gives himself he gives all blessings. Who would not rather be the poorest wanderer that walks the earth, the most down-trodden and despised outcast of creation, and have his daily meals at God's spiritual table, his daily walks with his Redeemer, his daily visits of refreshment at the full fountain of his love, than, without that refreshment, to possess the riches of all kingdoms, or be the worshipped idol of the world?"—[Cheever.]

"OUR Savior was a preacher and a pattern of humility. He did so admire it, that he set them in the highest form that had the lowest hearts."

Prayer Effectual.

"CHILD, you are making bitter work for repentance, bitter work for repentance!" sorrowfully said the good pastor, as his son defiantly repulsed him.

"I can't help it," was the reply, "if I don't repent, I shall get clear of the bitter work, I'm thinking!"

"William, no more of this," replied the father, in stern reproof, "go directly to your room,—you will omit supper to-night, and I wish not to see you till you can patiently ask my forgiveness."

William slammed the door after him, and went out, and the pastor paced his study with agonizing emotions. It was a grievous trial; his only son had disobeyed him, and, young as he was,—for he was but thirteen,—had added insult to injury. In vain had the father spent hours in expostulation; in vain had he punished him, and seemingly prayed for him in vain. His stubborn, rebellious spirit appeared farther than ever from yielding.

The good man was sorely perplexed; he was a rigid disciplinarian, and had faithfully required his son to obey him from his earliest accountability. He had carefully trained him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. It was his conviction, founded on observation, that, unless the will of a child is thoroughly subdued before the age of three years, it is rarely done subsequently. William had been subdued betimes, and all his father's philosophy was at fault to account for his strange conduct. He felt that now indeed had his son reached a crisis: on the decisions of these moments his eternal destinies hung.

The boy's fair-haired mother was asleep in Jesus, and his little sister,—doveling of the household,—the fond father cherished, striving to brood and protect it with his own and the mother's love. Grieved and stricken, the pastor felt

"How keener than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child."

But William's case was no ordinary one;

and the man of God set himself about his rescue with his might. He felt the impotency of human efforts, and betook himself to prayer. All through the long night-watches, he wrestled with the angel of the covenant, pouring out his complaint with "strong crying and tears." The night wore away, and still the pastor agonized for the rebel boy. The wrestling continued even till the "ascending of the morning," and he, too, would not let the angel go except he bless.

The blessing came. While yet he was importuning with the King of kings, pleading the sure promises, a gentle knock was heard at his door; and when he had opened it, there stood before him his own "lost" William, "found" again through the grace of God.

"I've come, father," the boy faltered, "to ask you to forgive me if you can."

"My precious son, come to my arms!" exclaimed the pastor, bursting into tears, "I gladly forgive you; but the great thing is to have God forgive you."

"I—I've tried to ask him, sir," said William.

He was indeed a true penitent, and made a full confession to his father, and now gives good evidence that he is "a member of the fold of Emanuel."

Let no one despair. The Lord is still a prayer-hearing God, and the fervent effectual prayer of the righteous man even now "availeth much."—[Watchman and Reflector.

Wayside Thoughts.

"WHEN the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him."—Isaiah lix. 19.

THE apostle Peter compares Satan to a roaring lion, that continually goes about seeking whom he may devour. It is his constant study to harass and perplex God's dear children, but, blessed be God, he can proceed no further than he is pleased to permit him, and if he should come in like a flood, God will take care that his Spirit

shall lift up a standard against him. Remember, my reader, it is no sin to be tempted; the sin is in receiving, or agreeing with, the temptation. Christ, himself, was tempted, but he resisted the tempter; and it is thy privilege to fly unto Christ under every temptation. Tell him thy case, implore his assistance, and, depend upon it, he will take care that even temptations shall be among those "all things" that work together for thy good. Forget not the exhortation of the Lord, "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.— Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations. There hath no temptation taken you, but such as is common to men; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."

This is the Christian's chiefest joy
His faithful God is ever nigh;
Whose rod, and staff, and promised grace
Protect him through this wilderness.

Gratitude.

SANCTIFIED gratitude is heaven begun. The city of the living God abounds with worshippers. It resounds with hallelujahs. The voice of angels is praise. The language of the saints is adoration. The anthems of the church below, are her responses to the symphonies of the church above. Gratitude is the music of heaven in the soul. The full swell of the benevolence of the Most High meets a most perfect concord in the everlasting gratitude of the redeemed.

Let gratitude then abound on the earth. Let it continually actuate every believer's breast. Let us set ourselves diligently to prayer. Let us set ourselves diligently to praise. "Pray without ceasing," says the apostle; and immediately adds, "in everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."—1 Thess. ii. 17, 18.

Obey this command, O, believer. Look around you for causes of thankfulness.

Be eagle-eyed to discern your mercies, rather than your miseries. Look not always at the dark spots in every picture, lest your mind be darkened like them. Fix your eyes also on the bright and the beautiful, that your mind may reflect your image. Let the one teach you to pray, let the other teach you to praise.

The tide of gratitude increases as it flows. It rises higher and higher, both before and around us, and extends itself widely on every side. When we render thanksgivings to our God and Savior for one mercy, a second presents itself to view; then a third; then a fourth; then others successively arise, and roll in upon our remembrance. The goodness and the mercy of the Lord are, like the mighty deep, unfathomable. His acts of love, are as the ocean waves, innumerable; and innumerable, therefore, should be our acts of thanksgiving.

My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy various love surveys;
Where shall my grateful lips begin?
Or where conclude thy praise?

REV. JOHN STEPHENS.

A Spanish Philanthropist.

THE following gem of biography is taken from a letter of William C. Bryant, now traveling in Europe. It begets a new faith in God to read of such men as Mora and Quijano, raised up in such a country as Spain. Only God's spirit could find them out, and bring them forth.

I SAID that Alicante had not much to interest us; let me recall the expression. I saw at Alicante what interested me more than almost anything else which I met with in Spain, the monument of a man most remarkable for active and disinterested beneficence, Don Trino Gonzales de Quijano, who was the civil Governor of the province of Alicante from the twenty-second of August 1852, to the sixteenth of September in the same year, while the cholera was carrying off its thousands, and filling the province with consternation. In early

life, Quijano had been a soldier, and was always a zealous constitutionalist. Those with whom he acted had entrusted him successively with the administrative power in several of the provinces of the kingdom, and he made himself so popular in the Canary Islands, to which he had been sent by the Government, that they elected him third representative to the Cortes. Immediately upon his arrival at Alicante, he entered actively upon the work of mercy, superintending in person every measure adopted for the relief of the sick and their families, attending at their bedsides, administering the medicines prescribed by the physicians, providing for the necessitous out of his private fortune, and when that was exhausted, dispensing the contributions of those who were incited to generosity by his generous example. As the circle of the pestilence extended, he passed from one town to another, sometimes in the night, and sometimes in the midst of tempests, carrying, wherever he went, succor and consolation, and assuaging the general alarm by his own serene presence of mind. When his friends expressed their fears lest his human labors might cost him his life, "It is very likely they may," he answered, "but my duty is plain, and if I can check the spread of the cholera, by laying down my life, I shall lay it down cheerfully." He was attacked at length by the distemper, but not till he had the satisfaction of seeing its violence greatly abated. "Do not call in the physicians," he said, "it will create a panic, and make new victims; let it not be known, if you can help it, that I died of the cholera."

Quijano died, to the great grief of those whom he had succored, and for whom he had literally laid down his life. Three years he lay in his grave, and as soon as the physicians pronounced that it could be done without danger to the public health, his coffin was taken up and opened. The features were found to be little altered; it seemed that even corruption had respected and spared the form in which once dwelt so noble a soul. The people of the province,

in silence and wonder, came in crowds about the lifeless corpse, and kissed its hand; mothers led up their children to look at all that was left of the good man to whom they owed their own lives and those of their husbands. The corner-stone of the monument was laid, to which the towns composing the province of Alicante contributed. It stands a little without the northern gate of the city,—a four-sided, tapering shaft, inscribed with the names of the grateful towns which he succored—Alicante, Alcoy, Montforte, Elche and others—resting on a pedestal which bears a medalion head of Quijano and inscriptions to his honor. May it stand as long as the world.

I love and honor Spain for having produced such a man as Quijano.

EXTRACT FROM MR. WESLEY'S JOURNAL, 1765.—"Sunday, 15. I buried the remains of Rebecca Mills. She found peace with God many years since, and about five years ago, was entirely changed, and enabled to give her whole soul to God. From that hour she never found any decay, but loved and served him with her whole heart. Pain and sickness, and various trials, succeeded almost without any intermission; but she was always the same, firm and unmoved, as the Rock on which she was built; in life and in death uniformly praising the God of her salvation. The attainableness of this great salvation is put beyond all reasonable doubt by the testimony of one such (were there but one) living and dying witness."

ANOTHER—WRITTEN 1766.—"Thursday, 10. About two in the afternoon, I preached at Potts, and, in the evening, at Hatten Rudby. Here is the largest society in these parts, and the most alive to God. After spending some time with them all, I met those apart who believe they are saved from sin. I was agreeably surprised. I think not above two out of sixteen or seventeen whom I examined have lost the direct witness of that salvation ever since they experienced it."

Personal Experience.

A LITTLE more than four years since, I was enabled to enter into the "Highway of Holiness," and I now send you a sketch of the Lord's dealings with my soul, trusting that, if you see fit to publish any part of it, it may prove a blessing to others.

I was deeply convicted of sin, in the twelfth year of my age, and soon obtained a clear witness of pardon and acceptance, and united with the Presbyterian church which I had always attended. I then fully subscribed to all the doctrines of that church, except that which taught that we must always live in sin. This did not seem to me like Bible doctrine.

I asked my mother, one day, "how it was that the church taught we must always continue in sin, while the Bible commanded us to 'love God with all the heart.'"

"O," said she, "that command only means, that we must be as good as we can. We can never love God with all the heart, but we must come as near it as possible." This answer did not at all satisfy me, but I was only a child, and could not think of differing in judgment with those so much older and wiser than myself; so I tried to "be as good as I could," and consoled myself with the belief that, amid the last agonies of dissolving nature, that "holiness" would be imparted "without" which I knew I could not "see the Lord."

I then knew nothing of the doctrine of Christian Perfection, as taught by the M. E. Church; but, a few years after, the wife of a local minister who resided near us asked me "if I would not like to read some very good books she had." I was passionately fond of reading, and eagerly accepted her offer, and the *Life of William Bramwell*, with several numbers of the "Guide," were placed in my hands. But the doctrines there set forth seemed so strange to me, nurtured as I had been in Calvinism, that I determined not to believe them, unless the word of God should establish them fully. To the law and the testimony,

therefore, I appealed, in the spirit of an humble inquirer after truth, and soon the scales began to fall from my eyes. I became convinced that purity of heart was attainable, and sought to become all that God would have me be. I believe all was laid upon the altar of sacrifice, but I did not feel that I was accepted, and, not knowing exactly how to exercise faith, I concluded that, at that time, the blessing could not be for me. I soon after removed my church-relationship, for I could no longer remain in a church whose doctrines I could not reconcile with the Bible. Still I did not follow the Lord fully. Yet hearing so little said, in the class-room, or anywhere else, about holiness of heart, it was very easy for the tempter to assure me that it was not best to be anxious on the subject just then. The strongest argument he used to persuade me to postpone my efforts until some future period, was, that it would be the height of presumption for me to try to be better than my class-leader, and at my age too. But, with my previous convictions of duty, it could not be expected that I would prosper in such a course. O, I shudder to recall the life I led for some time. Still I clung to the form of religion, though conscious of being destitute of much of the power I once possessed. But while listening to a sermon preached from Christ's address to the Laodicean church, I saw my awful condition, and then and there resolved to be no longer lukewarm.—that I would either leave the church entirely, or else serve God to the best of my ability. Solemnly, deliberately, I chose the latter course, and determined, by the assistance of divine grace, to follow what light I had, and perform any and every duty that was made known. Crosses arose which I had not anticipated, but God was my helper.

About two weeks after listening to the sermon to which I have referred, I went to the "tented grove," and there, for the first time in my life, was addressed upon the subject of heart-holiness. But it was not

as easy now to consecrate all to the service of my Redeemer, as when duty was first made known, for, during my heart-wanderings, many idols had been set up where Jehovah should have "reigned alone," and now they plead earnestly to be spared *a little longer*. But the Spirit was at work, and I began to feel that it was "worse than death my God to love, and not my God alone." So, though my heart bled to its very core, one cherished idol after another was laid upon the altar of sacrifice. Some ornaments were laid aside, but *others*, which were of less value, and had troubled me less, were not disturbed, as it seemed so *foolish* to think so *great* a God could allow such *small things* to hinder my reception of his blessing. A praying company gathered in our tent, and O, how earnestly petition after petition ascended to the throne in my behalf! I, too, tried, in brokenness of heart, to call upon him who styles himself the "hearer and answerer of prayer," but no whisper of peace came to soothe my troubled spirit. At the close of our little interview, I retired to a private apartment of the tent, hoping to find in that quiet spot the relief I had vainly sought while surrounded by others; but the heavens still seemed as brass. Now it was suggested that the remaining ornaments *might* be a hindrance, and they were *all* laid aside.

In a moment all feeling was gone, and my soul seemed perfectly inactive. At first I feared I had in some way grieved the Spirit, and that God was hiding his face in anger. Such a calm seemed more dreadful than the storm of conviction that had preceded it. But I knew I had tried to come to God in the best manner I could, and I was convinced that, "if in anything I was otherwise-minded, he would reveal even that unto me;" so I asked, in faith, that he would show me just where I was. But no answer came. Like one of old, I must stand and watch the sacrifice for a time, before I could have any sensible assurance that it was accepted. At that moment, I dared to reckon myself wholly

the Lord's. With a calm, trusting heart I repaired to the stand, and assumed the attitude of a listener. But of the sermon, the closing exercises, or my return to the tent, I know nothing. I was, doubtless, so "*lost* in wonder, love, and praise," as to return with others, mechanically, without the least thought of what I was doing. I cannot recollect even what my thoughts or feelings were, during the sermon. The first thing I can call to mind is, standing in the tent, and weeping for joy. The witness had come, clear as the noon-day sun. There was not a doubt,—there could be no mistake. Perhaps it was on account of my proneness to reason that God thus manifested his glorious presence to my poor, unworthy soul. O! the bliss of that hour! I was well convinced that I could not bear much more, and live; and I looked for a speedy summons to that world, of which I was getting such a glorious foretaste. But my work was not yet done. Indeed I might hardly have been said to have begun to work for God, for I am not aware that even a single soul had ever been brought to the Savior through my instrumentality.

Since that time, I have tried to do every thing as unto the Lord; but, O! how far short have I come of what my privileges have entitled me to! How much farther I might have been advanced in the divine life! Yet my heavenly Father is very mindful of me. In his providence, I am placed among strangers, with but few Christian companions, and no social or public means of grace, except an occasional hearing of the word, yet he is saving me *so entirely*. These long winter evenings my room has been made a Bethel. Glory be to God, for salvation free and *full*. If these are but drops, what will the fountain be? But I am aware I have already trespassed too far on your time; so, with the earnest prayer, that God may speed you on in your glorious work,

I remain yours, in Christ,

ANNA.

Southern Home, Feb. 3d, 1858.

Explanation Desired.

We give the following an insertion in order to afford the brother referred to, an opportunity to make himself more clearly understood. Protracted controversy we have always avoided, as not conducing to the end for which our periodical was established.

DEAR BRETHREN. By your permission I would be glad to ask a few questions of Brother A. A. Phelps, the author of the first article in the May number of the "Guide;" an article written on a subject, which, both he and I, and your readers generally, feel a deep interest, and on which it would, as he states, be well if we could see eye to eye.

We are told, by Brother Phelps, that "the witness of the Spirit is most certainly to be expected on the reception of perfect love." I would ask,—

1st. What is his understanding of the term "perfect love?"

2nd. Are there any characteristics accompanying the witness of the Spirit, that may be relied upon by all, as an infallible assurance, that the subject is the recipient of "perfect love?"

3rd. If I consecrate myself, body, soul and spirit, a willing sacrifice to the Lord, with sincerity, and experience at the time no change in my feelings, is it to be presumed that the sacrifice is not accepted by the Lord, because my feelings have not changed?

4th. If I consecrate myself to the Lord, as above stated, and believe, for any reason, that he does not accept of me; in other words, if I doubt his promise;—does he accept the sacrifice according to his promise while I am in a state of doubt concerning the fact of my acceptance?

These questions are asked, not in a controversial spirit, but with sincere desire to harmonize our views with the Word of God, and, as a consequence, with one another.

To give Brother Phelps a faint idea of the direction my own thoughts take, I will state that the following propositions are unquestionable in my mind:

First. *Whatever* the Lord has promised, he will perform, whether we believe it or doubt it.

Second. Faith in Christ cannot *properly* be construed to imply that God will fulfil his promise on condition that we believe he will.

Third. Joy and peace is a *result* of faith, and may follow the exercise of a faith that is either well or ill founded.

From these propositions we make the following deductions:

First. Whatever we ask according to the will of God we do receive, whether we believe it or not. If we believe that we receive, the result will be joy and peace.

Second. The fact that we experience joy and peace, is no evidence that we have received that which we ask for, but that we believe we have received. The only present *reliable* assurance we can have that we receive, is the promise of God, which may be regarded as the testimony of his Spirit; subsequently our assurance is strengthened by the fruit produced, which is the testimony of our own spirit, each confirming the other.

Yours in love,

E. J.

CHRISTIANITY.—"The articles of our faith are those depths in which the elephant may swim; and the rules of our practice those shadows in which the lamb may wade. But as both light and darkness make but one natural day, so here both the clearness of the *apuda*, and the mystery of *credenda* of the gospel constitute but one entire religion."—[South.

LOSS OF THE SOUL.—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" This is a sum in profit and loss, that it will take eternity to cypher out.—[Cheever.

JOY.—In Paradise, "joy was a masculine and a severe thing; the recreation of the judgment, the jubilee of reason."—[South.

The Guide to Holiness.

JUNE, 1858.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE GUIDE TO HOLINESS!—Is that a new Magazine? said a lady, who, a few weeks since, saw it for the first time, while she was visiting in Boston. You may think it strange, children, and wonder what part of the world the lady came from, and why she had not heard before, that there was a magazine printed on purpose to help those who wished to be holy! The lady you may call Leila, and you may remember that she is very fond of children.

Then she began to examine the beautiful engraving on the cover. She saw several little boys and girls on their way to church, and Leila began to say to herself, "Well, I am glad the lambs of the flock were not forgotten, when this picture was made." I know some dear little ones, who are praying to be holy like Jesus; I will tell them about this magazine, and perhaps the good men who send it every month, to all parts of the country, will put in something to guide the dear children.

And she was not mistaken. When Mr. Degen heard of it, he wrote Leila a letter, and said, We have been thinking on that very subject, and, as we have just read a book of yours, written in very little words, which we like, you may send us something every month, and we will print it. Was not that very kind, dear children? Who do you think put it into the hearts of those good men, to give you a share in the "Guide to Holiness?" It was the dear Savior. He told his beloved disciple to write down what he said to Peter about feeding his lambs, and no doubt they have a copy of the letter in which it is written. For I find three letters attached to their names, to tell us that they are shepherds—and, on the last page of the cover, I perceive, that they are leading the precious lambs into green pastures, where they may be richly supplied with food while they are listening to heavenly music.

But I cannot stop to tell you about that, at present, because I have a few questions to ask. Will the dear children, for whom I write, ever take the trouble to answer my letters? It will be very sweet to Leila to know the names of these dear ones, and hear about the little trials they meet with, how they succeed in trying to do those things that will please their Heavenly

Father. Do they love the Good Shepherd, who gathers them in his arms, and carries in his bosom? Has any one told them that Jesus is the Good Shepherd? Do they know that he laid down his life for the flock, and that he is coming by-and-by to gather all his sheep and lambs into his fold on high? Sit down and write an answer to some of these questions, in your own simple words, and then ask mamma to please direct your letter to Leila Lee, care of the Editors of the "Guide to Holiness." Do not wait until you can write as well as your older sisters. A few lines from your own loving hearts will be sweeter than a long letter that some one else has written for you. Be sure and tell Leila, whether you have a copy of that letter your Heavenly Father has sent, to guide you in the way to holiness; and whether you are reading it every day, and praying, like the sweet psalmist of Israel, "Lord, open thou mine eyes, that I may read wondrous things out of thy written law."

And now Leila will close her letter with one verse of a sweet little hymn, that she used to love very much when she was a child like you. Who of you are listening to hear the voice of Jesus, now that he is calling all the dear little lambs to come to him?

"See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!"

[Written expressly for the Guide.]

LITTLE BERTHA.—I do not wonder that the great and good of all ages, the poet and philosopher, have gazed with admiration upon the face of childhood, pure and innocent, free from life's corroding anxiety and care, and clothed with loving smiles. Time has not yet left his impress on that infant brow. The little being stands before you all unconscious of its high, and wonderful destiny. I can never look upon a prattling babe, without feelings of deep emotion and heartfelt interest.

Memory just now recalls a lovely child to whom it was once my happiness to impart instruction. Little Bertha possessed a grace and beauty impossible to describe. Her rich, brown hair fell in curls over her shoulders, and a blue eye of dreamy expression betrayed the deep tone of her spirit, while she moved with such a sylph-like grace, that she almost seemed to be some ethereal being, upon which you scarcely dared look, lest the illusion should vanish.

Every morning it was my custom to walk with her in a beautiful grove near the house. She knew my fondness for flowers, and would industriously gather all she found, and arrange them with artistic taste for my table, which was sure daily to bear some token of her affection.—With her hand in mine, she would ask questions that surprised me, or pray me to tell her of “little Samuel,” or “Jesus,” or “something about the little boy who had the headache, and died on his mother’s knees.”

One day, after I had been telling her of the Savior, that he loved little children, and that she must love him, she sat some time lost in deep thought, and apparently unconscious of the presence of any one; then approached me so softly, I scarcely heard her footfall, and, putting her cheek against my face, inquired, “How can I love Jesus?”

One evening, just at sunset, we were seated by the stream that passed through the grove where we so often walked. There were beautiful flowers along its banks, and, indeed, the whole scene was enchanting. Suddenly looking up from the water into which she had been looking very earnestly, she exclaimed with a smile, “I wonder if heaven is like this! Do the angels have fruit and flowers,—do they sing? I should like to go there. Perhaps I’ll go soon,” she added musingly.

“But would you be willing to leave little brother Willie and mamma?” I asked. “O yes! if I could be good up there,” (pointing upward,) “like the angels.” “I’m so tired,” at length she said, “please let us go home.” My sister being engaged with company, this evening, I took her to bed. As I gave her my good-night kiss, she said, “I wonder if Carrie will come to-night?” After our friends had gone, and my sister and I sat alone, she asked me if I did not think Bertha a strange little thing. “Why, she told me this morning her sister Carrie came to see her last night, all in white, and sang to her so sweetly.” That night our little darling was taken ill, and, in a few days, we closed her eyes forever. “Never mind, ma,” she said, “I’m only going to see Carrie.”

Passing away, passing away,
Seems written on all things here;
The flower blooms but to decay,
And sinks to its lone, grassy bier.

TOOPY.

Toronto, March 6th, 1858.

EDITORS’ DRAWER.

ENGLAND.—THE GUIDE, AND OUR OTHER PUBLICATIONS.—It is gratifying to learn, through our London agent, that the Guide is quietly accomplishing, in the mother country, what it is doing in our own land. Among other testimonials, the following, from a gentleman at the head of a Wesleyan school in that country, shows by what class its columns are appreciated.

I have regularly received the American periodicals, and like them exceedingly; they furnish the right sort of aid to a worker for Christ. I have taken care to circulate them well among those who can appreciate them.

It is my duty to meet six classes weekly, and to take an active part in the public services of God’s house. I need strong food—and sufficient, and the Guide meets the want.

May the Lord of the harvest bless you in your valuable labors! I shall, all being well, send you orders for three more copies when the year is up.

We are happy in being able to announce to our English friends that our publications will hereafter be kept on hand by Mr. A. HEYLIN, Paternoster Row, London. We have already made one shipment, and will continue to supply as public demand may require.

THE WORK OF HOLINESS IN TEXAS.

OUR readers will find, on another page of the present issue, a sketch, from one of our correspondents, of the work of holiness in Austin, Texas. We are happy to learn, from various sources, that the precious leaven is not confined to this locality, but is diffusing itself to an encouraging extent throughout the bounds of the Texas Conference. Of several communications we have received on this subject, two lie before us of so inspiring a character, that we feel constrained to spread them out on our pages. Read them, beloved, and catch the spirit by which they were dictated. The first is from Rev. Wm. Y. Harris, of Columbus, Texas, and refers more directly to the progress which this grace is making in the conference of which he is a member. After a brief allusion to a business matter, the writer proceeds:

“I cannot do without the Guide. Next to the Bible, it is my choice spiritual food. The perusal of its pages has strengthened and encouraged me greatly. I have been thrown here in Texas, where there are but few who receive the doctrine of sanctification. I perhaps should qualify this last sentence, by say-

The holy flame is spreading.—I constantly preach it in the pulpit, prayer-meeting, class meeting, on the streets, at all times, and everywhere. By the grace of God I believe I shall meet you, my brother, in heaven, to raise the shout of everlasting deliverance. The Holy One be with you. I have written ten times more than I designed. When I sat down it was simply for business, but my heart would speak.

In love,

R. T. P. ALLEN.

A SIGNIFICANT INCIDENT.—At the meeting in Jayne's Hall, on Tuesday, a singular fact was referred to in connection with Mr. Tyng's recent sermon in that hall, to an immense audience, from the text of Scripture, "Ye that are men, go and serve the Lord." Towards the close of his eloquent discourse on that occasion, he asked pardon if he had said any thing to offend his congregation, but added, "I must tell my Master's errand, and I would rather that this right arm (placing his left hand upon it where it has since been amputated,) were amputated at the trunk, than that I should come short of my duty to you in delivering God's message."

DEATH OF THE REV. DUDLEY A. TYNG.—A gloom has been thrown over the community by the sudden and unexpected demise of this talented and devoted minister of the Lord Jesus. His farewell charge to his venerable father, the Rev. S. H. Tyng, D. D., "*Stand up for Jesus! father, stand up for Jesus,*" has become the watch-word of the church throughout the country. From a sermon preached by his father on his son's death, we subjoin the following account of his dying exercises:

The power of life was now fast going, and he seemed no longer conscious of our presence. I aroused him again, and asked him,

"Do you see me, my dear son?"

"No."

"Do you hear me?"

"No."

"Do you not know your father's voice?"

"No."

His wife made the same attempt, but with no other result. I then said,

"My darling son, do you know Jesus?"

"O, yes!" said he, in a voice of wonderful strength and deliberation, "*O, yes! I know Jesus—I have a steadfast trust in Jesus—a calm and steadfast trust.*" He spoke it with astonishing distinctness.

This was, perhaps, within an hour of his departure. After this, he could say no more, connectedly; yet, half an hour afterward, per-

haps, I thought he might still be conscious to my voice, and I asked him,

"Are you happy, my dear son?"

And he answered me very distinctly,

"O, perfectly, perfectly!"

How strange! They were the very words with which his sainted mother closed her testimony to me, six-and-twenty years before, within five minutes of her death. From that moment, he gently sobbed away his life, like an infant who had fallen asleep in crying. His sobs became fainter and fainter, till the last one gently passed, and *all was quietness and rest.*

OUR CIRCULATION.—The question is often asked us, "How large is the circulation of the Guide?" As the answer may be considered an index, (though a very imperfect one,) to the growth of the principles we advocate, we have concluded to make it public. Our total issue at present is 12,271 copies. Of this number we send to

1 Canada West,	2,401	25 Maryland,	124
2 New York,	2,248	26 North Carolina,	113
3 Massachusetts,	814	27 Louisiana,	87
4 Mississippi,	482	28 South Carolina,	79
5 Ohio,	480	29 Minnesota,	77
6 Pennsylvania,	472	30 Canada East,	59
7 Connecticut,	471	31 Rhode Island,	54
8 Illinois,	469	32 Delaware,	46
9 Maine,	452	33 Oregon,	44
10 Michigan,	368	34 Nova Scotia,	41
11 Vermont,	308	35 Kentucky,	37
12 Wisconsin,	291	36 Arkansas,	33
13 Alabama,	263	37 Sandwich Islands,	31
14 New Jersey,	242	38 Prince E. Island,	26
15 Iowa,	233	39 Dis. of Columbia,	16
16 Virginia,	202	40 Missouri,	15
17 Texas,	185	41 Florida,	10
18 Tennessee,	178	42 Kansas,	8
19 Georgia,	161	43 Nebraska,	1
20 England,	138	44 China,	1
21 California,	133	45 Germany,	1
22 New Brunswick,	130	46 Australia,	1
23 New Hampshire,	123	47 St. Domingo,	1
24 Indiana,	125	48 Hayti,	1
		49 Ireland,	1

Grand total, May 1, 1853.

12,271

In judging of the comparative patronage of states, reference must be had to their relative size, and population, or a very incorrect estimate will be made. New York, for instance, which stands at the head of the list, is more than four times as large as Massachusetts in territory, and contains over three times as many inhabitants. The same may be said of other states.

With devout gratitude we are enabled to record that, in *five years*, our list has more than *quadrupled*. In making this statement, we take no credit to ourselves. However flatteringly our friends have been disposed to regard our humble efforts, we believe it to be owing mainly to the spread of the gracious truths we advocate, and the zealous exertions of our patrons. To God be all the praise!

THE
GUIDE
TO
HOLINES.

EDITORS:
REV. H. V. DEGEN, REV. B. W. GORHAM.

VOLUME XXXIV.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY HENRY V. DEGEN,
No. 22 CORNHILL,
1858.

PRINTED BY THE
Franklin Printing House,
Corner of Franklin and Hawley Streets,
BOSTON.

INDEX TO VOLUME XXXIV.

FROM JULY, 1858, TO JANUARY, 1859.

A Chapter for Odd Moments,.....	4	Duties,.....	123
A Christian Letter,.....	119	Earnestness, (S. L. Leonard,).....	50
Acknowledging God, (R. H. Leonard,)....	135	EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.	
Adam and Christ,.....	68	Burning of the Austria,.....	158
Adversity,.....	89	Exhortation,.....	159
A Grain of Musk,.....	138	Losing All,.....	30
A Holy Heart desirable and attainable, (A. A. Phelps,).....	66	Missing at the Prayer Meeting,.....	159
A Methodist Church without one Witness for Holiness in its bosom, (Y.),.....	12	Mr. Spurgeon's Prayer Meeting,.....	29
Am I a Soldier of the Cross? (M. L. Tunnell,).....	68	Revival Intelligence,.....	96
Am I Right? (M. V.),.....	119	Stand up for Jesus,.....	29
Another Voice from the South, (J. M. B.),	107	The Bible in Russia,.....	159
Antidote to Backsliding, (P. Palmer,)....	6	EDITORIAL PAPERS.	
A Voice from the Land of Promise, (E. R.),.....	120	A brief Tour,.....	124
Bad Theology in Hymns, (Y.),.....	47	Camp Meetings,.....	125
Beatific Vision, Tho.,.....	23	Mrs. Palmer still Absent,.....	124
Best Wishes, (Nora,).....	35	Questions Answered,.....	58
Bible, the Hope of the World,.....	104	The Higher Christian Life.....	182
Bigotry,.....	108	The Inner and the Outer Life,.....	92
BOOK NOTICES.		The Shell and the Kernel,.....	124
A Missionary Sermon,.....	63	EDITOR'S DRAWER.	
Christ and Adornments,.....	127	A Contrast,.....	63
Conversion of a Sceptic,.....	188	A Forthcoming Volume,.....	63
Fifth Annual Report of Board Mis- sions,.....	63	An Inquiry Replied to,.....	62
Letters of Madam Guyon,.....	31	An Obituary,.....	95
Rollo in Rome,.....	188	A rich Experience,.....	62
Stand up for Jesus,.....	188	A valuable Tract,.....	127
The Angels told me so,.....	127	Bereavement,.....	188
The Pulpit and the Pew,.....	31	Bishops of the M. E. Church,.....	95
Truths for the Times,.....	96	Booksellers,.....	188
Union Hymns and Music,.....	127	Cape Haytien,.....	157
Brief Gospel, Tho.,.....	17	Catalogue of our Books,.....	31
Bring all to Jesus, (Kate,).....	6	Cheering Testimony,.....	95
Care,.....	82	Coming of Christ,.....	157
Character and Reputation,.....	91	Declined Articles,.....	61
Charity or Love,.....	27	Do you Love Jesus?.....	95
Chastening, a Discipline for the promotion of Holiness, (J.),.....	115	Establishment in New York,.....	31
CHILDREN'S CORNER.		Forbearance Solicited,.....	157
Christ's precious Lambs,.....	93	Guide Cover,.....	188
Minnie's Faithfulness,.....	158	Meetings for Holiness,.....	96
Sanctify them through Thy Truth,.....	28	Mrs. Palmer's forthcoming Volume,...	96
Simon, Son of Jonas, lovest thou Me? ..	61	New Subscribers,.....	157
The Just shall live by Faith,.....	126	Our New York Arrangement,.....	61
The Wayward Pupil,.....	125	Our New York Depository,.....	127
Choice Sayings,.....	25	Reading for Winter Evenings,.....	127
Child's Vision of Heaven, A, (B. W. G.),	52	Results of the Revival,.....	30
Christianity at Death,.....	120	Rev. R. McGonegal,.....	95
Christian Love,.....	27	Singing Book for Family Worship,...	127
Christ All to the Believer,.....	149	To Contributors,.....	157
Christ a Refuge, (M. J. B.),.....	173	Effects of Personal Adorning on the Individual,.....	136
Christ's Love, (A Student,).....	111	Effects of the Doctrine of Holiness, (C. H.),	90
Christ Within,.....	104	Emotional Christianity, (H. W. Beecher,)..	167
Church Heavenward, Tho.,.....	120	Entire Sanctification, (D. A. Whedon,)...	145
Church, Tho.,.....	114	Envy,.....	70
Coming of Christ, (P. I. U.),.....	121	Explanation Granted, (A. A. Phelps,)....	36
Communion with Christ at His Table, (E. L. E.),.....	17	Extracts from Rev. John Wesley,.....	53
Cross, Tho.,.....	104	Female Devotedness, (J.),.....	104
Defective Religion,.....	5	First Melted, then Moulded, (B. M. Adams,).....	40
Divine and Human Teaching,.....	27	Fretting,.....	35
Doubt,.....	104	Gathered Fragments,.....	168
		Glimpses of Calvary, A, (A. C. B. L.),...	71
		God All-sufficient,.....	120
		God in the Soul,.....	100
		God made a New Man of me, (N. J. Aplin,).....	41

Golden Altar, The,.....	108	Palmer, Dr. and Mrs., in New Brunswick,	83
Grace for our Day,.....	70	Peace, the Legacy of Christ to the Believer, (A. P. J.),.....	170
Growth in Grace, (S. B.),.....	166	Personal Responsibility, (Loise,)... ..	179
Guiding Hand, The,.....	70	Prayer, (Lena G.),.....	8
Hast thou Prayed this day?.....	51	Prayer,.....	27
Hearing,.....	85	Profession, (Annie),.....	56
Heaven, the Home of the Holy, (Y. J.),..	172	Providence, (M. J. B.),.....	139
Hindrances,.....	82	Raiment of Conquest, The, (E. R.),.....	33
Holiness,.....	10	Reason and Faith,.....	102
Holiness in Heaven,.....	76	Religion,.....	44
Holiness—its Effects, (B. S.),... 19—43—	74	Religion of Beauty,.....	42
Holiness unto the Lord, (Enola),.....	42	Religion of Principle,.....	72
Holy as possible, (D. Sherman),.....	1	Religious Talkers,.....	70
Holy Watchfulness,.....	169	Rest from Conflict, (E. R. Wells),.....	73
Honoring God, (S. L. Leonard),.....	100	Retrospect of a year,.....	179
Hope, (Nora),.....	47	Salvation by Jesus,.....	123
How Another was Saved, (J. E. S.),.....	163	Satan's Devices, (S. L. Leonard),.....	154
How to be a Christian, (E. L. E.),.....	150	Scattered Thoughts, (Y.),..... 11—	76
How to regain the lost Blessing, (A. Kent),	112	Sculpture of Habit, The,.....	68
Humility,.....	72	Secret of Success, The, (E. E. Rogers),...	10
I'll Try, (Y. J.),.....	71	Smoking among Christian Professors, (W. H. J.),.....	69
I long to be There,.....	77	Sorrow is the Night of the Mind,.....	169
I'm glad Salvation's Free,.....	75	Soul House, The, (E. L. E.),.....	78
Important Question, An, (Wesleyan),....	48	Speak for Jesus, (E. E. R.),.....	100
Independence,.....	91	Stand up for Jesus, (A. M. Huntley),....	140
Infidelity,.....	120	Study of the Bible,.....	75
Ingratitude,.....	108	Take the Cross, (E. E. R.),.....	46
Internal Christ, The, (P. L. Upham),....	18	The Blood of Jesus cleanseth, (Carrie Thrasher),.....	70
Is there a Providence?.....	21	The Christian, (M. Osborne),.....	181
It Leavened the Whole, (H. C.),.....	12	The City Above, (Mary A. Hubbard),....	166
It must be Preached, (E. E. Rogers),.....	103	The Comforter, (Carrie),.....	134
Jehovah Jireh, (M. J. B.),.....	132	The Cross,.....	85
Keep thy Heart with all Diligence, (W. McDonald),.....	26	The Daily Sacrifice, (Y.),.....	102
Knowledge and Virtue,....	27	The Departed, (A Student),.....	16
Labor, (M. J. Bishop),.....	181	The Heart in Literature,.....	120
Let my Jesus be Exalted, (D. A. Jeffres),.	105	The Love of Honor an Obstacle to Faith, (W. S. T.),.....	86
Letter from Dr. J. T. Peck,.....	143	The Lord hath taken away, (M. J. B.),... 139	
Letter from Mrs. Palmer,.....	174	The Promise Verified, (I. Stacy),.....	77
Letter from Rev. A. Kent,.....	49	The Sunset of Life, (M. J. B.),.....	156
Lines addressed to Mrs. Palmer, (Anna),..	118	The Uplifted Heart, (Eldora),.....	99
Little Bessie's Dying Request,.....	169	Thoughts from my Scrap Book, (A. F. Sanborn),.....	57
Loss of Virtue,.....	108	To Christians, (E. E. Rogers),.....	11
Love's Conquest over Unbelief,.....	79	To Ministers of all Denominations, (W. B. Owen),.....	72
Love to God,.....	7	To-night and To-morrow, (Annie),.....	108
Memoir of Rev. W. C. Kendall, A. M., 80—97—132—	161	To Seekers of Salvation, (B. S.),.....	44
More Testimony, (W. B. Owen),.....	143	Truths,.....	79
Mount Pisgah,.....	68	Unbelief and its Relations to other Sins, (J. D.),.....	2
Moveable Conscience,.....	99	Uses of Infidelity,.....	57
MUSIC.		Unused Talent,.....	56
The Better Portion,.....	64	Voice from the Episcopal Church, A, (M.),	56
The Meroy Seat,.....	160	Warning Reiterated, A, (F. E. Irvine),..	38
There is Rest for the Weary,.....	128	What can Holiness do for our tongues? (W. S. T.),.....	13
The Sinner Invited,.....	82	Wilt Thou not be made clean, (J. B. Syl- vester),.....	24
Must we Profess it, (A. Kent),.....	141	Word of God, The,.....	57
Necessity of Holiness, The, (A. W. Eastman),.....	81	Words of Christ,.....	89
No other Name, (Minerva),.....	102	Work,.....	123
Notes by the Way, (Y.),.....	180	Ye are my Witnesses, (Dora),.....	8
Office of the Church,.....	48		
Our Relationship to Christ, (A Student),..	155		
Our Sins,.....	91		
Our Want,.....	76		

THE GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

Holy as Possible.

BY REV. D. SHERMAN.

It was observed by the lamented Payson, that he desired to be as holy as possible in this life. He had no fears of approaching too near the standard of Bible excellence; of becoming too completely assimilated to our great exemplar, our glorified Master, in heaven. This was a sublime, a noble purpose of that noble man; one, however, in which he finds in the church but few imitators. For, however lamentable the confession may be, we are yet obliged to acknowledge that vast multitudes, expecting to obtain the kingdom of heaven, apparently study to ascertain with how little of the love of God, of the moral purity of the gospel, they may be able to enter, rather than how much they may receive; how they may just go in at the door, to the marriage feast, ere it be forever closed, rather than how to approach in good time; how they may arrive in port just free from ruin, and not with all sails set, and under the pressure of a full breeze.

How many have hung on the term "perfection," taken exceptions to the mode in which the doctrine is explained by its advocates, or run away into some inextricable method of refining, or philosophising on the subject as really foreign from all practical and profitable discussion thereof, as was the thesis of the old school-men, as to how many angels can stand on the point of a needle.

To all serious and earnest minds, however, to whom sin has become hateful, and holiness supremely attractive, the practical

side of the question assumes the highest importance. Such individuals care less for the exact theoretical statement of the doctrine; they seek the practical side—the fruits resulting from the communion of the soul with God. The theoretical and the practical have no necessary connection, however specious a statement of this sort may appear. Were man, however, possessed of universal perfection, this would be true; but this is not the case. The heart may be right while the head is sadly at fault, inso-much that all men concede the discrepancy in general. The heart is truer and safer, as a guide through the entangling web of thought, through the practical difficulties of life, than the head. This is the practical sense, the religious instinct that leads us to the cross and to heaven. The husbandman may have but a meagre view of the theory of agriculture, while, in practice, he surpasses the best mere theorizer. Experience is to him worth more than theory. Theory would be very liable to defeat the pecuniary advantage of his employment. The same is true of spiritual things. There are a few minds that can dwell in the enchanted region of theory without impairing their views of practical piety; but with the mass it is not so. They must *feel* their way to heaven, step by step. The philosophy of the way will not be fully seen till they attain the goal.

This phase of the subject affords a good test of our real interest to reach the standard of piety, proposed in the Bible, as attainable in this life. Here do we often deceive ourselves. We think ourselves in earnest for the attainment, while, in fact, we are only curious about the statement, de-

fence, or alleged objections against the doctrine. It is liked as a theory, as a theme of discourse, as a target, by which to exhibit our theological marksmanship, or as an occasion to bolster up our orthodoxy or to exhibit our adroitness in eluding the received sense of the church, in hair-splitting the plainest, simplest, most comfortable truths.

But, to the mind really in earnest, these theoretical notions possess only a secondary and inconsiderable attraction. We need so much theory as to comprehend the subject in outline; and even this will be reached most readily by the heart. The peasant, who has groped his way up the mountain path, has a better knowledge of the way than the philosopher, who has merely theorized upon the matter, in his study. The earnest mind tests the matter by experience—ascends the hill—views the thing itself, and not the mere picture of it, sketched by some theological artist. He regards the plain teaching of Christ, rather than theories of his own, or the heads of others; the great heart and care of the gospel, standing out in its own light, rather than the divergent, many-hued rays reflected from the thousand creeds of the church militant. All these may be in error, may distort the original, and exert a ruinous influence on the souls surrendered to their guidance; but “the more sure word of prophecy” cannot lie; here is the voice of God, the oracle of supreme wisdom, able to make us wise unto salvation. To this centre of truth he comes, unrolls the volume, reads the promise, invokes the divine aid, and receives the comforting assurance that whosoever doeth his will “shall know of the doctrine.”

Such a mind, too, often perceives that under these varying, indefinite statements of the truth, is veiled the same sense, the identical moral state for which he has been in search. There is but one true religion, but a single genus of religious experience, but one high road to Heaven, though different parties have written at the entrance of this high way of holiness different designations, as perfection, entire devotion, pure

love, or entire consecration. But, however various the hand-writing of men, the finger-marks point all the same way; the head often interprets erroneously, but the heart faithfully leads us in the old paths, the one road to the bliss of heaven.

An individual in this condition properly seeks after the highest possible attainment in this life, less curious to know the ultimate goal of the soul in probation than earnest to attain all the moral purity he may, feeling that the whole will be requisite for the enjoyment of heaven. After our best efforts, much of the theory of experimental godliness will remain obscure, but no one, who has sought to be as holy as possible in this life, will have lived in vain. The Savior will respect this purpose; and, shedding his light on the soul, will reveal to us higher, more blessed possibilities of experience till we emerge into the full glories of heaven.

Unbelief,

AND ITS RELATION TO OTHER SINS.

BY J. D.

BUT it may be said, “It is not actual sin that hinders the faith of a justified believer, who is seeking holiness, but it is some new duty or surrender, which has been presented by the Holy Spirit, and which he does not get the ready consent of his heart to do. He fears it is duty, but hopes it is not. In this half-persuaded state he may remain some time without losing his justification. Still it stands in the way of his faith; he cannot get the blessing until he does the duty, or gives his hearty consent to do it.

Very true, the seeking soul does sometimes, when praying for holiness, have new crosses and duties presented to him, which he must either do or consent to do, before the prayer for holiness is answered.

We heard an aged Father in Israel, who has long been an “example of the believer in faith and purity,” say, when he was seeking the blessing of a clean heart, he felt it his duty to make a certain confession. He

prayed and prayed, but it was of no use, he must confess. At length he broke the secret to his wife, and confessed all to her, but was not blessed. He then told it to a confidential brother in the church, but felt no better. He then resolved, if it was the will of the Lord he should confess it to *all the world*, he would do so. Then the mighty baptism of fire descended. To use his own words, "I had to become willing that every body should know me *inside* as well as *outside*, and I felt willing there should be windows in my heart, that all might look in and see all that was there going on; then the blessing came." He made no effort to believe, at this point in his experience; the blessing was imparted as soon as his will was surrendered in regard to that particular duty.

But does such an experience prove that unbelief cannot exist unless some such act of disobedience, or non-performance of duty produce it? We think not. It is true "Faith, without works, is dead, being alone." For instance, that blind man, whom Jesus told to go to Siloam and wash, might have had all faith that Christ was both able and willing to restore his sight, but if he had refused to go to the pool and wash, he would have remained blind; not because of his lack of faith, but of his lack of obedience. Naaman, also, was full of faith that the prophet Elisha could recover him of his leprosy, but he was displeased with the mode, and would have remained a leper still, had he not obeyed as well as believed.

But again, if the unconsecrated and disobedient are the only persons who are troubled with unbelief, why did our Savior have to reprove the disciples so often for their unbelief? We are told they "forsook all and followed him." Peter says, "Lo! we have left all and followed thee." Here is a perfect consecration. And yet how often we hear him saying to these consecrated disciples, "O ye of little faith." "O fools, and slow of heart to believe." "Because of your unbelief," etc. Indeed, our Lord reproveth them more frequently for this sin than for any other.

And what is the experience of many of those Christians who have walked in the way of holiness for years? They not only testify that unbelief alone long kept them from receiving the blessing, but that it is the Goliath of the host, with which they have to contend, in the spiritual warfare.

Mr. Bramwell testifies that he sought the blessing long by works, but found it not, until he learned to look for it by faith, and then the sanctifying power was imparted.

Mr. Carvosso gives the same testimony, and many others that we might name, who, after having consecrated all else, "could not enter" into the Canaan of perfect love, "because of their unbelief." And we hear that holy woman, Lady Maxwell, after living many years in the light of entire holiness, exclaim, "O that I had a voice that could reach to the ends of the Christian world, I would say to every seeking penitent, only believe, and justification is yours; only believe, and sanctification is yours."

And Mr. Fletcher, after a long experience of holiness, with the most intimate communion with God, describes the withering effects of unbelief, as follows: "When I stand in unbelief, I am like a drop of muddy water, drying up in the sun of temptation; I can neither comfort, nor help, nor preserve myself. When I do believe, and close in with Christ, I am like that same drop, losing itself in a boundless, bottomless sea of purity, light, life, power, and love. There, my good and my evil are equally nothing, equally swallowed up, and grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life."

Here the question may arise, if those persons were holy, how could they be troubled with unbelief? Is there any unbelief in an entirely sanctified soul? We answer, No; if a man's heart is cleansed from *all sin*, it must be cleansed from this root of bitterness also. Still, he may not have light on all the high privileges of the believer in Christ; hence his faith does not grasp many of the exceeding great and precious promises, for the full

power of the Holy Ghost on his heart; not because of his *unbelief*, but because of his want of *light and knowledge*. But let us remember that the "old serpent," the author of all unbelief, is just as bold in presenting this temptation to an entirely sanctified soul as he was to our first parents. When faith lays hold on a great and glorious promise, such as, "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them;" then it is he whispers, "*presumption; be careful; not too fast,*" etc.

O, may the Lord help us, "*above all,*" to take the "shield of *faith*, wherewith we shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked," and, also, to "be careful to maintain good works." Thus, with *faith* and *works* united, we shall go on surely and steadily.

Binghamton, March 4th, 1858.

A Chapter for Odd Moments.

FRAGMENTARY TESTIMONIES.

It often happens that articles are written for the Guide which, for various reasons, cannot be admitted; at least *in full*. Many of these, however, contain select passages and scattered gems that ought to be preserved. For this purpose we shall occasionally make up a fragmentary chapter, containing extracts from communications designed for the press; accompanied, it may be, with an occasional passage from our own private correspondence.—[SUB.-ED.]

I have thought much about one thing;—it is this. When I was conformed to the world, not striving to live for God, but like my ungodly neighbors, except in simply belonging to the church, all spoke well of me—all *thought* well of me, so far as I know; but since I have been trying to live for God, all manner of evil has been said of me. Verily, the reproach of the cross has not ceased. These things are painful; but one cannot be crucified to the world without some suffering; and especially, one who had so much of the world in her

heart as myself. From my *soul* I cry,—*Let the crucifying process go on*; any way, so I may have the *power* of salvation in my heart. Give me *Jesus*—let all else go by the board.—[E.]

After a severe struggle, I was enabled to lay all upon the altar; and in a moment, even while I was yet speaking, my soul was filled with supreme love to God. Now I know for myself, and not another, that the blood of Christ "cleanseth from all sin." I desire to be actuated in all that I do or say, by the Spirit of the Most High God. I wish no higher honor than to be an humble follower of the blessed Jesus. I can say, come sickness, come death, or come what will, my God is my sun and shield, in whom are centered all my hopes. I would have God's will done in all things concerning me. I am not my own, but the *Lords'*, who has bought me with an infinite price.—[C. B.]

It is now seven years since God, for Christ's sake, forgave my sins; and I have never seen a moment since, when I would exchange my hope for all that this world calls good and great. Though many times under clouds of darkness, not knowing which way to turn, yet God, in every instance, directed my steps. I spent the best part of my life in the service of Satan; and had it not been for a faithful minister of the gospel, who introduced the subject of my soul's salvation, I should probably long ago have been numbered with the damned. But thanks to a merciful providence that interposed in my behalf!—I regret that I have not always lived fully up to my privilege and duty, where I could feel the approving smile of heaven all the while resting down upon me. I believe it is the Christian's privilege to walk in the sun-light of Jesus' loving countenance. For the past year I have thought much on the subject of a deep religious experience, as I have perused the pages of the Guide. It has engrossed my attention more than anything else. God has promised to fill

those that hunger and thirst after righteousness. I long to be filled with all the fullness of a Savior's love.

In the fall of 1847, my mind was deeply impressed with the importance of forsaking all for Christ. Though enabled to rejoice in his pardoning love, yet I felt so painfully a want of entire conformity to the divine image, that I expressed in love feast my determination not to rest until I obtained the pearl of perfect love. The day following, so intense were my desires for *holiness*, that it seemed impossible for me to *live*, unless freed from inbred sin and filled with all the life of God. While engaged in secret prayer, the power of God came down with so much of *heaven and glory*, that I shouted aloud his praise. The clear witness of perfect love was given, and my happiness was beyond the power of language to express. My soul was full of glory and of God. I saw the sin of being ashamed to acknowledge the work of grace, and resolved to be a faithful witness.

Since then I have been many times so overwhelmed with the presence and love of God, that I have sunk down under a weight of glory. I believe I have felt the power of that holy faith and love that led the martyrs to the stake, and rendered them insensible to the flames. I feel at present a heavenly breeze wafting me on towards the harbor of eternal repose. Glory be to God! I expect to walk with Christ in white.—[MARY.]

I sought and obtained mercy when in my sixteenth year, after drinking deeply of the "wormwood and gall" of repentance. I had a clear view of Christ as my Savior, and enjoyed the satisfactory evidence of my justification. I knew not but that my spiritual enemies were all destroyed; but after a while they began to appear, and I was again in trouble. But without regarding iniquity in my heart, I cried unto God for help. I called to mind the words of Jesus: "Every one that asketh,

receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth." By simple faith I clung to this promise, and earnestly pleaded for the Holy Spirit to supply my inward want. And verily the Lord did hear me, and regarded the voice of my supplication. Though I did not know the blessing I then received by the name of "sanctification" or "perfect love," yet I now believe, with clearer views of the matter, that I did sell all for Jesus, and obtain "a heart from sin set free." I walked and talked with God daily, and my one object was to glorify him in all things. Timid as I was, I was so constrained by the love of God, that I would sometimes arise in a large congregation and speak with a boldness astonishing to myself. I am now trying to act upon the principle that I am wholly the Lord's.—[J. W. W.]

My own soul never thirsted more for the *gospel* than now. I can hardly endure to listen to the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal that are too often heard instead of the *certain sound* of the gospel trump. Not long since, as I was compelled to listen to such empty sounds, (if I listened at all,) I felt so deeply the lack of power and nutriment, that I began to look to *God* to feed my hungry soul; and, blessed be his name! I did realize that I was fed with the hidden manna of *his word*, though not through the instrumentality of the minister. I believe it is God's order to feed the people through the instrumentality of his chosen *ministers*; but if they fail to impart the kind of food needed, the flock have the unspeakable privilege of coming right to the great Shepherd of Israel and obtaining a full supply.—[M.]

DEFECTIVE RELIGION.—"A religion that never suffices to govern a man, will never suffice to save him; that which does not sufficiently distinguish one from a wicked world, will not distinguish him from a perishing world."—Howe.

Blind unbelief is sure to err.

Bring all to Jesus.

BY KATE.

BRING all to Jesus. Jesus waits to bless
Each weary soul that comes to him for rest ;
Let thy requests be known,—he can supply
Thy every need ;—no good will he deny.

Bring all to Jesus, anxious, troubled soul,—
He knows thy sorrows, will thy fears control ;
He bears thy burdens, carries all thy grief ;—
In Jesus only canst thou find relief.

Bring all to Jesus, heart by sin oppressed,
Recline thy head upon the Savior's breast.
Each throb thy spirit knows, thy Savior feels ;
He deigns to bless thee,—now thy spirit heals.

Bring all to Jesus—sympathizing *Friend*,
Upon whose grace alone thou dost depend :
He lives to save from sorrow, sin, and death ;—
O love and serve him while he lends thee breath.

Bring all to Jesus ;—thou art not thine own,
Bought with a price—the *Father's only Son*.
Bring all to Jesus ; fully all resign,
And claim by faith, the blessed Savior *thine*.

Antidote to Backsliding.

LETTER TO A YOUNG CONVERT.

BY MRS. PHOEBE PALMER.

MY DEAR YOUNG BROTHER :—Your dear mother informed me yesterday, that you had recently set out in the way to heaven. She solicited me to unite with her, in praying for you, that you might never *backslide*, but ever maintain an onward course. I have indeed been praying that it may be thus with you ; but I have learned that faith and works must accompany each other, in order to be effectual. It has been urged upon me to direct your attention to the only way by which you may be preserved from backsliding. And here it is : “As you have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so *walk* ye in him.” The entire of the way to heaven, is a way cast up to walk in—not to stand still, or to go back, but it is the will of God that every day should be marked by special progress. How did you receive the Lord Jesus ? Did

you not with much decision, and earnestness, yield yourself up to his service, to be led by his spirit ? You saw that you had been sinning against much love and light ; and you felt that you would sooner die than ever grieve his Spirit more. Thus you received the Lord Jesus. Now if you retain your *first love*, what *earnest* heed will be needful. How few retain their first love. Yet what God says of those who lose their first love is startling, “Repent, and do thy first works, or else I will come unto thee quickly, and remove thy candlestick out of its place, except thou repent.” If you become less zealous, less ardent in your desires to please God in all things, less prayerful, it will be because you have *left* your *first love*. But you cannot retain your first love, but by obediently going forward, being led by the Spirit. As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. If you would retain your *adoption*, then, you must be exceedingly attentive to the monitions of the Spirit. We are divinely admonished not to be as the horse or the mule, to be driven about with the bit and bridle, but to be guided by the eye of God. If I were to be guided by your eye, how attentively would I keep my eye fixed on you. Now you can only be saved from sin by keeping your eye continually fixed on Jesus. “Look unto me and be ye saved.” Satan has snares laid for your feet ; and as he is exceedingly subtle, he will *surely* entrap you unless you continually look to Jesus for wisdom, succor, and sustainment. As you go forward, you will be gaining more knowledge, and your spiritual vision will become keener. Your responsibilities will consequently become greater. So you cannot always judge of what was your duty a week since, as the duty of to-day. For to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin. You *ought* to know more now than you did last week. You cannot retain a state of freedom from condemnation, unless you go on to perfection. “There is therefore now no condemnation to them which

are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit." But if we do *not* walk after the spirit, there is condemnation. Many fancy themselves in a state of justification, who in many things walk after the flesh, and not after the spirit. The spirit always leads us by the way of the cross. Christ says, "If any man will follow me, let him *deny* himself and *take up his cross*." But there are some who profess a state of justification, who talk about going *around* the cross instead of taking it up, and yet they imagine themselves in the way to heaven. It is thus that many get into by-paths, such as Bunyan speaks of. Whatever the profession of such may be, they will at last be found with those mistaken ones, who will say, "Lord, have we not eaten and drunk in thy presence, hast thou not taught in our streets," etc. Let me then again say, if you go on in a state of justification, steadily following the Spirit, you will be led directly into the way of *holiness*. You have just commenced your journey heavenward. Yes, you are in the way. Resolve daily to walk in Christ as you have received him, and you will have found an antidote to backsliding.

END WORSE THAN THE BEGINNING.

"For, if after they have escaped the pollutions of the world through the knowledge of the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, they are again entangled therein, and overcome, the latter end is worse with them than the beginning."

If backslidings are so disastrous, and so hateful in the sight of God, how important to know of an antidote. If lukewarmness in church communities and in individuals was regarded as God regards it, tendencies towards it would be shunned with as much abhorrence as the most deadly poison. What does God say to those who had left their first love, and were now lukewarm in his service? "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would that thou wert either cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth."

Did you ever try to drink water, neither cold nor hot? Then I need not speak of its offensiveness. You well remember how your nature revolted, and utterly rejected it. So does God abhor lukewarmness in church communities and in individual professors, and just as surely will he utterly reject them.

Now do not lay this article aside till you determine before God what your state is. Have you left your first love? Do you feel less ardent in the service of your loving Lord, than you did on the first week of your espousal to Christ? Do you feel less interest in the salvation of the perishing around you now, and do you manifest less ardor before the church, in your intercourse with the world, and in closet duties? "If ye love me, keep my commandments." Is a love and respect to all God's commandments, more engrossing with you now, than at the period of your early espousal? So that every power of your soul in waiting attitude before God, is inwardly saying, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." If these inquiries cannot be answered in the affirmative, is it not because you have left your first love, and become lukewarm? O! beware of backsliding, for the end of that man is worse than the beginning.

"God of unspotted purity,

Us and our works canst thou behold?

Justly are we abhorred by thee,

If we are neither hot nor cold."

LOVE TO GOD.—"Our esteem of God is fundamentally defective, if it be not primarily for the excellency of his nature, which is the foundation of all that is valuable in him in any respect. If we love not God because he is what he is, but only because he is profitable to us, in truth we love him not at all; if we seem to love him, our love is not to him, but to something else."—[Edwards.]

"The law of God will not take *ninety-nine for a hundred*."—[Secker.]

Prayer.

BY LENA G.

HELP me, Father divine, to tread this sacred ground with hallowed feet and lifted heart. Well we know it is indeed more than the spoken words and rising voice that find echo in yonder courts of heaven, and lodgment in the ear of the Almighty; yet very prone are we to engage in the act of prayer, as though our blessed Savior was afar off, and we hardly dare look up trustingly, but just ask, over and over again, for blessings and mercies to rest upon and follow us all our lives. What a thought! We, frail, erring, dependant creatures, bending the knee before the great and holy, but very compassionate Father, and really troubling our hearts with cankering care about coming duties away on in the future, and telling this all-wise Master that we are afraid we shall fail or falter somewhere in the shining road to heaven; and when he bids step, we shall be unable to obey! Why, is this not complete distrust? And are we looking right up to Calvary, and watching the ever-flowing blood, and beholding his wounded hands—or vainly gazing over the obscure meadow-lands of futurity? Tell me, dear Christian, is Jesus near, this hour; and does the Holy Spirit sweetly whisper in your heart, "My Father, my Father;" and does he closely press your trusting heart; and do you now, this moment, see him interceding there for you? If not, is there anything more you ought to have; and can your soul rest short of its attainment? Let alone, then, the nice form of words, the faultless expressions of mental appreciations of "goodness, mercy, and long-suffering;" just let the heart plead; let the soul cry and cast its arms of faith about the cross, and bring it down to earth, and bear it, "all stained with hallowed blood," through evil as well as good report. Why, I would rather listen to the lisping of a child before the throne, than hear a "fine, eloquent prayer;" this talking so beauti-

fully to the King of kings and Lord of lords, is enough to make the heart-blood course wildly through the veins, and the cry come up from the deep of the soul,—precious, loving Savior, pity our ignorance, and teach us simplicity! Oh, what light and glory crowns the mercy-seat; and, as the heart sits calmly in the shadow of the cross, and looks up only to the spotless Lamb of God, how earth and earthly things vanish from our view; all worldly honor and human glory is void and groveling, for Jesus is revealed; his all-redeeming love pervades the soul. And, while we tarry here, great drops of tenderness and sympathy gush from the eye and trickle down the cheek, and we venture nearer and nearer the "eternal throne," until our conscious union with the blessed Savior is so full of sweetness and joy ineffable, that we feel our communion is, indeed, within the veil, and our fellowship with the Father and with his son Jesus Christ.

Glory! glory be to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost forever!

Lima, N. Y.

"Ye are my Witnesses."

BY DORA.

WHO is it that thus speaks? "The Lord." To whom is this language addressed? Unto his chosen people, whom he has previously addressed in the following language: "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine." He first calls upon the nations to gather together, and upon the people to assemble themselves, and "bring forth *their witnesses*, that they may be justified; or let them hear, (his witnesses) and say, It is truth."

"*Ye are my witnesses*, saith the Lord." The nations are gathered, the people are assembled to hear what the Lord's witnesses have to testify. Great is the responsibility resting upon them. It is necessary, in order to be a competent witness, to have a knowledge of the matter respecting

which the testimony is to be given. It is not of what others know, but of that which their own eyes have seen, and their own ears have heard. The testimony, in order to be weighty, must be perfectly harmonious, and confirmatory of the truths affirmed by him who has summoned the witnesses to testify. If it in any wise conflicted with his testimony, it would be a disadvantage to the cause that he wished to sustain. Now, it has been positively declared that "Jesus Christ hath power on earth to forgive sins." I am summoned, with numerous other witnesses, to testify respecting this declaration. Now, if I testify that my own sins are unpardoned, that upon my heart rests the burden of guilt, my testimony, of course, would be in opposition to the affirmation made, and hence prove an injury, instead of a benefit. It has been confidently affirmed that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all unrighteousness.*" When called upon to bear witness touching this fact, I testify that although I have heard others say that it was so, there was nothing in my experience to corroborate it, though I had sought it with earnestness; but on the other hand I was painfully conscious that my heart was exceeding vile, and far from holiness. Of what value would such a testimony be? It is declared, respecting the "yoke" of Christ, that "it is easy," and that his "burden is light." If I testify that since I entered upon the service of Christ I had borne a grievous yoke,—heavy burdens had been laid upon my shoulders, and I had found my position to be one of hard servitude and cruel bondage, I should most certainly frustrate the declaration given.

It is affirmed that "whomsoever the Son makes free, is free indeed;" that there is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus, neither darkness to those who follow Christ. I stand forth among the Lord's witnesses—I am on his side, and I go on to state that I am bound in the chains of unbelief; bowed down to earth beneath the weight of condemnation; feeling sensibly

that I sin daily, yea, hourly, in thought, word, or deed; darkness covers my path, and I know not where I am. Does my testimony strengthen the cause of him who has chosen me for a witness?

It is affirmed that the Spirit of God bears an inward testimony with the spirit of those who are the children of God, assuring them of their adoption. I am called upon to bear witness to this fact. I testify that it is a point I long to know, and oft it caused me anxious thoughts whether I had indeed been born of the Spirit; whether I was the Lord's or not. All was doubt and uncertainty with me respecting it. I entertained a little hope that I had indeed passed from death unto life; but the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, and I fear that I may be deceived, and after all be a castaway.

How valueless, yea, worse than valueless, is such a testimony. It conflicts with the declaration of God, and dishonors his cause. How important, then, that as a chosen witness, I be also a competent one, and from actual experience and knowledge, testify to the truth of the divine declarations. Then would I be enabled to say,—I "know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins," for he has pardoned mine. I know that his blood "cleanseth from all unrighteousness," for it has cleansed away all my iniquity. I know that Christ's yoke is easy, and his burden light; for I have worn the yoke, and carried the burden, for many years. I know that whom the Son makes free, is free indeed; for from my soul the fetters of unbelief and bondage have been broken off, and I have long tasted the joys of freedom. I know there is freedom from condemnation to those who abide in Christ, and no darkness to those who follow in his steps. I know in whom I have believed, and that I have passed from death unto life; for the Spirit of God testifyeth to this truth with my spirit; and I rejoice in hope of that glory which shall be made manifest at the revelation of Jesus Christ. God's word is truth. Christ is all that that

word declares him to be. Wisdom's ways are pleasant; her paths are peace. The path of the just is as a shining light, increasing in brightness unto the perfect day.

If such was the uniform testimony of all of the Lord's witnesses, so sweetly harmonizing with the divine declarations, the gathered nations, and assembled people who hear would be forced to say, "*It is truth!*"

The Secret of Success.

BY EDWARD E. ROGERS.

THE secret of success in the Christian life, what is it? The energized and energizing power that makes the saint a champion for God, in what does it consist? The question is practical, and the answer intensely interesting to the aspiring Christian soul. It is prayer; earnest, persevering, believing prayer. It needs no demonstration to prove that we have answered correctly; the experience of the humblest saint is ample testimony in confirmation of the fact.

Yes, brothers and sisters, the secret of success in the Christian life, is prayer. It is this that drives coldness and unbelief from the heart, and fills it with glowing love and joy; this that attracts, by an irresistible influence, the mighty Spirit of God to the soul, and gains that *spirit-cleansing*, without which the believer is but half a saint; and this that secures salvation for a world of sinners perishing. O, it is this that "moves the arm of God," and speeds on the reign of righteousness!

But what kind of prayer is needed? A formal, doubting petition, in which there is no ardent entreaty, no untiring perseverance, no filial confidence? Verily no! This is not prayer, but mockery of God. Prayer is heart-communion with Jehovah; and this communion, to be available, must have that trembling earnestness that the burning, visible presence of the "King of Kings" would inspire. It must be real, by

grasping appropriating faith. It must be successful, by never-wearyed patience.

Dear brothers and sisters, let me say a practical word in relation to this subject. Do you love to pray? Are those the sweet, elysian moments of your existence that you spend in the closet? Or, on the other hand, do you neglect prayer,—neglect the sacred duty of secret communion with God, and go seldom or never with your fellow Christians to the prayer-circle, to seek choice blessings for yourselves and others? Is the latter the case? Then wonder not at your coldness; wonder not that you are powerless in conflict with the destroyer of souls. O, begin to pray,—not to-morrow, but *to-day*; not formally and unbelievably, but with an intensity of ardor and faith.

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer."

You cannot live without it. Cease to pray, and at once moral death begins its reign in your soul!

To those who love to pray, especially to those who have tasted of the bliss of "perfect love," let me say, O, pray for Zion! She needs the "baptism of power."—Remaining corruptions forbid that she should go forth "conquering and to conquer," with swift and certain progress. Pray, pray for the spread of holiness.

For the children of Zion pray,
The stains of sin they bear;
If these are ever washed away,
'T will be by earnest prayer.

HOLINESS.—"Holiness and complete victory over the world are what we want. These are high attainments, which are reached by faith, but commonly after many preliminary steps. There must be great searching of heart and prayer. We must not estimate our success in prayer by the peace, joy, or even ecstasies that accompany or follow it."—[Prest. Celin.

To Christians.

BY EDWARD E. ROGERS.

SING, Christian, sing
Love's own impassioned lays.
To Jesus bring
Your fervent, holy praise.
Sing of the grace that saves from hell;
Let choicest, sweetest anthems swell,
To laud thy dear Immanuel,—
"Ancient of days."

Pray, Christian pray
Faith's strong availing prayer.
Once cease to pray,
You cease to *do* and *dare*.
A heart set free from sin implore;—
Oh! for a *weakened* Zion, pour
Thy ardent prayers, till *sin* no more
Her *strength* impair.

Speak, Christian speak!
O! cast your fears away.
In spirit meek,
Go bear the cross *to-day*.
Point sinners to the "Lamb of God,"
Ask them to tread where Jesus trod,
To walk with you the heavenly road,
And wear the crown for aye.

Fight, Christian fight!
Hell's legions dark, oppose!
Stand for the right
Against ten thousand foes!
Fight, nerved by holy energy;
Fight fearlessly and ceaselessly.
Not till you 've gained the victory,
May you repose.

Scattered Thoughts.

BY Y.

THE Jew was commanded to love the Lord his God with all his heart, with all his soul, and all his might. To prove that some Jews did attain this state of holiness and of requirement, Jesus said of Nathaniel, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile." If this state was attainable under the law; are we less able to fulfil the requirement under the ministration of the Spirit, which is more glorious? No sanctified soul can say anything

more than this, and God requires no more than to love him with all the heart, soul, and might.

Duties, are means of grace, as well as guards against temptation; therefore, we should hail them with gladness of spirit, knowing they ever bear in their train, *special rewards*.

The true meaning of a text of scripture, may be gathered from commentators, and the truest meaning of words picked out of lexicons; and so the plainest truths, and prettiest things may be set forth in a clear methodical way; yet, if the law of God is not written upon the heart of the speaker, with unmistakable evidence to himself and others, so that he understands what he is about, he will be only a sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, on most occasions. Yet it is a fact, that truth will fix itself in the heart of the sincere, earnest enquirer, sometimes, irrespective of the spiritual state of the preacher; but with the great majority of hearers, the speaker's heart must be *in his words*, to give the efficiency the Holy Spirit demands for its sanction.

We have our sowing and reaping seasons, in our inward spiritual experience, as well as in our outward duties and labors; there are times, when we have to pray much—go again, and again to the mercy seat, before we reap the blessing we need; at other times, a glance that way, through a promise, or providence, will satisfy the soul with a sweet portion of the divine presence. *Consciousness* is what we require in all our holy possessions, and this only satisfies the immortal craving.

When we visit our friends, we should strive to take "a little balm and a little honey;" if they are not in Egypt, yet it may be a time of famine with them.

When our friend has a praying relative removed to the upper sanctuary, where they cannot pray, but praise, then, we should take that place, and pray more frequently, and earnestly for the one hereft, and still needing prayer.

"A closer walk with God," is generally

connected with trial, that our graces may be proved genuine fruits of the Holy Spirit. "It must needs be that offences come;" and the trial of your faith is more precious than gold; "the fining pot is for silver and the furnace for gold."

Our blessed religion not only convinces the understanding, but dwells in our affections, thoughts, and feelings, and triumphs in our imagination; therefore it is the bond of cement in our most endeared relations.

Jesus could never have been touched with the "feeling of our infirmities," unless he had gone through all the stages of humanity; and we cannot truly, and deeply sympathize with the fellow-members of the body of Christ, except we are like partakers of their sufferings and trials; therefore, those who endure most hardness, are not only the most accomplished soldiers, but most useful, when rightly exercised in their discipline.

Many a temptation is dissipated by the morning light; and many a sorrow of the day is carried aloft by a song in the night season.

"Forget the things that are behind," said a friend; "never be so foolish as pick up again the little annoyances yesterday's sun set upon; the future is all bright, in its eternal glory, even if you get there as a Lazarus. Ever be looking up."

A Methodist Church without one Witness for Holiness in its bosom.

How strangely that sounds in the ears of those of other denominations, who have groped, and tried hard for the little light they have gathered upon the doctrine of sanctification. When such go, by invitation, to a Methodist class, prayer meeting, or love feast, they expect to hear many testimonies upon this state of experience, and their anticipations are great in regard to receiving light and instruction from those who have been accustomed to the *knowledge* of the doctrine; but how sadly they are disappointed, when they come away, and have

not found one who spoke of this state of grace, and their own stammering testimony was all that was given in favor of the full atonement of Jesus.

We asked a Methodist brother, who is a leader and officer in the church—a very good man—how many witnesses for holiness there were in his church? "Not one," he replied; the ministry in these days do not teach that doctrine, as the pioneers did." He also said that, at times, he thought he was in that state; at one time in his life he enjoyed it six months without a shadow.

We thought that good brother only needed a little help and light on the way of faith, to give him the abiding blessing of a clean heart. So there may be others, in that same church, who only need instruction to give them a clear experience in perfect love.

Y.

It Leavened the Whole.

BY H. C.

SIMPLICITY was a delightful peculiarity in the teachings of the Savior; but, although he adapted the lessons he taught to the most humble and illiterate minds, he always preserved the power of the truth he uttered. The thirteenth chapter of Matthew presents this characteristic of our Lord's teaching very strikingly, in the cluster of parables there employed, to illustrate the weighty truths of the gospel. Not one of that cluster, we think, more clearly answers this end than the parable of the *leaven*. This parable seems to have a general and a particular application. In the first place, it is prophetic of the glorious results to be realized by the promulgation of saving truth. However few and feeble might have been the first effects of Christianity, we are taught, by this parable, to look forward to the time when those small beginnings will have expanded into mighty proportions, and the gospel of Christ shall have scattered its leavening influences throughout the entire mass of humanity.

Leaven works progressively. So has it

been with the truth of the gospel. From the time of its foundation its workings have been manifest. Although we dare not say that it has leavened all the material to which it has had access; yet, wherever its messages have been received, and its designs have not been thwarted, its saving effects have been felt and seen. The light of this gospel has penetrated the darkness of heathendom, cheered the drooping spirits of the disconsolate, wakened hope in the breast of the despairing, driven away superstition, cultivated the untutored mind, led souls to Calvary, cheered them on their earthly pilgrimage, and lighted up all their pathway to the city above, into which their raptured spirits have been joyfully introduced. There was a time when the properties of that leavening truth seemed to be crushed beneath the freezing influences of papal superstition and error. *But the leaven was there.* By and by its power revived, and it has been spreading itself with glorious success, and will continue its gracious triumphs, till it *leavens the whole.*

This parable not only presents the glorious results which will eventually follow the workings of Christianity, but also the power and design of truth, in its application to our *individual hearts.*

The reader, we grant, subscribes to the Bible as the expressed will of God. If so, is it your belief that the gospel has sufficient power only to change the outward man,—to change a few of those desires, the gratification of which has so led you from God? Is it not the power of God unto salvation, in the fullest sense? It is well, if you have proved its leavening power, in the entire renovation of your nature. But how many are there, who profess to be “born again,” and yet exhibit apparently no change in their actions, conversation, or example. What false lights are raised! If the world estimated the value of religion by such examples, what a fearful mistake would they make, what a false impression would they receive.

Gospel truth has a power that cannot be

destroyed. But though not destroyed, it may be *rejected*. It is not only the “world” that rejects it, but *professing Christians* are often guilty of the same rejection. If admitted in the heart, and cherished there, *that truth, like leaven, will leaven the whole*; and when that heart is wholly leavened, it is *pure*. The outflowing streams of moral action will be likewise pure. The man will be entirely devoted to the work of God, for his purified nature will feel at home nowhere else. Why does not gospel truth and grace leaven the church and the world? We evidently refuse the leaven a place to work. May God leaven our hearts, and leaven them entirely.

Bayfield, C. W.

What can Holiness do for our Tongues.

BY REV. W. S. T.

“For in many things we offend all,”—or we all offend.

If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able, also, to bridle the whole body.—JAMES iii. 2.

BIBLE critics are pretty generally agreed that the first sentence in this passage should be rendered thus, “For in many things we all offend.” This makes complete sense; the present rendering does not. We hold that it is entirely consistent with the doctrine of entire sanctification or Christian perfection, that those living in this state may err in judgment, and consequently, sometimes err in practice. This state in grace does not contemplate an unerring judgment or reason; nevertheless, it does maintain that there will be greater freedom from errors in judgment and practice among those who enjoy this state in grace, all things being equal, than among those who do not enjoy this rich blessing. This is so, for the very best reason. Those who are partakers of this grace are more under the guidance of that Spirit which leadeth “into all truth,” than others. Such do not lean so much to

their own understanding. Let none, then, seize upon the scripture standing at the head of this article as a strong proof-text against the doctrine of entire sanctification in the present life. The very next sentence shows most conclusively that this verse may not be used against this doctrine; for it states, "if any man offend not in word," showing it a possible thing, "the same is a perfect man."

The term perfect, here, as elsewhere, when applied to men, does not mean *absolute*, but *relative* perfection. It means perfect of its kind. Here it means an *entire man*, filling the Christian standard or requirement; the measure of the stature of a man in Christ. Having thus premised a little, concerning the meaning of some of the terms of this scripture, we are ready to enter upon the main design of its selection, viz: *What can holiness do for our tongues? Are we to have sanctified tongues?* If it is true, as the apostle James says, in this chapter, which we doubt not, that "The tongue can no man tame," then can the power of holiness tame it? can the grace of "a clean heart" regulate this "little member boasting great things; this 'fire,' this world of iniquity, 'setting on fire the course of nature,' and itself being 'set on fire of hell?'" We hesitate not to answer, Yes, it can do *this* for us. "This is a mighty achievement." So it is, but none too great for omnipotent grace. How much the churches of Jesus Christ are cursed by the unsanctified tongues of their members! There is no more fruitful source of trouble, strife, ill-will and schism in the church than the tongue; than evil speaking, backbiting, or "devouring one another," as Paul styles it in his letter to the Galatians. God's ministers have more difficulty in managing this evil than probably any one thing. Faithful and affectionate sermons in a majority of cases have failed to cure this wide-spread sin. We have solemnly come to the conclusion, that nothing short of entire sanctification will ever cure it. As long as Christians rest satisfied with a low state of

justifying grace, we shall see the monstrous inconsistency of proceeding "out of the same mouth" "blessing and cursing." "My brethren, these things ought not so to be. Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter? Can the fig tree, my brethren, bear olive-berries; either a vine figs? So can no fountain both yield salt water and fresh." Is it to be concluded from hence that persons merely enjoying a justified state are guilty of this sin? Or are those guilty of this grave offence of the tongue not Christians? This language of James would seem to favor the latter. This, however, may be reconciled in this way, and yet allow them to be Christians. When professing Christians yield to this evil we must either interpret them as being in a backslidden state, or deceived. The latter may be the case sometimes, but the former more frequently. We must all have noticed that many persons given to evil speaking are entirely free from it at certain times in their religious life; and these are the times when they are enjoying a season of revival in their own souls. The more charitable view, then, to take of such Christians is, to consider them in a sadly backslidden state when they habitually indulge in this practice. Let it be remembered that a backslidden state is but little better than that of entire impenitency. Let all, then, who are guilty of this abominable sin learn that they are in a most lamentable condition, and that there is cause for the greatest alarm concerning themselves. There is, it will be seen, a much greater liability of persons in a justified state lapsing into this evil, than there is of those who can set to their seals that "the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin." The surest remedy, then, against this evil is to preach entire sanctification in the present life, as the positive duty and privilege of all believers in Christ. We must make believers feel that it is not optional with them whether they are thus holy or not. This is commencing at the right place; this is purifying the fountain, and the stream is necessarily pure; this is

first making the tree good, and the fruit is of necessity good also. When this is done *thoroughly*, and kept good by daily and hourly accessions of grace, there is not that anomalous thing we too often see in halting Christians, of "blessing and cursing," "sweet water and bitter," olive berries on the fig tree, and figs on the vine.

Again, there are doubtless some who love Christ, that are greatly troubled with their tongues. They have severe conflicts with this besetting sin. They feel they are often brought into bondage by it. They feel it, and know it. It causes them many hours of bitter repentance. They sincerely desire to have the mastery over it. Permit me to say, dear brethren, the only sovereign antidote is "perfect love;" "the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace." Never dream of being entire masters of your tongues till you have entered the land of Beulah, the rest of faith from inbred sin. It is your blood-bought privilege to be delivered from this evil that has so long embittered your religious enjoyments, and crippled your influence for good with others. Come to Christ, then, for "a clean heart," and "a right spirit." Let all ministers who wish to see evil speaking banished the churches of Christ, affectionately and ardently exhort their people to seek all the mind of Christ; let them set to work to show them what is their high privilege in the gospel; what is their "high callings' glorious hope," and they will find it to be the *high and surest road* to success, in riding the church of this fearful evil. Then sermons against evil speaking will not be called for. Hitherto we have been seeking to purify the stream instead of the fountain.

Once more: The apostle seems to take it for granted, that he who can govern his tongue, can do everything that belongs to a Christian; "*he is able to bridle the whole body.*" This shows us what a general and fearful evil the tongue is. It seems to be the last enemy that is conquered. All others yield before it. It is the last to quit the field. This Christians generally

know from sore experience. Let us in God's name resolve on victory over this foe. Let us never leave the field till this enemy is completely subjugated. But, be it remembered by all, that we can only conquer by "*the blood of Christ.*"

A word in conclusion to the professors of holiness. Though we are supposed to be guiltless of this evil, and so we should be to the extent indicated in the outset of this article; yet we fear that we cannot claim that exemption this scripture contemplates, or the church and the world have a right to expect of us. Do not we often talk too much? And we know who hath said, "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin." We especially need to be very guarded in our conversation. How often after conversation had with others, we have felt the need of praying to God, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." And it had been wiser in us, to have fervently put up this prayer before we had the conversation. Many excellent and devoted Christians are *habitual talkers*. That is, it was an old and inveterate *habit* with them before conversion and sanctification, and they find to their annoyance that it occasionally arises and asserts its old claims. Let such pray this prayer much; "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord." Let the world and the church see in us, that holiness enables us that we do not "offend in word," and that we are "able to bridle the whole body." Sanctified tongues will arm our cause with a double power. It will be immensely serviceable to the cause we advocate and love, above all others. Should we ever from weakness of judgment "speak unadvisedly with our lips," let us embrace the earliest opportunity to make confession and reparation if possible. This is the true Christian course. This, instead of injuring us, or the blessed cause of Holiness, will help it. We could not injure it more, than refuse to do thus, when we have erred. Do not some, from a false notion, or fear of

crippling the cause, refuse to make a frank confession of their errors of judgment and practice? In the first place, remember that you do not profess to be infallible, therefore should you err, confess it frankly and humbly. "For in many things we all offend," or err. The blood of Christ atones most fully for all such offences or errors; seeing they were not voluntary.

Honolulu, S. I., March 10, 1858.

The Departed.

BY A STUDENT.

"YE men of Galilee; why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."

NOR Jesus, only, going up from Olivet into the heavens, fixes the wondering gaze of those left behind, upon those heavens. But when a partner of our lives, all human as ourselves, takes flight, we are left gazing, we know not how long, toward the mysterious regions whither the soul has fled. We are not all of us as ready as were the men of Galilee to receive the suggestion of the angels attendant on the scene—that this earnestly searching look for such as have, "passed away," will do no good;—that we can learn nothing by it—that the cloud receiving a departed one, though a cloud of glory—has received the earth—released a spirit out of our sight; which a gaze never so steady, nor so long, can penetrate. We say to ourselves, had the soul and body both gone up together as did Christ's, we would sooner turn our eyes away. But here is all the form left. It is lying before us as in sleep. Yet there is no power that can rouse it. The something that once kept that brain-machinery in motion, and produced thoughts that would send an archangel on one of his longest flights—has gone. We saw signs of its going, but could not see it in its flight; and yet we continue to gaze upward, for we know it has gone from earth

—it must be upward. And now the prostrate body is going to decay. The soul left it, because it could remain in it no longer. That intangible something which is a companion of the soul, and acts as a chemical agent with human vitality, has escaped; some rupture has been made, or some particles inimical to the affinity have obtruded themselves; or there has been too much letting down of vital, animal action, so that the silver cord has been loosed, and the compound life-conditions have ceased. The earthly part is left, it may be, in perfect form, but it must be committed to its companionship in the dust. "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes." Though we often look upon the spot where the dust is reposing with the most tender recollections, it is only for a moment that we look downward; we are the next moment gazing into the heavens. It is so lately that we have known all the modes of life with our loved ones here, it seems as if we must know something of the mode of existence, yonder, where the thinking, living, sensational part has gone.

Earthly knowledge we would throw away, for the time, so small a treasure does it seem, without a knowledge of the dead added to it. From the moment they draw their last breath here, we can know nothing of them until we follow them, if it be fifty years; though their last breath might have been a shout of triumph, or a sweet expression of the love of their souls for those they were leaving here. O! mysterious arrangement! Why are we so shut in, or shut out, and the windows darkened? The angels tell us it does no good to gaze. I have felt their reproof many a time, and have asked myself, is it a lack of faith in me respecting the future, that makes it so hard for me to give it all up to the future time of development. God would not take his child out of one mode of being without putting him into a better mode; and why is not this consideration satisfaction sufficient for any who have been trying to follow the flight of a departing spirit? We

must go about our work upon earth, and not continue trying to see beyond the cloud which hangs between us and the glorified. Peradventure the cloud will be parted a little sometimes, and a ray of light shine through upon us; and peradventure some loved spirit will wing by, when the cloud is thin, and we shall get a glimpse, and hear a strain, which will make us feel that those we love are not far away. This much we know, that the Divine Comforter will supply all lack of other resources. O, for the deepest reliance upon him.

May, 1858.

Communion with Christ at his Table.

BY E. L. E.

How sweet the hour, when friend with friend
A fond and pure communion holds;
When heart with heart delights to blend,
And thought to thought its life unfolds.

But sweeter still the hallowed place
Where Jesus deigns his friends to meet,
And show his love with heavenly grace,
And all its wondrous forms repeat.

He spreads a feast of costlier fare
Than monarchs decked in regal state;
Not angels the rich dainties share,
Or seraphs on its service wait.

For fallen man, redeemed, forgiven,
The sumptuous board alone is spread,
With bread of life—the bread of heaven,
And wine—the blood for sinners shed.

"Come," says the Master, "and partake,
In sweet remembrance of my love;
This cup the thirst of earth shall slake,
This bread, the hunger-pain remove."

We come, dear Savior, in thy name,
This banquet of the soul to share;
The covenant of thy death we claim,
And rest our whole dependence there.

O Savior, may thy kindness give
One crumb, one precious drop to me;
So shall my famished soul revive,
And all my being live in thee.

The Brief Gospel.

"Only believe."—Mark v. 36.

THE briefest of the "words of Jesus," but one of the most comforting. They contain the essence and epitome of all saving truth.

Reader, is *Satan* assailing thee with tormenting fears? Is the thought of thy sins—the guilty past—coming up in terrible memorial before thee, almost tempting thee to give way to hopeless despondency? Fear not! A gentle voice whispers in thine ear,—"*Only believe.*" "Thy sins are great, but my grace and merits are greater. '*Only believe*' that I died for thee—that I am living for thee, and pleading for thee, and that 'the faithful saying' is as 'faithful' as ever, and as 'worthy of all acceptance' as ever." Art thou a *backslider*? Didst thou once run well? Has thine own guilty apostacy alienated and estranged thee from that face which was once all love, and that service which was once all delight? Art thou breathing in broken-hearted sorrow over the holy memories of a close walk with God—"Oh, that it were with me as in months past, when the candle of the Lord did shine?" "*Only believe.*" Take this thy mournful soliloquy, and convert it into a prayer. "*Only believe*" the word of him whose ways are not as man's ways—"Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backsliding." Art thou beaten down with some heavy *trial*? Have thy fondest schemes been blown upon—thy fairest blossoms been withered in the bud? Has wave after wave been rolling in upon thee? Hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious? Hear the "word of Jesus," resounding amid the thickest midnight of gloom—penetrating even through the vaults of the dead—"Believe, *only believe.*" There is an infinite *reason* for the trial—a lurking thorn that required removal, a gracious lesson that required teaching. The dreadful severing blow was dealt in love. God will be glorified in it, and your own soul made the better for it. Patiently

wait till the light of immortality be reflected on a receding world. Here you must take his dealings on trust. The word of Jesus to you now is, "*only believe.*" The word of Jesus in eternity (every inner meaning and undeveloped purpose being unfolded,) "Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldest *but BELIEVE*, thou shouldst SEE the glory of God?" Are you fearful and agitated in *the prospect of death*? Through fear of the last enemy, have you been all your life-time subject to bondage? —"*only believe.*" "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." Dying grace will be given when a dying hour comes. In the dark river a sustaining arm will be underneath you, deeper than the deepest and darkest wave. Ere you know it, the darkness will be past, the true light shining,—the whisper of faith in the nether valley, "Believe! believe!" exchanged for angel-voices, exclaiming, as you enter the portals of glory, "No longer through a glass darkly, but now face to face!"

Yes! "Jesus himself had no higher remedy for sin, for sorrow, and for suffering, than those two words convey. At the utmost extremity of his own distress, and of his disciples' wretchedness, he could only say, 'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.' 'Believe, only believe.'"

"Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief."—[Words of Jesus.]

The Internal Christ.

BY MRS. P. L. UPHAM.

"THE Son of Man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity, and shall cast them into the furnace of fire. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun, in the kingdom of their Father."—MATT. 13.

WE are looking for the fulfilment of these words of our blessed Lord, for the triumphant reign of Christ on earth. The separation of truth from error, and a final condemnation of evil, must precede the

reign of Christ on earth, as king and conqueror, or be simultaneous with it. The contest must be ended when the victory is won.

Christ is to reign in the heart. Satan, and all evils must be cast out. Man is powerless to accomplish this work without the prayer of faith. He must look to the living Christ, as the children of Israel were taught to look to the brazen serpent.

The whole man, body and soul, must be consecrated to Christ. Body and soul are intimately conjoined. The fibres of both are interwoven, as a delicate piece of network, and cannot be disjoined, until the spirit, or inner man, by the process of death, is drawn from the material fabric.

It was into this human sphere, or into man's humanity, that our Lord descended. This humanity he exalted, sanctified, glorified, and made it a receptacle for the god-like nature. Christ resisted all sensuality, derived from mother earth; all attacks from the world, the flesh, and the devil, and thus set us an example of overcoming. Blessed is he that overcometh. "Behold," says Christ, "I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over *all* the power of the enemy."

All the powers and capacities of the spiritual man are good, and will be perfected forever in the likeness of God, in which image man was originally created. It is eating "forbidden fruit" which debases man.

As truly as man has borne the image of the natural man, he must also bear the image of the new man, Christ Jesus. This image must be begotten in us by the power of the Holy Ghost. Whatever stops short of this spiritual birth, is imperfect in its essence and development. All the stages of progress that precede this birth, are only preparatory to this divine conception and out-birth of the divine or holy nature in man. "Christ was the first-born among many brethren."

"Christ born within us." Let not this precious truth be repelled. It is of God,

and cannot perish. Whoever resists it will sink into his own self-life, and die. God is true. The powers of evil are under his control. When man submits wholly to God he will find emancipation from evil, and become the Christ-man, internally and externally. The Christ-man and the Christ-woman are alike members of the mystical body of Christ; alike temples of the Holy Ghost. Neither should arrogate to themselves authority over the other, but labor side by side. An Anna and a Paul may speak and pray, and go from house to house, and from city to city.

The angels dwell with the holy or Christ-man. The same life of God fills the heart of the angel and the purified man. The angels cannot be in oneness with man while he cherishes any evil. What fellowship hath holiness with sin?

When man is holy the angels coöperate with him efficiently. It is not their province to thwart the free will of man. It is the combined agency of angels and men, under the directing power of the great head of the church, which is to overthrow all existing evils in the world. Angelic agency in the overthrow of evil, in the last days, is distinctly portrayed in the Book of Revelations.

Send forth thy angels, O thou Lord of heaven and earth! Ye angels that excel in strength, mighty in power; ye spirits of the just, once on earth, descend! Come to our homes; come to our hearts, and help us in the struggle against sin. Scatter the powers of evil with the breath of the Almighty. Then will the new heaven and the new earth rise upon our vision.

The heavens and the earth are often used, symbolically, in Scripture, to denote the internal and external man. The external man fell, or yielded to the seductions of the flesh, and brought ruin on the internal.

Says our Lord, "he that overcometh, to him will I give power over the nations, and he shall rule them with a rod of iron; as the vessels of a potter, shall they be broken to shivers." Rev. ii, 26.

"He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith to the churches." "To him that overcometh, will I give to eat of the hidden manna; to him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life." "He that overcometh shall inherit all things." "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God; and I will write upon him the name of my God; and the name of the city of my God, New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God."

There is no evil in the universe but sin or disobedience. Sin lies in the consent of the will, and not in the thought or suggestion of the tempter. Whoever condemns sin in himself, is putting Satan to death.

Evil must die. The curse of God is upon it. It is becoming more apparent that it may be openly condemned by the voice of truth, speaking through the children of God.

"Behold," says Christ, "I come quickly." Sin is no more. Satan is bound. The thousand years are fulfilled in which he is to deceive the nations. He is now to be cast into the outer darkness, and sleep the sleep of death.

"Amen, even so. Come, Lord Jesus."

Holiness—Its Effects.

THE next item we would introduce as the subject of a few reflections, is our *memory*. This is justly regarded as one of the superior faculties of the mind. Its influence, for good or for evil, is very great. We all know, who have observed the developments of this faculty in its natural or unsanctified state, that it is seriously depraved. The Scriptures particularly teach this solemn fact, and also the sad effects flowing therefrom. Through the forgetfulness of Pharaoh's chief butler, Joseph remained "two full years" in prison before his case was brought to the consideration of the king. Many times the children of Israel forgot the mercies of God, and the miraculous deliverances which were

wrought for their preservation; hence they turned back again to sin, and were, consequently, in various ways, slain by thousands.

When the Savior tabernacled in the flesh, his disciples were constantly listening to his teachings, and beholding the miracles which he wrought, but they almost immediately forgot them. A forgetfulness of the works of God, of his commands, of his teachings, of our own duty and obligations, is a sin of no small magnitude. The teachings of the Bible constantly remind us of this truth, and we are therein required to "remember," to "forget not," to "consider" these things. Holiness, by which we mean entire sanctification, is a scriptural remedy for our poor, weak, and depraved memory. God has made a rich, a special provision for this suffering feature of the mind. When it is fully consecrated to God and to his service, we may, through faith, claim the promise of the Holy Ghost, "to teach us all things, and to bring all things to our remembrance, whatsoever he saith unto us." This is an essential auxiliary to happiness and usefulness in every department of public, social, or private life. Has the mother made a promise to her child? She needs reliance on divine power to enable her to remember that promise. Has the merchant an engagement with another? He needs the Spirit's promptings to fulfil that engagement. Has the minister studied a good sermon, or found in his readings, or gathered in his pastoral visitings something valuable and instructive for his people? He also needs a special faith to call for Divine power so to act upon his memory as to produce the needed recollection and assistance which the circumstance may require. Thus with the scholar, the mechanic, the teacher, the laborer. We all need help to attain and retain that knowledge necessary and applicable to our several circumstances. In order to accomplish this desirable state of things, the sole glory of God should be kept in view. There are, also, various simple yet efficient helps which might be brought to our aid.

For instance, a written memoranda of engagements or duties which we are liable to forget; a prompt and immediate attendance to every duty in the first opportunity which presents itself; a cheerful and grateful reception of hints from others, relating to our personal affairs. Others may sometimes see for us better than we can see for ourselves.

Again, we cannot be too careful to abstain from such reading or conversation as will unnecessarily burden or dissipate our memory; and we should read slowly and studiously such works as will benefit the soul and purify the memorative faculty. When instruction comes to the mind in reading, or from any other source, it is our privilege to send up the ejaculatory prayer of faith to God to fasten it upon our memory, and to bring it again to our recollection, whenever it may be necessary for our benefit, our usefulness, and his glory. By such a course of training, the memory may become strong and effective. This faculty will, no doubt, live in ever-growing strength far beyond the bounds of time, and greatly enhance the glories or miseries of our eternal existence. To the lost soul, how awful must be the pang, when she starts up, and hears, in the language of inspiration, "*Son, remember thou in thy life time receivedst thy good things,*" etc.

Beloved reader, let us remember, and remember well, "the things that make for our peace."

Probably in no part of our being are contests between sin and holiness so sensibly perceived as in our passions or emotions; yet, independent of the higher faculties of our mind, and the teachings of the Bible, they are no criterion by which we can judge correctly of our spiritual state. To distinguish, therefore, between the right and wrong emotions of the mind, it becomes necessary to appeal to the Bible. "*Try the spirits,*" etc., is a divine injunction, binding upon us all in every condition of life. Yes, "let him that thinketh he standeth," even in the "highway of holi-

ness," "take heed lest he fall." Doubtless many have made shipwreck of true Christian faith by their disregard of these requirements. I have sometimes thought that our passions were to the soul, like the wind and water to a ship. The ship, to answer the design of the builder, must have them. Yet no one thinks of its being controlled and guided solely by them. The chart and the compass are requisite. So with the soul of man. The wind and waves of passion or emotion, however good they may be, need to be guided and controlled by the Spirit and chart of God.

Emotions, as every intelligent and experienced Christian knows, proceed from various causes. Sometimes they are the result of physical causes; at other times they are occasioned by outward circumstances; then, again, they may be brought upon the mind through the influence and power of temptation, and they may also be the gracious fruits of the Holy Spirit.

In no case should our emotions be permitted to guide us when they clash with the teachings of the word or providence of God. Emotions of the Holy Spirit's producing, never conflict with such teaching. The Spirit, the word and the providences of God, are the trinity by which the holy soul is always upheld and guided, or rather his faith in this trinity always leads to right action and true enjoyment. The emotions, however, even of such a Christian, may and will be various. Like the apostle Paul and others, he may have conflicting emotions. At one time the apostle speaks of his being "sorrowful, yet always rejoicing." Again, at another time, he says, "we are troubled on every side, yet not distressed." If we should bear in mind that God looks at the motives and the faith by which we serve him, instead of our passions and actions, we should make greater headway in the divine life. What if the ship was permitted to beat about under the control of wind and wave, when, think you, beloved reader, would she arrive at the port of her destination? So of us.

If we live not by faith on the Son of God, and follow not diligently the teachings of the Bible, we shall never attain to the stature of a perfect Christian—we shall never attain victory over "all the power of the enemy." May the Lord give us a correct theory, and an overcoming faith in the blood of atonement.—[B. S.]

Is there a Providence?

"It is astonishing," said a philosopher, in the calm seclusion of his library, "it is astonishing to contemplate the weakness of some minds in their notions of this subject. It only proves that the vast truths of religion are not suited to vulgar comprehension. They imagine that their own petty interests are of sufficient importance to claim the attention of the Infinite Ruler; and that the system of government which contains and guides in their courses a universe of worlds, can descend to the details of their domestic affairs, administer the food or poison which prolongs life or occasions death; control hostile elements, and compensate their own stupidity by forcing all things to work good to its favorites. A man happens to miss a steamboat, and curses the laziness of his coachman; he learns, to-morrow, that the boat was burned, and all its passengers destroyed, and he adores the Providence that has preserved his life. Or, he suffers his child to grow up in utter violation of the laws of health; and, when fever or consumption carries it away in the beauty and promise of youth, he bows, in attempted resignation, before the absolute sovereignty of him whose ways are past finding out. It is, doubtless, an amiable delusion, but it ministers too directly to human ignorance and presumption. The divinity whom I adore is the ruler of the universe, controlling the vast evolutions of universal affairs. He has bestowed on man intelligence to provide for his own wants and order the events of his own existence. The circumstances which encompass us are links in one

unbroken chain of cause and effect; by attaining a complete knowledge of their relations we are enabled to secure the benefits and avoid the evils incident to our present condition."

"Guide me, O my Father! for the way is dark," asked a youthful disciple of him who heareth in secret. "The great truths of life lie in mists and clouds around me. I am too ignorant to comprehend them. Life is before me. Its duties must be performed; its temptations resisted; its responsibilities borne, but I know not how. 'Strengthen me, enlighten me.'"

The same day, in a chance visit (we call such things chance!) to a friend's library, her eye fell upon an old, neglected volume, whose title attracted, though its contents were wholly unknown to her. In it the very subjects which she had tried in vain to grasp were clearly presented, and aid given by which the mind could proceed with directness and certainty in its search for truth. Light was thrown upon many dark places in the sacred Word, and the hidden connection of its truths became clear. By the impulse of one strong and honest master-mind, the feebler one was floated off from the shoals of doubt and difficulty. Was there a Providence?

"What will you do, dear mother?" said a sick child, who lay on its low bed of straw, in a dark upper room of the crowded city. "It was hard enough to live before, and now I can't do anything to help you."

"Do not be anxious, my child," said the mother, in a calm and trustful tone; "our heavenly Father has always supplied our wants, and he will not forsake us now."

"But, mother, if God does really love us and take care of us, why don't we have a better home, and why do you have to work till you are tired and sick? Why does not God send us food as he did by the ravens to Elijah?"

"All these things are necessary, my dear, to make us active and patient. Perhaps I should be very indolent if our wants were so easily supplied; and you might grow up

a selfish, wilful boy, if you had your own way in everything. It is best just as it is, my boy."

"But, mother, you hav n't any more sewing to do, so how will you earn any money?"

"I shall make all the effort I can to obtain more work. But, if I do not succeed, we shall not be left to perish. Our heavenly Father knows what things we have need of."

A thought was borne in, that instant, upon her mind on the wings of a well-remembered melody:

"When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee."

"Will you hand me the gruel, mother?" said the little faint voice from the bed.

"Wait a few minutes, my dear." The request had struck like an arrow to the mother's heart, for she knew that every atom of food had been consumed, and only hoped that sleep might bring a moment's unconsciousness. She looked around the room, for the hundredth time, in search of some article which could be sold, for the sake of a temporary relief. Surely there was no superfluity there. The muslin window-curtains, that now offered little obstruction to the light, after so many years of service, the small pine table, with the well-worn Bible, her only treasure, and her few materials for sewing, one or two chairs, altogether had a money value too small to be expressed in dollars, but they were her all. No, there was no resource, except in the Father of the fatherless, him who has said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will answer thee."

A knock was heard.

"Load of things for you down at the door, ma'am."

"I have ordered nothing; are you not mistaken?"

Ordered nothing? no; but she had requested something, and it had come, through human hearts and hands undoubt-

edly, but by an impulse which they hardly understood.

There was flour, and rice, and farina, all that the sick one needed; and then came a little envelope, with a card in it. Here was the clue, then, at last. No, there was no name, only this inscription:

"Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart."

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."

Is there a Providence? The child-like heart is the best logician. Let us listen to its teachings.—[Independent.

The Beatific Vision.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—Mat. v. 8.

HERE is heaven! This "word of Jesus" represents the future state of the glorified to consist not in locality, but in character; the essence of its bliss is the full vision and fruition of God. Our attention is called from all vague and indefinite theories about the *circumstantials* of future happiness. The one grand object of contemplation—the "glory which excelleth," is *the sight of God himself!* The one grand practical lesson enforced on his people, is the cultivation of that purity of heart without which none could see, or (even could we suppose it possible to be admitted to see him) none could enjoy God! "The kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation. . . the kingdom of God is *within* you."

Reader, hast thou attained any of this heart-purity and heart-preparation? It has been beautifully said that "the openings of the streets of heaven are on earth." Even here we may enjoy, in the possession of holiness, some foretaste of coming bliss. Who has not felt that the happiest moments of their lives were those of close walking with God—nearness to the mercy-seat—when self was surrendered, and the eye was directed to the glory of Jesus, with most single, unwavering, undivided aim? What will heaven be, but the entire surrender of the soul to him, without any bias

to evil, without the fear of corruption within echoing to temptation without; every thought brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ; no contrariety to his mind; all in blessed unison with his will; the whole *being* impregnated with holiness—the intellect purified and ennobled, consecrating all its powers to his service—memory, a holy repository of pure and hallowed recollections—the affections, without one competing rival, purged from all the dross of earthliness—the love of God, the one supreme animating passion—the glory of God, the motive principle interfused through every thought, and feeling, and action of the life immortal; in one word, the heart a pellucid fountain; no sediment to dim its purity, "no angel of sorrow" to come and trouble the pool! The long night of life over, and *this* the glory of the eternal morrow which succeeds it! "I shall be satisfied when I awake, with *thy* likeness."

Yes, this is heaven, subjectively and objectively—*purity of heart* and "*God all in all!*" Much, doubtless, there may and will be of a subordinate kind, to intensify the bliss of the redeemed; communion with saints and angels; re-admission into the society of death-divided friends; but all these will fade before the great central glory, "God himself shall be with them, and be their God; they shall *see his face!*" Believers have been aptly called *heliotropes*—turning their faces as the sun-flower towards the Sun of Righteousness, and hanging their leaves in sadness and sorrow, when that Sun is away. It will be in heaven the emblem is complete. *There*, every flower in the heavenly garden will be turned Godwards, bathing its tints of loveliness in the glory that excelleth! Reader, may it be yours, when o'er-canopied by that cloudless sky, to know all the marvels contained in these few glowing words, "We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

"And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as he is pure."—[Words of Jesus.

**“Wilt Thou not be made
Clean?”**

BY REV. J. B. SYLVESTER.

THIS language was addressed to the royal family particularly, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem in general. They had become so atrociously corrupt, that a “woe” was pronounced upon them. But, notwithstanding all this, carried as it was to its debasing and shameful extent, which justly exposed them to the divine displeasure, God was still willing to cleanse them from their vileness, and hence addressed them in the appealing language of the text: “Wilt thou not be made clean?” as much as to say, if thou wilt, thou canst be made clean. Here we see the desire of Jehovah to cleanse this people from their sins; and may we not reasonably suppose that he is equally desirous to cleanse us? I propose to notice here, that it is his desire that we should be made clean.

First. Because, whatever is not his *desire*, cannot be his *will*; but, whatever is his will, must be his desire. “This is the will of God, even your sanctification.” Hence it must be his desire also.

Second. Whatever God *does*, he must *desire* to do. He has sent out his truth, that men through it might be sanctified. “Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth.” Hence he must desire their sanctification.

Third. Evangelical *prayer* is offering up to God, either mentally or vocally, *inspired desire*. The Psalmist prayed, “Create in me a *clean heart*, O God.” Now he must have *desired* a clean heart; that desire must have been *inspired*, and, if inspired, in view of its nature, it must have been by the *Almighty*. Now, if whatever God does he desires to do, it follows that he desired that David should pray as he did. Now, according to the divine perfections, God could not desire David to pray for what he did not desire to give him. Hence he desired that David should have a clean heart.

Fourth. Whatever God *commands* us to

be, he must desire we should be—“Be ye holy, for I am holy.” Hence God desires that we should be holy.

Fifth. Whatever God *promises*, he must desire we should have. “Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you.” Hence God desires that we should be clean—should be cleansed from all our filthiness.

Now, if God desires our moral purity, it follows that we may have it. The desire would give birth to means, and God being the author, these means would prove efficacious. Now this desire, springing from the impulse of love, has produced that effect. Means *are* provided, revealed, and placed within our reach. We are informed in Titus, ii. 14. that Christ “gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from *all iniquity*, and *purify* unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.” Here, then, we learn that the great object of Christ’s death, was the redemption of mankind *from sin*.

We learn also, that the “word” or truth is sent on the same mission,—“Sanctify them through thy truth.” And also the Holy Spirit, “being sanctified by the Holy Ghost.”

Again, the ministry is established for the same purpose—to “preach the *gospel* to every creature,” or *salvation* through Christ. Now if God, a Being of infinite perfections, has originated a plan for our redemption from sin, and in that plan made use of means revealed and placed within our reach, does it not follow that the legitimate object may be accomplished?—that we may be made clean? Dare I, a finite creature, charge God with foolishness, by maintaining that his plan will fail of accomplishing its end? Again, in relation to this point, God promises holiness in the most unequivocal terms. Instance only two passages: He asserts that “if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to *cleanse* us from *all unrighteousness*.”

"But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

Does God mean to tantalize us with these promises? And could he be exempted from such a charge, if holiness was not attainable?

Again, God teaches us that we may have it by positive injunctions. "Be ye holy, for I am holy." "Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Now, if these have any force, they impose upon us a positive obligation to be holy.

If we cannot be made clean, could these commands be reconciled with even the common and lowest principles of justice? Could God be just in commanding us to be what we could not be? From this it follows, then, and leaves us without a doubt that we may have the desire of God accomplished in us. Why, then, are we not clean? Is it because there is a lack of power in God to accomplish it? This cannot be. "With God all things are possible;" and it is said of Christ, that "he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God, by him." Is it because God is unwilling to do it? This has been shown to be otherwise.

Is it because the entire purity of the soul is incongruous with its connection with the body, and that it cannot be accomplished till matter and spirit are disunited by death? This doctrine involves anti-scriptural sequences. It supposes the seat of sin and source of evil to reside in the flesh, and is virtually what heathen philosophy taught. But the Bible deprecates the depravity of matter, by teaching that the soul is the seat of sin.

Is it because holiness is tendered to us only as a concomitant of death? The plainest teaching of scripture is *prima facie* evidence against this principle. God commands us to be holy in the present tense: "Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holi-

ness in the fear of God." "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." Two blessings are implied: First. *Complete sanctification*. Second. *Preservation* in that state, till Christ shall come for the holy subject. This supposes a period will elapse after we are wholly sanctified. Then *why is it?* It is because we have not come unto God by him (Christ.) The text supposes the condition of our volition,—"*Wilt thou?*" It seems, then, that we have something to do, and have failed to do it. We have not *chosen* to be clean, and consequently are not. Now, dear reader, art thou clean? If not, "*wilt thou not be made clean?*" This is a question of serious and weighty import, and upon its answer may be pending your eternal destiny. You can be clean or not, just as you choose. There are the most weighty considerations that should induce you to make this choice. Purity of heart is the only qualification and security for heaven. "Without holiness, no man shall see God." *This* will give you an entrance through the "pearly gates,"—the *want* of it sinks you into hell.

Choice Sayings.

"A MAN may suffer without sinning, but he cannot sin without suffering."—[Secker.

"MEN will mourn for the evil which sin brings, but not for sin which brings the evil."—[Secker.

"GOD hears the heart without words; but he never hears words without the heart."—[Bp. Hopkins.

"The higher the flood swells on earth, the nearer the ark mounts to heaven."—[Secker.

"Duties may be good *crutches* to go upon, but they are poor *Christs* to lean upon."—[Secker.

"Prayer is the devil's plague."—[Caughey

"Only Christ to me be given,
Only Christ in earth or heaven."

"Keep thy Heart with all Diligence."

BY REV. W. MACDONALD.

ALL scripture counsels carry with them the force of command. The duty here enjoined is of incalculable importance to every soul; for as is the heart, so will be the life, and as is the life, so will be our eternal weal or woe.

We are not to understand by the term "*heart*," that vital member of the body, which philosophers tell us is the first to live and the last to die; but it includes here the whole soul, with all its powers, faculties, and endowments, together with all their operations.

"*Keep*," has a variety of significations, but the main one here, is to *keep in safe custody*. We should keep our hearts as under a lock and key, that we may be ever ready to surrender them at the call of the great Master.

We are to keep our hearts *with all diligence*, or as the Hebrew runs, *with all keeping*. They are to be kept with watch and ward. The word is borrowed from military affairs. Lavater tells us that *shamar* is taken from a besieged garrison, begirt by many enemies without, and in danger of being betrayed by treacherous citizens within; in which danger the soldiers are commanded to watch upon pain of death. Hence, Gesenius defines it, *to be stiff, rigid; to stand erect, to bristle*. Then transferred to *fixedness of look, to stare, to look at earnestly*. Hence, *to watch, to guard, [to keep, etc.*

The words, "*keep*" and "*diligence*," have nearly the same meaning. One expresses the idea of *keeping*, and the other the *manner of keeping*. One is to *keep*, the other is to *keep closely, to observe diligently, to watch with all watching, to keep with all keeping*. These words import a universal, diligent, constant watchfulness over the heart. We are exhorted to keep the eye, the tongue, the feet, the lips; but above all we should keep the heart, for this, if not

kept, will corrupt the eye, the tongue, the lips, and turn the feet from holiness and God.

This work is of so much importance that it cannot be committed to others. We may entrust to others the keeping of our houses, our vineyards, our shops, our money, our children; but we must be our own heart-keeper. This is of too much importance to be intrusted to others.

We should keep our hearts as those who have charge of prisons where felons and malefactors are kept; as soldiers would keep a besieged garrison, or city, or castle, in time of war; as the priests and Levites kept the sanctuary of God and the holy things committed to their charge; all was to be kept pure, clean, and sweet. We should guard our hearts as a man would guard his life; as men would keep their silver and gold. Locks, bars, bolts, and chains are brought into requisition. But what are jewels and costly treasures compared with the heart? My soul is worth more than the crowns, kingdoms, and sceptres of a million worlds. Mountains of gold, the thrones of the Cæsars, the sceptre of universal empire, are as the small dust of the balances compared with my soul. We should venture our all for such a pearl. We should watch it, keep it, guard it. It is the presence-chamber of the king of heaven; the *fort-royal* of the Captain of our salvation. We should keep our hearts as we would keep our dwellings from the desolating hand of the thief and robber; as we would keep our gardens, filled with choice fruit and flowers. This keeping must not be for a day, a week, a year, but for the whole of life. This must be done in a wakeful, watchful, tender, believing, humble, patient, serious, jealous, heavenly frame. Satan has a strong hold upon human nature. He has a numerous, strong, subtle party, if not already in, at any moment ready to enter the heart. Hence it needs to be bolted and barred at each and every moment. Alexander is safe while Antipater keeps the watch. The

heart is the great wheel which sets all in motion; therefore, above all things, keep the heart. How foolish to watch the outworks and leave the fort-royal without a guard. It is equally foolish for us to watch the outworks of the soul,—the eye, the ear, the tongue, the hand, the feet,—and leave the heart without a guard. These outworks are all to be watched, but the heart preëminently so.

And now, dear Christian, take care of thy heart. It must be purified by faith. Common light, common conviction, education, principles of common honesty, morality,—none of these can reform the life, and purify the heart. They are too weak. Principles of a higher nature are required for this work. It is not a guard of moral virtues, but a guard of moral graces, that can keep the heart from evil. How often hast thou cried out, dear Christian, in deep agony of soul, O, that this ignorant heart were but more enlightened! O, that this proud heart were but more humble! O, that this unholy heart were but more holy! O, that this unbelieving heart were but more believing! O, that this earthly heart were but more heavenly! O, that this passionate heart were but more meek! O, that this light heart were but more serious! O, that this carnal heart were but more spiritual!

How often hast thou sung,

“O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.”

Only believe, and thou shalt receive

“A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.”

Portland, June 8th, 1858.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.—“The more believers love God the more they love one another; as the lines of a circle, the nearer they come to the centre the nearer they come to each other.”—[Charnock.

DIVINE AND HUMAN TEACHING.—How much more beautiful and forcible are the words of God than those of men! The one is a straining after effect, an almost expressed consciousness of inability; the other flows freely, copiously, as though from inexhaustible resources. This, from the great Bacon, has been regarded as wise: “Access to the works of God hath been by that humility of mind which laboreth to spill out, and so by degrees to rot in the volumes of his creatures.” How much better the saying of our Lord, which he quotes a little farther on! “Except ye become as a little child ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of God.”

The language of David, “The meek will he guide in judgment, and the meek will he teach his way,” is far more striking than that of Coleridge, “There is small chance of truth at the goal where there is not child-like humility at the starting-point.” The proverbs of Solomon are fuller, richer than those of Franklin, or those of any other people.

PRAYER.—“If you would be rich in all grace, be much in prayer. Conversing with God assimilates the soul to him, beautifies it with the beams of his holiness, as Moses’ face shined when he returned from the mount. It is prayer brings all our supplies from heaven; like the merchant’s ships she bringeth her food from afar.”—[Leighton.

KNOWLEDGE AND VIRTUE.—“Men gladly taste of the tree of knowledge, of good and evil, but are unwilling to eat of the tree of life, that they may embrace the dignity of virtue for the sake of future happiness.”—[Roger Bacon.

CHARITY OR LOVE.—“From the lust of pride the angels fell, and men from the lust of knowledge; but of charity there is no excess, and neither angel nor man was ever imperiled thereby.”—[Lord Bacon.

The Guide to Holiness.

JULY, 1853.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

SANCTIFY THEM THROUGH THY TRUTH.

Leila has not told the dear children all she observed on the cover of the Guide. A lady stood very thoughtfully reading the last words of a dear friend, who had gone away into Heaven. The last sweet words of Jesus! O, how precious to those who love Him! Another lady stood near her, praying for a new heart, that she might be able to understand them. Let each of us also pray, "Create in me a clean heart, O God!" And then we, too, will listen while the beloved disciple is telling us of the sweet words that fell from the lips of the dear Savior, on that very night when he was betrayed into the hands of his enemies.

He was at supper with the twelve. His favorite pupil, the loving John, was leaning upon his bosom, and Jesus whispered something to him that they were all very anxious to hear. Immediately the wicked Judas arose and left the table. Then, none but his friends being present, he began to say, "Let not your hearts be troubled." And why were their hearts so exceeding sorrowful? I will tell you.

Their dear Teacher was going away to leave them a little while, and they were just like a helpless group of little children, who had no other friend in the wide world to protect them but their kind Teacher. Jesus pitied them, and he spoke to them very tenderly. "Little children, yet a little while I am with you. And now, a new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another, as I have loved you. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

Then, one of the scholars begged very hard that he might go with him. It was Peter. He said that he loved Jesus so dearly that nothing should ever separate him from such a kind Friend. He did not mind the dangers of the way—he could bear anything but this fearful separation. Listen to his pleading! "Peter said unto him, Lord, *why* cannot I follow thee now? I will lay down my life for thy sake." Alas, for poor Peter! Jesus knew how weak he really was, and he told him what would happen that very night; but he could not

believe it. Can you tell me, dear children, what did happen? When he was sitting by the fire in the high priest's house, just at the dawn of day, Jesus turned and looked upon Peter. What did Peter hear at that very moment? And why did he go out and weep so bitterly? *

In the next number we will listen again to these last sweet words of Jesus. But now we will turn to the beautiful engraving on the cover, and see which of these words has arrested the lady's attention. "Sanctify them through thy truth." The dear Savior had told his sorrowing friends that it was better, even for them, that he should go away, because he was going to prepare a place for them in his heavenly home. He would certainly come back again. There was not one, except the wicked Judas, that would not find a mansion prepared for him in heaven.

Peter was about to do something very wicked as well as Judas. But his heart would be broken with sorrow, and he would be forgiven for Christ's sake, so there would be a mansion prepared for Peter. Judas had not a spark of love in his heart, and his Master knew that he would never repent, so there would be no mansion for him in heaven. Judas must go to his own place. He was a child of the wicked one. He had not a clean heart; and if any one could possibly enter heaven without a new heart he could not be happy there. Think, dear children, what the Savior said to Nicodemus, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Perhaps the lady is trying to understand exactly what these words mean. *Sanctify them*, that is, make them holy. *Through thy truth*, that is, through the precious words that will be preserved for them in the Bible. How wonderful! Jesus was praying not only for the disciples, whose hearts were then sorrowing, but he was praying for every one of us who now love him, and believe in him. He could look down, down through the long vista of coming years, and see every one who would receive his words into their hearts, and by it be sanctified, and be made holy.

Dear Lady, well may you be represented in the Guide to Holiness as pondering these precious words of the Lord Jesus! May the heart of every dear child respond to the petition "Create in me a clean heart, O God!" Then you will be sanctified; then you will hear, con-

tinually, in your heart, a whisper of the Holy Spirit, "A little while, and ye shall see me. In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." In this way he sanctifies us. The Spirit will take of the things of Christ, and show them unto us; and we shall become more and more like him, until we shall see him as he is.

And now, dear children, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, "which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."

L. L.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.—These dying words of the lamented Tyng, bid fair not only to become the watch-word of the church, but the ground of many a holy purpose. Among numerous incidents that have come to our knowledge recently, we have been deeply interested in the following closing extract, from a sermon preached by Rev. J. I. T. Cooledge, of this city. The society of which Mr. Cooledge is pastor is Unitarian, and Mr. Cooledge some time past withdrew his name from the avowed Unitarian Clergy. It is well known that he has been led to sympathize strongly with the views held by the Orthodox Churches, as respects the Divinity of Christ. In the sermon to which the extract belongs, he defines his views on this point. After alluding to the death of Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, and his dying charge—"Stand up for Jesus"—Mr Cooledge said :

"I take that charge home to myself,—'Stand up for Jesus.' This is what, with the blessing of God, I mean to do, let come what may of it, let what cross may be laid upon me. As a soldier of Jesus Christ, I mean to stand firm for the Captain of my salvation; in the post he has assigned me, with a courage that shall not fail, because he will strengthen me to the end. As an ambassador of Christ, I mean to deliver his message as I receive it from him in answer to the daily call, 'Speak on, Lord, for thy servant heareth thee,' without disguise as without shame, and without prevarication, a sin which never polluted my lips or stained my heart. As one who, after long and wearied striving, has found peace with God through faith alone in the 'Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world,' I mean to stand—in no name of human device, on no foundation but the Holy Bible—and plead with men 'through the blood of the everlasting covenant,' to be reconciled to God. May the Lord give me of his own strength and guidance still to 'stand up for Jesus,' to my last hour! Friends, I cannot do otherwise. I should be an apostate; and this you would not have me to be.

"I must preach, so long as I preach at all, Christ Jesus, the only and all-sufficient Savior of the world, 'who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption; that, according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.' I take my position plainly on these words: 'God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them.' I desire no denominational name, because I seek fellowship with all of every name 'who worship God in the Spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh.' To bring the souls of men into living relations with their living Lord; to win their hearts to him who loved them, and gave himself for them; to reveal to every burdened, suffering, weary, seeking soul, the tender, compassionate, sympathizing Friend, who bids all come unto him for the rest for which they yearn—this is my supreme, paramount, my only aim and effort, beyond which I care but little. All other matters, important as they may be, are as nothing in comparison to this: for the soul that is brought to Christ must be led of Christ aright; for he is 'the Way, and the Truth, and the Life.'

"Here I must take my position, and preach as the reconciling Word—knowing no other—'Christ and him crucified.' I must; for so it stands written in the Holy Bible; for so it is written in my deepest consciousness; for so have I seen it welcomed as the word of life by many a soul that God has given me as the seals of my ministry; many who have entered into their rest, and many whose warfare is not yet accomplished. God has given me assurance over and over again, that it is indeed the gospel of glad tidings. I must therefore 'stand up for Jesus,' if I would not be guilty before God, and, in Christ's stead, plead with you to be reconciled unto God. I ask to remain at this post only so long as you will. I put forth no claim; I offer no plea. Painful as it would be to break holy ties and associations, and lose the bright dream of my youth and the glory of my manhood, still Christ is dearest to me, and I will bear that cross. But, brethren, beloved and longed for, I beseech you, that with consenting hearts, you stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved. And may that Lord be able to say to each one of us, at the great day, 'Well done, good and faithful servant! enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

"Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy—to the only wise God our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."

Mr. Cooledge has since resigned his pastoral charge, and at a meeting of the Society held on Thursday evening last, the resignation was accepted. It takes effect on the first July.

MR. SPURGEON'S PRAYER MEETING.—Perhaps a few useful hints may be gathered from the following account which Mr. Spurgeon gives of his prayer meeting. The interest and useful-

ness of a prayer meeting depends very much upon the spirit and manner in which it is conducted. Mr. Spurgeon says :

"Now, I have the pleasure of seeing, very generally, a prayer meeting of twelve hundred to fifteen hundred persons, and I don't know that we ever come below a thousand at a prayer meeting, except it should be a terribly wet night ; and I know the reason in a great measure is this, that when I call upon a brother to pray, he knows how long he is to pray ; he is not to pray twenty minutes, till we are tired, but he is to be short ; and then he knows too that he is just wanted to ask God for what he wants, and not to preach a sermon. So he begins, and perhaps he makes many blunders ; but he warms and improves as he proceeds. My good deacon was telling me, this very day, of what a friend said on Saturday night, at prayer meeting ; he said, "O, Lord, I don't know, I'm so ignorant, I can't put six words together, properly ; but take the meaning, Lord, take the meaning!"

"Well, that was a very sweet thing for him to say, 'take the meaning ;' and he prayed for me in this fashion, 'Lord, bless our minister ; help him when he comes to preach next Sunday, and may he preach the Lord Jesus Christ : grant that he may set the Lord Jesus Christ right a-top of the Bible, and stand right behind Him himself, so that we can see nothing but the Lord Jesus, and him crucified !' Now, when the people hear a prayer like that, breathed by an earnest man, they will go to the prayer meeting."

LOSING ALL.—A Family Scene.—There is something exceedingly tender, as well as instructive, in the following, which we take from the *Child's Paper* :

"A few years ago a merchant failed in business. He went home one evening. 'What is the matter?' asked his wife. 'I am beggared, I have lost my all !' he exclaimed, pressing his hand upon his forehead, as if his brain was a-whirl.

"'All,' said his wife. 'I am left.' 'All papa,' said his eldest boy ; 'here am I.' 'And I too, papa,' said his little girl, running up and putting her arms around his neck. 'I's not lost, papa,' repeated Eddie. 'And you have your health left,' said his wife. 'And your two hands to work with, papa,' said his eldest ; 'And I can help you.' 'And your two feet to carry you about.' 'And your two eyes to see with, papa,' said little Eddie."

"'You have God's promises, said the grand-

mother.' 'And a good God,' said his wife. 'And heaven to go to,' said the little girl. 'And Jesus, who came to fetch us there,' said his eldest.

"'God forgive me,' said the poor merchant, bursting into tears, 'I have not lost all. What are the few thousands, which I call my all, to these precious things, which God has left me ?' and he clasped his family to his bosom, and kissed his wife and child with a thankful heart.

"'Ah, no ! there are many things more precious than gold and bank stocks, valuable as these may be in their place. When the Central America was foundering at sea, bags and purses of gold were strewn about the deck as worthless, as the merest rubbish. 'Life, life !' was the prayer. To some of the wretched survivors, 'Water, water,' was the prayer. 'Bread, bread !' it was worth its weight in gold, if gold could have bought it."

EDITORS' DRAWER.

RESULTS OF THE REVIVAL.—It is estimated, by a writer in the *Independent*, that the number of conversions cannot be fixed at a lower figure than two hundred thousand. This is a large number, but we doubt very much whether the estimate is sufficiently high. And yet what a precious accession to the Lord's host do even these figures represent. If each of this number were properly instructed in the principles of holiness, the duty of perpetual, active, whole-hearted consecration, and the ever-present and all-sufficient helps, which faith in Christ can claim, how rapidly would such a host take the world. We shudder when we think of the influence which may be exerted on these by a cold, time-serving, world-conforming church. A church that will check the aspirations of the soul after a higher life, and who will point to the joys of the new birth as the highest attainment in Christian experience. We rejoice to believe, however, that a brighter day is dawning on our Zion. Never, perhaps, in the history of our own community was there so general an enquiry on the subject of holiness. Mr. Finney's labors, under God, have wrought wonders in this respect. Union meetings, on the subject of holiness, are held every week at the Old South Vestry, in this city, (Congregational,) on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 10 o'clock A. M. There the clergy and laity unitedly meet to hear truths which God has been pleased to reveal through the experience of some of the humblest of his saints. Our

Congregational friends are making blessed progress in this precious grace. A brother of that denomination informed us yesterday that three or four of the deacons of the Park-Street Church, (one of the oldest Congregational Churches in the city,) were clear in the enjoyment and witness of a full salvation. Labor and pray, beloved, for the diffusion of this heaven throughout Christendom.

ESTABLISHMENT IN NEW YORK.—The spread of our business has inclined us to listen to the oft-repeated solicitations of our friends, to open an establishment in the great commercial centre of our country. We do not propose to abandon our old quarters, but simply to have a depository where all our books will be kept, and from whence the Guide can be issued simultaneously with Boston. By this arrangement, we hope to accommodate a class of our customers who find it difficult to order books from Boston, besides enlisting a still larger number of co-laborers in the spread of a sanctified literature. We now have the refusal of rooms, and expect, with the next number, to be able to announce our arrangements completed.

CATALOGUE OF OUR BOOKS.—With the June number we sent to most of our subscribers a catalogue of our books, with prices, etc., affixed. Those, not supplied then, will receive one with the present number. It will be perceived that we offer to send any of our own publications *free of postage*, on receiving the retail price, and all others, where there is added to the price *one half the postage*, which, on an average, is about *ten per cent.* on the retail cost. This is virtually offering our books to subscribers at wholesale rates. We are happy to find that our efforts to thus circulate a sanctified literature are appreciated, and that orders are coming in daily.

Our friends will understand that our proposition to defray postage has reference only to the States, or, more properly, to within a distance of 3000 miles. The rates of postage to Nova Scotia are the same as in the States, and to California they are double.

An esteemed contributor thus writes in regard to our book list.

YOUR BOOK LIST.—We are glad to see works multiplying, having relation to gospel experience, embracing the heights and depths of holy love. It is an indication of the coming of Christ to establish his kingdom on earth. All these works seem destined to promote the cause

of holiness, and are adapted to different stages of progress. "There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit worketh in all." The last of these valuable works which I have read, is "The Sheaf."* To those who are seeking to possess the whole mind of Christ, this work will prove a valuable help. I have read it with the deepest interest. It is so much in advance of ordinary experience, it may be looked upon with suspicion by some, but is it not in agreement with the true Apostolic experience, being "crucified with Christ," "risen with him," "baptised with his death," etc. C. H.

* This is not now in print.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE PULPIT AND THE PEW; Being the history of a struggle for justice between the two; and embracing the trials and triumphs of a year in the old parsonage. *From Leaves of a Pastor's Journal.* NEW YORK: BURDICK BROTHERS, 8 SPRUCE STREET.

This is the product of a vigorous mind. It was the lot of the author to prosecute his ministerial labors under difficulties, and, from the record here given, it would appear that he applied himself to their removal with an energy and firmness not often found in the pulpit at the present day. What he considers wrong finds no quarter at his hands. Whatever some may think of the writer's views, and the course to which they led, the stern moral sense by which he seems to have been animated, cannot fail to secure the admiration of all.

LETTERS OF MADAME GUYON. Being selections of her religious thoughts and experiences, translated and rearranged from her private correspondence. By P. L. UPHAM.

In a brief preface, the excellent author, speaking of the writings of MADAME GUYON, says: "If the writer may be permitted to add her humble testimony, having enjoyed the privilege of reading her writings in the original for several years, she would say, there are no writings, excepting the Sacred Oracles, from which she has received so much spiritual benefit." To this testimony we can give a cordial and hearty assent. The letters before us are entirely distinct from anything that has hitherto been translated, and refer to almost every phase of Christian experience. They comprise some sixty-four different sections, each with its appropriate heading, and embracing, within a small compass, a spiritual gem. On sale at our office. Price, 50 cents. BOSTON: HENRY HOYT.

THE SINNER INVITED.

1. Sin-ner go, will you go, To the high-lands of heaven? }
Where the storms nev-er blow, And the long summer's giv-en: }
And the leaves of the bowers, In the breezes are flit-ting.

Where the bright blooming flowers, Are their o - dours e - mit - ting; D. C.

2 Where the saints robed in white—
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain;
Shining beauteous and bright,
They inhabit the mountain.
Where no sin, nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be fear'd for the morrow.

3 He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come,
Sinner wilt thou receive it?
O come, sinner come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon,
And forever cease pleading.

The Raiment of Conquest.

BY E. B.

"HE that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment." They were the first words that met my eye, as I opened my Bible, with a prayer that God would give me, out of that sacred treasury, one thought for the "Guide;" and that thought, thus yielded, was, the connection in this life, between victory and white raiment.

The soul has not journeyed far along the king's highway, who has not learned exchange the o'ous song, "All the struggle then is o'er, and wars and fightings cease," for the diviner formula of Christian experience, "we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." Here is a list of opposing forces, which may well make the most stout-hearted Christian tremble. Yet this is no high-wrought description. It is simple, sober fact, distinctly proved in the individual history of the blood-besprinkled host, as one by one they emerge from the lull of love's first calm, into the heat of that unearthly combat. The very putting on the whole armor of God, is the guarantee of the most arduous trial of its heavenly temper; and as the spirit travels on in the consecrated path, a new, and in its depth of meaning, unforseen condition of being clothed in white raiment, appears in the words, "He that overcometh."

It is written, "Fight the good fight of faith," and it is also written, "We, which have believed, do enter into rest." These paradoxical statements are meant to walk abreast, through the entire life of faith; and in their union is victory. The realization of perfect rest, in the midst of the tumult of temptation, and the oppression of sorrow, is consummate conquest over the world and its prince. This is no easy attainment, even to those who are fully given up to God. We knew one, who, at the end of

ten consecrated years, wondered what was the meaning of that promise, "I will give you rest;" not that the soul had not cast anchor on the atonement, but that the mind could not comprehend the anomalous position of rest, in the thick of great spiritual conflict. On these years followed two more, of what was then supposed to be rest; but it was merely a comparative cessation of temptation, which is quite a different thing. Then the sky darkened again, and again a wintry storm wrapped in its tempestuous gloom the timid, shrinking spirit; but in that blessed gloom, the eyes of the understanding were for the first time enlightened, to perceive that "the rest of faith" meant rest *in* conflict, and not rest *from* it. This is the victory—even our faith. Faith and victory are, in the day of battle, interchangable terms. To trust is to overcome, and to trust fully is to have perfect rest. This is easily enough acknowledged, but it is no such easy matter to *do* when the grasp of trial is actually laid upon us; and, of that array of misgivings, whose name, like another of their author's hosts, is "Legion;" there will be a greater or less portion which will not yield to the sway of faith, until some harassing premises have been settled. The form which these perplexities frequently assume, will be somewhat as follows: "True, there are promises in the Word of God, adequate to every temporal and spiritual exigency; but, promises are made to characters, and how can I assure myself of being the character that can boldly trust the promise? The grace of Christ is indeed sufficient to uphold the soul of an apostle in necessities, and tribulations, and distresses; but, how may I, who have not apostolic devotion, trust that it will be sufficient for me? If I abide in him, and his words abide in me, I shall ask what I will of strength and consolation, and it shall be done unto me; but, how dare I affirm, that this tempest-tossed soul, driven with the blasts of Satan, does so abide?" And thus, one by one, are the exceeding great

and precious promises of God, tried and rejected, and their treasury of grace left untouched by the desponding spirit, through this most subtle and complex artifice of the tempter, based, as it is, upon a truth as changeless as God's own nature, that only as we are "willing and obedient, shall we eat the good of the land." To meet such cases, the oft-repeated direction is, leave the question of the past, and settle that of the present by present consecration, and present faith. A wiser advice than this could not be given, and probably it is well, frequently to renew, in seasons of temptation, such an act of dedication and trust. But this necessarily breaks down in one particular; it is not our abiding. Such conscious acts cannot, in their nature, be continuous, and the mental pre-occupation may be so great, as to render them infrequent. These intervals to the morbidly sensitive conscience, will take the form of spiritual lapses, and the heart will grow sick, and the spirit faint, in view of reiterated failure by the very means taken to gain the victory.

In such conclusions there is a great defect of faith; but prior to this, and at the root of this, there is a spiritual misapprehension less observable, but quite as mischievous, which it may be well to notice. What is entire devotion? Is it not the simple doing of the will of God? Is it more than this in Michael the archangel? Is it less, in the weakest child that travels the sacred pathway? Every other question concerns the accidental in holiness, this is its essence; yet how few know the peace which this, clearly and steadily realized, brings into the soul. For there is nothing within the compass of temptation or difficulty, which is not met by this divine basis of tranquility. Partial views of the sovereignty of God's will, is the fruitful source of spiritual disquietude. In illustration of this, how often do we hear Christians mourning restlessly over the corruptible body, bemoaning the imperfection which it entails upon their character and actions,

and talking as if it, and its infirmities, must be laid aside before the will of God could be fully done by them, forgetting that the will of God just as much comprehends the body as the soul, and that if it be his good pleasure that they should be in the body at all, they can serve him pure, acceptably, in it, encompassed by infirmities, than out of it, surrounded by the freedom and power of the spirit world; and, in like manner, the clear apprehension of this one fact, that the Divine volition just as entirely takes in every circumstance which bears upon the condition of the soul, as it does that condition itself, would lay to rest at once, a thousand spiritual anxieties. Apply this to the inward life. The Christian bowed down under nervous weakness, or depressed with bodily pain, or in heaviness, through manifold temptations, exclaims, "Oh that it were with me as in months past, when the candle of the Lord shined upon my heart." Now we do not seek to soothe spiritual misgivings, by affirming that such an one was not more faithful in months past than now. This may or may not have been the case; but it must be determined by other rules than a comparison between joy and heaviness. The only point to be settled now, as then, and at all times is, is the heart steadfastly set to do the whole will of God, as far as known, and to seek to know, and do it better. "His being so, entire devotion, in its most unadorned sense, is just as practicable, when without are fightings, and within are fears, as when the tide of rapture seems highest and strongest, and practicable on just this one principle, that the fightings and the fears are a development of the will of God in circumstance, and therefore provided for by it, in requirement.

"Oh thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted," take the comfort of this. Do not say, "I am so oppressed by the weight of manifold temptations, I cannot bring the same delight to the service of my Lord I once did." Those manifold temptations which deprive you of your

spiritual buoyancy, are permissively a part of your Lord's will, (always supposing that you do not voluntarily place yourself in their way,) and he requires from you just that degree of holy pleasure in his service, which his own appointment has made possible—"God accepteth according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not;" nor, "I am so worn down with nervous or physical debility, I cannot lend the same energy to the work of Christ I formerly could." That debility is a part of Christ's will, and he requires from you in his work, the amount of energy he leaves with you; not that which, by this dispensation, he takes away—"God accepteth according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not;" nor yet, "I am so perplexed by the suggestions of Satan, combined with the harassing conflicts of outward providences, that I cannot even discern what the will of God is," for this is; of all others, the most subtle, and, in proportion to the scrupulosity of the conscience, threatens to be the most successful device of the enemy. All that is bewildering from hell, or from earth, is a part of God's will, and he requires from you, that measure of discernment which this divinely permitted state of perplexity admits of. Again, "God accepteth according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." In these cases, it is, of course, taken for granted, that you are a co-worker with God; that depression be not languidly yielded to, nor zeal lazily relaxed, and that an increase of heavenly light and guidance, be both diligently sought in the appointed way, and diligently used when gained. Until this be done you are not on promise-ground; when this is done, faith's sweet, calm voice bids you be of good cheer, and meets you with a moment of light and grace for every moment of need. But "we walk by faith, not by sight." In your own apprehension, the way may be rugged and confused; still, you must believe in view of the simple principles already laid down, that, it and

you are right. All is well, and the storm that rages around is not driving you back, but bearing you onward in the path of sanctification. When the darkness is the densest, so walk as that you may be able to lift your eye to that which searches your inmost soul, and say, "I am now doing, so far as I know it, the whole will of God, and seeking, in his prescribed way, for light to *know*, and grace to *do* it more fully."

This is the best, the safest, and, perhaps, when the depths of Satan speaks, the only way to keep the consecrated spirit abidingly in quietness and assurance on the sanctifying altar.

This is rest in combat, because, by such a law of steadfastness, the soul "cannot be moved," and such rest, is the highest style of victory.

He that thus overcometh, the same shall evermore be clothed in white raiment.

Best Wishes.

TO MY FRIEND, CELESTIA.

BY NORA.

I WILL not ask, that 'round thy way
Life's fairest flowers may bloom;
For, oh! the *fairest* fade away,
And share earth's common doom.

Nor will I ask, that 'round thy side
Gay, smiling ones may throng;
For words of flattery may beguile,
Though sweet as siren's song.

But may the love of Him, who gave
His precious life for thine,
Around thy brow, a fadeless wreath
Of flowers immortal, twine.

And o'er thee, may a watchful band
Their tireless vigils keep,
Till thou, within a brighter land,
A golden lyre shalt sweep.

FRETTING.—"If men fret for no just cause, it is just for God to give them something to fret at."—[Henry.]

"Explanation" Granted.

BY A. A. PHELPS.

BELoved EDITORS: I am glad of the privilege to answer, as best I may, the questions proposed to me in the June Guide, by way of objection to my article, in the May number. Let us notice the queries of "E. J.," in their order. He asks:

1. "What is his understanding of the term '*perfect love*'?" I reply, "Perfect love" is the love that casts out all fear of the judgment, of hell, of death, of want, of persecution. It is the love that absorbs and enlists the whole soul for God; the love that admits of no increase, but by increase of knowledge, and expansion of the soul; the love that renders to others what it asks for itself. Can the soul be brought into the possession of such an element, and yet be unconscious of its existence? Believe it who can.

2. "Are there any characteristics accompanying the witness of the Spirit, that may be relied upon by all, as an infallible assurance that the subject is the recipient of '*perfect love*'?" The witness of the Spirit, (and *not* "the promise of God,") is accompanied by all the Christian graces matured—perfect patience, perfect meekness, perfect humility, etc. This accompanying fruit of the Spirit, or the testimony of our own spirit, will afford consolation, strengthen our faith, and enliven our assurance; but nothing *short* of the witness of the Spirit itself must be accepted as an infallible assurance of our completeness in Christ. On the other hand, nothing should be relied on as the *witness* of the Spirit, that is not accompanied by these *fruits* of the Spirit. "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

3. "If I consecrate myself, body, soul, and spirit, a willing sacrifice to the Lord, with sincerity, and experience at the time, no change in my feelings, is it to be presumed that the sacrifice is not accepted by the Lord, because my feelings have not changed?" I cannot sincerely and *fully*

consecrate body, soul, and spirit, without believing God will accept me; I cannot fully crucify the old man, or be planted in the likeness of Christ's death, without being also "in the likeness of his resurrection;" and I cannot experience a complete death of inward sin, and a perfect restoration to God's image, *without* realizing a change of feeling. What! Does the writer believe that the carnal mind can be destroyed without a conscious change? Was there not, just before, a painful sense of impurity? And can this be all removed without any change of feeling? If so, then farewell to holiness; give it to the winds; it is a mere bubble! But, thank God, it is not so. Holiness is God's mighty process of revolutionizing man's inner being; and we exhort everybody not to be satisfied with their experience till they *feel* the old man of sin die out of their hearts, and know by the positive testimony of the Holy Ghost that Jesus Christ reigns unrivalled within them. I fear we have endorsed, too freely, a kind of *silent* and *unconscious* holiness, that has not gone down to the very bottom of the soul, and stirred, and melted, and purified the whole. I am fully in sympathy with the "*shorter way*," when taken in its true scriptural sense. There is a shorter way to the fount of purity, and a life of enlarged usefulness, than many seem to imagine. How many are "groaning after it" a score of years, without seeming to come any nearer the point! But I cannot endorse a sort of holiness that overleaps the intermediate scriptural steps, and disregards, almost entirely, the *crucifying process*, to take place before the life of faith, and love can be complete.

4. "If I consecrate myself to the Lord, as above stated, and believe, for any reason, that he does not accept of me; in other words, if I doubt his promise, does he accept the sacrifice according to his promise, while I am in a state of doubt concerning the fact of my acceptance?" I *cannot* doubt my acceptance with God, when I really consecrate all to him. The very act

of consecration supposes faith in God's veracity; and when the consecration is without reserve, that faith will become so all-controlling as to seize the prize and enter into rest. But mark, I am not an infallible judge as to the completeness of the consecration. Hence, the necessity of the Spirit's testimony, that I may know the consecration is accepted, and, therefore, complete. God alone is capable of such scrutiny, and has taken his own method—the dictate of infinite wisdom—to communicate the fact to us. This Spirit not only accomplishes, but shines upon and certifies his own work; but with various degrees of clearness and strength, as was before conceded. So far from the *promise* of purification being the testimony of the Spirit, it is the staff on which faith leans; and the rest from imbred sin is the result of leaning on this staff. True faith in a promise never reaches backward but *forward*; and the moment it grasps the thing promised, that instant the thing becomes a matter of experience, and not an object of faith, as was intimated in my former article. If faith is a condition of receiving, it must, in the nature of the case, be antecedent to the thing received, and not co-existent with the reception. It is then, lost in sight, and swallowed up in experience. If there be any kind of faith co-existent with a received blessing, it certainly cannot be the faith that obtained the blessing, and on which such blessing was conditioned. Logically, and theologically, this reasoning seems to me conclusive. I hope the spirit of light will shine through all the chambers of our souls, and lead us into all truth.

In reference to the "propositions" and "deductions" with which E. J. closes his article, I cannot say as he did, that they are "unquestionable in my mind." Pray, what can the writer mean by his first proposition, that God will perform *whatever* he has promised, *whether we believe it or doubt it*? The truth is, he will perform absolutely what he has promised absolutely; and what he has

promised conditionally, he will perform conditionally. But when you link the fourth query and first proposition together, who can describe the resultant compound? In the query he seems to indicate the impossibility of acceptance while we doubt the promise, (and that very justly,) but he affirms in the proposition that we receive whether we believe it or doubt it! But where has God promised to reward unbelief?

The third proposition sounds strangely enough. "Joy and peace may follow the exercise of a faith that is either well or ill founded." What! real peace the fruit of a spurious faith? It cannot be. If he meant a spurious or imaginary peace, why not say so? But genuine Christian peace is what is under consideration. I have not faith enough to grasp in all this I confess.

But the "*deductions*" are wonderfully strange, or my own mind wonderfully obtuse, or both. "Whatsoever we ask, according to the will of God, we do receive, whether we believe it or not. If we believe that we receive, the result will be joy and peace." That is, if I ask pardon and peace, trusting in Christ, which is according to the will of God, I do receive pardon and peace, though I may doubt whether it is peace; but if I believe it is peace, then I have peace! This is truly wonderful, but the climax is yet to come. Listen: "The fact that we experience joy and peace is no evidence that we have received that which we ask for, but that we believe we have received." Amazing! Suppose I ask for something beside joy and peace; for instance, the spirit of penitence for sin, and then believe I have such penitence; shall I have joy and peace? But suppose I ask for joy and peace, and *experience* joy and peace, is it no evidence that I have what I asked for? Not according to E. J.'s theology. But worst of all,—"*The only present reliable assurance we can have that we receive, is the promise of God, which may be regarded as the testimony of his Spirit.*" Now, put this by the side of the Apostles'

declaration: "And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." That is, God has sent forth his *promise* into your hearts, crying, *Father!* But I desist. What I have written has been done with nothing but love in my heart. And, if anything has seemed severe, it has been prompted by an ardent desire to have *all* see the illogical consequences and amazing inconsistencies involved in this "new edition" of the precious Bible doctrine of entire sanctification. The old Wesleyan platform has been found both safe and successful; and, if adhered to, will save us much unnecessary hair-splitting and division among ourselves.

Yours, in Jesus, A. A. P.

Lima, N. Y., June, 1858.

A Warning Reiterated.

BY MRS. F. E. IRVINE.

"A WARNING" in the March number of the Guide, brings very clearly to mind a chapter of my experience. New Year's eve of '53 I spent at home, and observed it as a watch-night. I had then been a professed Christian three years; but, like too many, I had been a great part of the time under condemnation for neglect of duty—now in the light, and anon in darkness, sinning and repenting.

That night the Spirit visited me with clear, convincing light, in reference to my duty, to consecrate myself wholly to God, and live to him alone. The parable of the fig tree, from which the owner had sought fruit in vain, for three years, was applied to my case; and the request, "Let it alone this year also, and if it bear fruit, well," seemed to be pleaded in my behalf. I then promised to give myself wholly up, to be led by the Spirit. The issue was made very plain to my mind, that if I fulfilled my promise, and was "led by the Spirit," all would be well; but if I drew back, suffered my affections to become again entangled with the world, the sentence, "cut it down," would be executed.

For a little time I followed the Spirit closely, and my gracious Savior encouraged me greatly, by permitting me to see fruit of my labor. But, *after all*, I began little by little to conform to the world, in dress, in conversation, and finally sank back to my former position. Still the Spirit did not leave me; it continued to warn me that I should be cut down as a cumberer of the ground, if I thus continued fruitless. And now, when I desired to arouse me, it seemed as though a deadly slumber was resting upon me, so that I *could not* arouse. The strength I had possessed was withdrawn. But I thought to myself, I know the way—Jesus died for sinners; and if I should really see death staring me in the face, I could then arouse, cast myself on the atonement, and *be saved*.

As the year drew to a close, I saw more and more clearly the reasonableness of the impression. For four years now the owner had come, seeking fruit, and finding none; it was but reasonable that it should be removed. Yet I had strong desires to glorify God, and do some good in his vineyard. I would fain tear myself away, but the fashions and customs of the world *bound* me. How could I separate myself so entirely from the world, and even from the most of those united in church-fellowship with me? O, if it had been only the good opinion of the world I had to forfeit, I could have borne it. But to be called peculiar by *professors*—to have *them* cast out my name as evil,—O, how could I bear this!

Day after day passed, until the last week. The second day of that week I was taken violently ill. I continued to sink rapidly, until I really *did* see "death staring me in the face." Now I tried my plan, tried to cast myself upon Jesus. I seemed to see him, and realized that the atonement was sufficiently broad to save a world of sinners. But, oh! I lacked the power to exercise faith, to cast myself upon his merits. God would not be thus *mocked*.

O, the agony of that moment, when I had

to yield up all my cherished hopes of heaven, and, in sight of *slighted* mercy, sink to everlasting despair! It was like spreading a feast before a starving man, and binding him, hand and foot. Suffer me to lift my warning voice to all who are thus called by the name of Christ, *and are living for self*; conforming to the customs and fashions of the world, while God is pressing the injunction, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate." O, is there one reading these lines that is seeking to be *barely saved*? The probability is, you will be *just lost*! In the name of mercy, be warned not to defer paying your solemn vows.

But to return. As I was about to give up the struggle, and was sinking down into despair, just at that moment God, the *merciful* God, said to my soul, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." I called, God delivered. About three weeks after this I entered into solemn covenant with God, to be his without reserve, and forever. Then was I enabled to reckon myself "dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ." What rest, what solid peace possessed my soul, when the controversy was ended between me and God, and I sank in all submission at his feet!

Huntley, Ill.

Earnestness.

BY REV. S. L. LEONARD.

"STRIVE," says Christ, "to enter in at the strait gate;" and he knows but little of spiritual things who supposes that the work that the Christian is called upon to perform can be accomplished without earnestness. How great is that work! He must conquer the bent of his own nature to evil; turn away from the allurements of a fascinating world, and face the invisible foes that are plotting against his welfare. But this is not all. We owe certain duties to those that surround us. Every relation in life brings with it its own peculiar obli-

tions, and a disregard of these obligations deprives the soul of the favor of heaven. And can they be met without the greatest earnestness?

Is it not to be feared that many professed Christians have little, if any, idea of the absolute necessity of striving to make their election sure? Do they not live as if they thought that they will at last be permitted to reign with Christ in glory, although they have failed to walk in his footsteps here below? They appear to know nothing about the importance of self-denial, but are singing to themselves the song of peace, while God has not spoken peace. How sad is the state of such person. If they are not aroused from their lethargy before, how awful will be their disappointment when they come to stand before the bar of their final judge! Will they not then discover that their lukewarmness has shut them out of heaven? But let not him that is humbly striving to serve God be discouraged. Great is the work that you are called upon to perform, and tremendous are to be the consequences of your actions. Well may you ask, "Who is sufficient for these things?" No man is sufficient of himself, and the weakest of our foes is more than a match for us. But there is a source from which we may receive strength and wisdom. Our Heavenly Father has promised that his grace shall be sufficient for us. His Spirit can nerve us for every conflict, and bring us off victorious in every contest with our enemies. While we are earnest and watchful there is no necessity of our being fearful. That power which has kept others safe, amid the pollution that has surrounded them, is able to keep us unto eternal life.

But is not this a period when there is a peculiar demand for Christian earnestness? This is an earnest age, and society is everywhere in commotion. Truth and error are fiercely grappling for the mastery of the public mind. The cross has, within a few months, gained mighty victories in our land. Thousands who, a short time ago, were the

slaves of sin, are now rejoicing in the possession of the liberty of the children of God. How much earnestness and activity will it require, on the part of the church, to watch over these, and to lead them on to eternal bliss. How much counsel, warning, and encouragement, will they need. But how many are yet strangers to God. Sin abounds everywhere. Profanity, Sabbath-breaking, and dishonesty, are overflowing our land. And does not much of our literature require to be purified in its moral tone? Does not the destitution of the millions of our fellow beings that sit in heathenish darkness call loudly upon the church to be earnest in her efforts to send them that gospel which alone can raise them from their state of degradation? And does not the shortness of life admonish us that what is done ought to be done speedily? Our fellow men are rapidly passing to the tomb, and if not soon reconciled to God they must be forever lost. If they go down to endless woe are we prepared to meet them at the bar of God? Can we say that we have done our duty towards them?

First Melted, then Moulded.

BY REV. B. M. ADAMS.

LESSONS of vast profit may sometimes be found in the mechanical, as in the natural world, by studying which, we may grow wiser and better. "First melted, then moulded," broke from our lips, not long since, in an iron foundry, while watching the workmen preparing for a "cast."

The roar of the bellows and the crackling of the fire were almost deafening; the men were busy, preparing ladles to receive the melted metal; glittering sparks of blazing iron were flying from some uncovered orifice, in the "cupola," and all was activity and watchfulness.

We had scarcely taken a position of some security from the said sparks, when one of the men, into whose head an economical thought seems to have broken, seized a

shovel, and commenced scraping up fragments of cindery iron scraps, and small pieces, knocked from castings. These he threw into the open mouth of the blazing furnace; then he gathered up, here and there, about the shop, broken griddles, superannuated plough-shares, noseless tea-kettles, spiders whose handles had departed, pots whose legs had been lost in the battle with servants and fire, with holes in their capacious bulge that no solder could mend, and so almost every broken iron thing that would naturally be found in such a place. These followed the scraps into the capacious furnace, and, finally, to give the finish to the whole, he laid hold of a huge piece of round iron, lugged it to the scaffold, and, with the help of others, at length threw it in also.

We gained a sight down the throat of this fiery furnace, and there were all these strange materials hugging each other in the closest intimacy, and silently melting away in the embrace.

The call of the watchful master-workman broke our reverie; the tap was plunged into the furnace, the blazing metal spouted forth into the ladles, and was quickly shed into the moulds prepared for it, whence we saw it soon emerging, in many forms of usefulness and beauty; "first melted, then moulded."

We looked through our church, and could only think of the vast amount of material unused and unhonored. A minister looks over his church, and what does he see? Some, unaccountably fallen, and lying in the dirt; some, that when in their true position, carried great burdens, hearts full of love for God and man, now with great sin-holes, incapable of carrying sympathy or feeling love. Perhaps he finds one a special weight, like an unwieldy mass of iron—in the way of all good things, on the opposite of all Christian enterprise, a drag, almost a curse and as he looks at the condition of things he is humbled and broken. What will cure such a church? Nothing short of melting, then it can be moulded.

Many Christians deem themselves specially qualified for one station, and no other, (that, a very *high* one,) they need melting, then they may be moulded into God's working tools, or his ornaments.

Many ministers are troubled with the heart-ache about being appreciated, and that makes them jealous, critical, and fault-finding towards others; they must have great stations and great attentions, or they feel they cannot labor freely; "melting" will cure the heart-ache, and "moulding" will fit them for efficiency anywhere—in the city, or the wilderness. Is not this great operation the need of the church? Does she not need melting into one spirit, and moulding into the image of her Redeemer?

Let us ask our "Refiner" to melt us as a church, and individually, until, in the fire, and mould of his Spirit, we shall "bear the image of the heavenly."

New York, July 2, 1858.

"God Made a New Man of Me."

BY REV. N. J. APLIN.

DEAR BRETHREN,—I have, for about five years, had a great desire to write a short communication for the Guide; but have been deterred, hitherto, by a sense of inability to edify. I have been a reader of the Guide for many years. I first found it, when a Deputy Post Master, among papers not taken from the office, and read it to my profit. Like the woman in New York, who, as she was requested to join the M. E. Church on probation, promptly replied, "Put my name down for life," so you may consider me a life subscriber, if the Guide continues to breathe the same deep, holy spirit, that it has in other years.

Now, I wish to tell a little of my experience, though I know it is more fashionable, in these days, to deal in generalities. I was converted to God about eighteen years ago, in Richfield, Otsego Co., N. Y., at the age of nineteen. My conversion was marked by deep feeling, much energy of purpose, and considerable zeal in bearing

the cross. For about three years I was devoted and happy most of the time, and used to follow around the preachers, and weep and exhort as the Spirit gave me utterance. Those were good days—never to be forgotten.

But God had frequently impressed me with thoughts about the ministry, which began to make me tremble. At first, I felt that I *could* not engage in such a work; and then a foolish bashfulness came over me, and a dread to have anybody speak to me about the matter of preaching the Gospel. The result was, my *could* not soon changed into a *would* not, and for nine years following I suffered indescribable things. Poor health, loss of all my property, loss of comfort, to a great extent, and that terrible woe, constantly hanging over me, had well nigh broken my spirit, and were already foreboding a state of utter despair, if I longer resisted the call of duty. After these severe chastenings of the Lord, I yielded to obey his voice. But oh, those nine years! Would to God I had never lived them! Had I the power, I would blot them out forever.

About this time the subject of entire consecration and practical holiness became the theme of my thoughts and prayers; and by having the counsels of a number of persons who enjoyed this blessing, I was instructed "in the way of the Lord more perfectly." I feel myself indebted to no one individual more than to Fay H. Purdy, of Palmyra, N. Y. But it was not until the second day of August, 1852, that everything was made right. On that ever-to-be-remembered morning, about fifteen minutes to nine o'clock, A. M., I know God did entirely sanctify my soul, body, and spirit. O, what light, love, and untold bliss I received! Nothing but glory possessed my soul. I knew it then; I know it now; I never doubted it, and never shall. Glory to Christ! There is one bright spot in my history. From that day *God made a new man of me*, and commenced using me for his glory. The next time I opened my

mouth for him, O how he did fill it! and he has filled it many times since. In a few days after receiving that blessing, the brethren gave me license to exhort. In less than six months they gave me a preacher's license, and in about six months more I was recommended to the Wisconsin Conference, to travel. The first year I was sent to Sheboygan city, where I found a small society of about twelve members, every way embarrassed. We closed the year with seventy or eighty. The next year I was permitted to see the salvation of God, and the church was quite largely replenished with the newly-saved of the Lord. Am now on my second year at this station. Some have been converted almost every week, and a few have been entirely saved. Last Sabbath was a glorious day to some five or six souls, as they stepped into the troubled pool, and were made whole. We shall expect still greater things, since the dear brethren have received the baptism of fire.

I have given a more minute detail of my experience and labors, than I should have done, had it not been for this single fact—all that God has ever done by me is attributable to the great blessing I received August 2d, 1852. My experience has not been as clear for the last two years as formerly; but I am praying and searching for the old paths, and expect to find them. Your unworthy brother in Christ Jesus,

N. J. A.

Waukesha, Wis.

RELIGION OF BEAUTY.—“There is a religion of sentiment as well as of principle, a religion that terminates on the *beautiful* as well as a religion that terminates on the *holy*. It is possible for one who has a natural admiration for that which is lovely in character, to see a high degree of beauty in the character of the Redeemer; for one whose heart is easily moved by sympathy to be affected in view of the sufferings of the injured Savior. But all this is not genuine Christianity.”—[Barnes.]

“Holiness unto the Lord.”

BY ENOLA.

While the stars and stripes are waving
Proudly over us to-day,
And our goddess—sweet-toned Freedom,
Holds her ever-glorious sway;
While a thousand banners streaming
Bear some cherished party-word,
Let the nations raise one, bearing
“*Holiness unto the Lord.*”

Let it float on broader pennons,
Let it wave above us, higher,
Brighter, fairer than all others,
And its characters of fire
Shine, that all the world may read them,
And may shout, with one accord,
“This shall be our motto ever,
Holiness unto the Lord.”

Christians rally round this banner,
Raise it high with eager hand,
Raise it to the Lord Jehovah,
He who ruleth sea and land;
Who hath broke your chains asunder,
And hath “made you free indeed!”
Ah! do not your pulses quicken
As those characters you read?

Sinners from the shrines unhallowed,
Where you’ve bowed these weary years,
From the idols cherished fondly,
Only to be mourned with tears,
From the haunts where sin and sorrow
In the guise of pleasure dwell,
Turn, O turn your footsteps hither,
Let your ranks these numbers swell.

Rally round our spotless banner,
It is floating here for you;
Cast aside your selfish mottoes,
Cherish this one—pure and true!
It shall link your souls with angels,
And a pure and holy light
Shed for aye upon your pathway,
Shrouded now in deepest night.

Christ hath made a full atonement
For our sins, so dark and dire,
And we ’ll ne’er desert our banner,
But its words of living fire,
While we live, shall be our watchword;
And in heaven, in sweet accord,
With the angel-band will echo
“*Holiness unto the Lord.*”
Wilbraham, July 5, 1858.

Holiness—its Effects.

HAVING deliberately and fully consecrated every power and faculty of our heart and mind to God, it is necessary that we go still farther, and present our *body* a living sacrifice. In this point there is much failure. It is true, that we are saved by grace through faith. But it is no less true, that there is no proper sacrifice without a body, a *living* body. The Sacred Word is as clear and explicit on this point, as on any other. God designs that the Spirit's work upon the heart should be made through the body: The prophet Daniel could have silently worshipped his God in spirit, in a standing, walking, sitting, or reclining posture, without incurring the risk of being torn to pieces by the lions. But what would have been the result? In this case, God had suspended the welfare of thousands of others, upon his act of kneeling upon his knees and praying aloud. In this outward form, the power of faith is tested: So it was with Abraham, when he offered his son Isaac upon the altar. So of us, the outward form tests the sincerity, the purity, the power of our Christian experience.

The apostle Paul is very full and explicit on this subject. In reference to himself he says: "I keep my *body* under, and bring it into subjection," etc. And again, he speaks of "*always* bearing about in my *body*, the dying of the Lord Jesus." And what reason does he assign for this? "Verily, that the life of Jesus might be made manifest in our body." Will our beloved Christian readers think of this, especially those whose closet is neglected, whose domestic altar is broken down, and who are not accustomed to kneel in prayer in the house of God? These outward forms are powerful in their influence upon others, especially if the heart is right.

The commands of God are so definite on this point, and so intimately connected with our personal salvation, that we cannot pass them by without incurring guilt. "Wheth-

er ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do," in an outward sense, has its divinely appointed influence, both upon ourselves and upon others. Says a father to his son, "Do not do so." "Why not, father; you do so," is the son's reply. Supposing it some sin the boy was perpetrating, on whose head is the guilt, the father's or the child's? So of us, who profess to be the disciples of Christ. "Woe unto the world, because of offences; but woe unto him through whom the offence cometh." Again, "Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion." To do good when opportunity offers, is not enough to meet the spirit of gospel requirements. Those who are sick, or in prison, who cannot come to us, we must go to them, to do them good. See Matt. xxv. 34, 40. Again, "Go into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in." Something more than a mere intimation is expressed in this command. It means nothing less than the use of every possible means to save souls.

May the Lord help us individually to present every faculty of our soul and body, time, talents, influence, everything, a continual sacrifice upon the divine altar, to be used for his glory, and the salvation of souls.

Next to the consecration of our soul and body, it becomes our duty to lay all that we claim, (humanly speaking,) as ours, on the divine altar, to be used and disposed of in that way and manner which shall be most for the glory of God. Under this head we might name our reputation, relatives, and friends; our time, talents, property, etc. We shall briefly notice some of these items.

Our unsanctified love of reputation will hinder the work of faith in our souls, as we may judge from such passages as the following, viz: "How can ye believe which receive honor one of another, and seek not that honor which cometh from God only." It is too true, that we would be thought and spoken well of by our fellow Christians, whatever may be our standing in the sight of him who "seeth not as man seeth." In order, therefore, to enjoy understandingly

the blessing of entire sanctification, this love of reputation is to be sacrificed for God, for his sole glory. Thus did Job, although withstood by his special friends, who came to sympathise with him in his affliction. Thus it was with our blessed Savior and exemplar; "He made himself of no reputation, and took upon himself the form of a servant." So, likewise, has it been in every age of the world with truly holy souls, who have refused to "confer with flesh and blood" when duty calls to be, to do, or to suffer for God. Again, our relatives and friends, even if they are beloved Isaacs, must also be offered up cheerfully to God—rendered back to God, the great giver, and so perfectly kept on the divine altar that we may feelingly say, when they are separated from us, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." When parents thus regard their beloved children, they will more fully train them in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. They will hear that still, small voice saying unto them, "Nurse this child for me."

Our time, also, if properly considered, is an important trust, one that is committed to us for a great and infinite purpose. It is that we may secure our own personal salvation, and as much as in us lies the salvation of others. Unless we so regard the time that is momentarily allotted to us, we cannot possess that completeness of Christian character which the gospel affords. The present moment is all that we can call our own. "Time, like an ever-rolling stream," is rapidly passing away. Soon, very soon, the angel of God will "sware by him that liveth forever and ever," "that there shall be time no longer." Knowing this solemn truth, it becomes us to "be wise to-day. 'Tis madness to defer." Holy Spirit help us!

[To be concluded in our next.] B. S.

RELIGION.—"The religion of the Bible does not require great powers of mind to reach it, but deep humility of spirit, to come down to its simplicity."—[Mrs. Palmer.

To Seekers of Salvation.

BY B. S.

INDEPENDENT of the grace of God, human nature is everywhere the same; it is full of darkness, ignorance, and sin. But when souls are made consciously alive to their wretched condition, then it is that they desire deliverance "from the body of sin and death." "But *how* to perform that which is good," each one can say with the apostle, "I find not." In our own case, we distinctly remember, about thirty years since, *how* we desired to find the good and right way. With one of old, our heart and our tongue, in deep sincerity would exclaim, as we occasionally met a professed Christian, "Sir, we would see Jesus!" O, how we desired to be led, step by step, and instructed, item by item, in the way of salvation. We were often sad and disheartened, when Christians talked of religion in general terms. It seemed like teaching an infant to read sentences, when the letters composing the words, had not been learned. Perhaps some reader of this sketch may be in a like position. If so, be not discouraged. God leads the blind by a way they know not. Only let us be willing to be led, and we shall soon find an open path through the wilderness, and the way will grow brighter as we proceed. If we knew in the outset all about the way in which God designs we should walk, there would be no necessity for faith in an unseen power to guide, protect and save us. Again, an infant has no correct knowledge in relation to its wants or its weakness. Just so with the seeker of salvation, or with the "babe in Christ." Nor do we, in any state of grace, know ourselves, only as God shall, through the instrumentalities of his word, his Spirit, and his providences, reveal ourselves unto ourselves. This he does as fast as we are able and willing to have it done.

We think, as a general thing, that God does not permit seekers after holiness to offer in sacrifice, that which costs them

nothing; or, in other words, we do not believe that souls seeking holiness, are successful in their object when their work of consecration is mainly in general terms. Our purpose to be wholly the Lords, is often, if not always, severely tested before the victory is gained. This accounts for the fact, that many start,—make an effort, but after a while give up the struggle without obtaining the prize. Thus it is written, "Many shall seek to enter in and shall not be able." In order, then, to succeed, we are seemingly compelled to be minute and particular in going over, item by item, the ground of consecration; making pledge upon pledge, until we are brought to feel, that to the extent of our knowledge and ability, all has been, and now is, given back to God, and fully dedicated to his will and service. This, to use a figurative expression, seems necessary, in order to "clear the track," so that faith shall meet with no obstruction, and also to its being accelerated in its progress. Even then, faith may seem to stand for a while inoperative, that God may try the strength of thy purpose. Thus Abraham went several days journey to a mountain in the land of Moriah, and there prepared an altar on which to sacrifice the dearest idol of his heart. Ah! here is a test—a practical one, requiring time to prove the sincerity of the heart. These trials and tests were united in such a form, that body, soul, and spirit, are made to participate. Abraham and others have triumphed in them, and over them. So may we. "Therefore, be not afraid, only believe." "Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin." Again, "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you as though some strange thing happened unto you." The best polished stones are subjected to the severest rubbing. Whoever, then, would shine with brilliant lustre amid the stars of heaven, should submissively pray, as did the poet,

"Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away."

It is only by permitting God to do his own work, in his own way, in us, and by us, that we become "laborers together with him." Trials are no hindrances to the work of faith. They tend rather to quicken, refine, and establish us in the divine life. The heart sincerely consecrated to God, and fixed in its purpose to obey him, will never desire to turn back again to sin, whatever may be its emotional experience. The language of such an one is, "If I am not a Christian now, I will never cease my struggle till I am; I will try to serve God even if I finally perish." With such a decision, adding a persevering faith, victory will follow. So in regard to "perfect love." All that is essentially important, is to be fully decided to seek in ceaseless faith, and holy obedience, step by step, as God may lead, and the blessing is ours. We should never mark out, or calculate anything about *how* we shall act or feel in the future. It is none of our business to do thus. The requirements are simply "follow on to know the Lord," and "grow in grace."

One suggestion more, and we leave the subject with our reader, viz: Constantly, or it will do us no good, we must rely upon the Holy Spirit to teach, cleanse, strengthen and save us. He will work through all and in all the varied means and instrumentalities by which we are saved from sin, fitted for usefulness, and made finally triumphant over death and the grave. "The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name," saith Jesus, "he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." Therefore,

"Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, his merits must prevail;
Ask but in faith, it shall be done."

"It shall be done." But why? Because the mouth of the Lord, in his Word, hath said it. (See John xv. 7.) Whatever God hath promised, is yea and amen, to all

who comply with the conditions annexed. In the passage last quoted, it is said, "ask what ye will," and then follows the assurance, "it shall be done unto you." Hence, through constant reliance upon the Holy Spirit, we shall be prompted to offer only such prayers as are in accordance with the will of God. Take God at his Word, then, irrespective of our feelings. Thus, like an obedient and confiding child, submit to be led by the principle of a simple faith, wherever the Holy Spirit may, by means of the Word and Providences of God, see fit to take us. There is a perfect harmony in the working of God's designs through his Spirit, his Word, and his Providences, upon the soul, body, and spirit of his intelligent creatures. The farther we advance in Christian experience, clearer will be our perceptions of this gracious scheme. "Strong meat," saith the apostle, "belongeth to them that are of full age, even those who, *by reason of use*, have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil." May the Lord crown us all with final victory over every foe, for his name's sake.

Take the Cross.

BY E. E. E.

"AND he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me."

The children of Zion, who have risen to the highest eminence in Christian attainments, and whose names are cherished with the greatest reverence in the heart of every saint, have ever been cross-bearing Christians. It is impossible to maintain a radiant hope in Christ, impossible to abide in holiness, without taking every cross, and prayerfully and earnestly doing every known duty. Would Christians walk in darkness, and lose their joy and peace, let them cease to bear the cross; but would they have the reflected sunshine of heaven about them, their lives peaceful and happy, and their walk "close with God," let them

deny themselves, and do their master's *whole will*, never shunning the cross, however heavy, never shrinking from duty, however laborious.

"Deny thyself, and take thy cross,
Is the Redeemer's great command!
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land,"

Christians, take the cross! Remember, Jesus hath borne it once for thee. O! by his groans and untold agonies on blood-stained Calvary, heed his bidding; "Who-soever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me."

Remember his gracious promise; "My grace shall be sufficient for thee." Is the cross heavy for thy fainting spirit? come to Jesus for help, and his "strength shall be made perfect in thy weakness."

"Take the cross!" Go, tell perishing sinners around you, "of Jesus, of heaven, and rest!" O! beg of them, with all the melting tenderness of love, to "come to Jesus," and be happy! Keep not silence, lest God rebuke thee. And go to that wayward brother, and with the kindness and sympathy of a loving spirit, seek to win him back to holiness and heaven. . . . To those seeking holiness, I would say, until you are ready to take up every cross, and do the master's whole will, you cannot expect the blessing. The soul filled with perfect love, is perfectly obedient. Its ever-ardent exclamation is: "Lord, not my will, but thine be done." Will such a spirit shrink from the cross? Never! Then, dear brethren and sisters, in view of the self-denials, duties and crosses before you, make the consecration, and believe in him, whose "blood can make the foulest clean."

How important an admonition is contained in the oft-repeated quotation; "no cross, no crown." O, would we gain the promised land, and dwell forever with the "ransomed of the Lord," we must take up the cross, and follow Christ.

Hope.

BY NORA.

ON radiant pinions flying
This smiling seraph comes,
The weary heart beguiling,
In sweet, angelic tones.

When sable clouds are hovering
O'er life's dark, thorny way,
Her siren tones are telling
Of a brighter, better day.

Of a land that's free from sorrow,
From sickness, pain, and care;
Where no fore-dreaded morrow
Shall mar the pleasures there.

And still she points us upward,
To that bright home above,
Where we shall dwell forever,
With him whose name is *Love*.

"Bad Theology in Hymns."

BY T.

It was thought a strange sound, even in a Methodist class-meeting, when one said, I do not sing—"Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it," because that proneness to wander made me feel the need of a constant abiding in Christ; and, by faith I receive that purification from my corrupt nature, which, once, so often brought me into bondage. I most heartily desired to be delivered from wandering, its sorrows and bitter repentance. I knew it was my reasonable service to be faithful to God, in a state of constant obedience to his will." We believe that sister spoke the honest expression of her heart; for, if there is a painful sorrow to the sincere soul, it arises from departure from God. Another says, "sorrow was always mixed with my blessings, because I thought, in my ignorance of God's truth, that there was no other way for me but sinning and repenting, and losing, at times, my heavenly intercourse, and mourning over my departures and wanderings from Christ; but I have found, in Jesus, a cure for all these evils and losses; his blood cleanses me, now, from all sin, and he keeps that which I continually commit to him—my all." This

is just what Jesus came to do for his people, to save them from their sins—the hand of their enemies.

All Christians, in a lively state of grace, see more or less eye to eye. At one of the noon-day union prayer-meetings, in the city of A—, a minister, who led, that day, chose for the opening hymn

"Come humble sinner, in whose heart," etc.

After he had read the whole through, he remarked, "it is a truth to be lamented, that some of our most beautiful hymns have bad theology in them, that is, not gospel.

'But, if I perish I will pray,
And perish only there.'

It, of course, refers to Esther going in to the King with her petition; but it is not gospel, which says, 'Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you; ask, and ye shall receive.'

Another minister, on another day, rose from his seat, after two verses had been sung from

"Come holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,"

and said, "'cold hearts!' we should never have cold hearts; that should never have been written."

Since we do venture to criticise time-honored verse, which has been consecrated by the service of the sanctuary, we express what have often been our own thoughts; were the words "cold hearts," "prone to wander," "our formal songs," etc., etc., really felt, the voices would be choked in the utterance, with a hearty repentance and grief, and would not need to be sung more than once in a life-time.

We have often wondered at the cold, heartless way in which congregations sing, in time and tune, those words, "glorying in their shame."

Those noon-day union meetings have been, and still are, of inestimable benefit to ministers and people. When the ministry occasionally occupy the allotted five minutes, they speak to the point—plain, experimental truth; and, on this familiar level

with the people, let out their feelings instead of scholastic theology. O! how many a precious soul, who has long been mourning in darkness, temptation, and ignorance, been there enlightened, and comforted, in that sacred hour, escaped from their mists and clouds, and returned to their Bibles and closets, with new light, and increased love.

An Important Question.

BY "WESLEYAN."

WHY is it that the thoughts of death and eternity are so terrifying and perplexing to a large proportion of professing Christians? Does not the very fact prove that the faith of such Christians must be defective? If Christ died for the sins of the whole world, and if salvation is offered on certain conditions, which every soul of man can, if they will, comply with; then, surely there need be no anxiety as to the future with him or her who *really* believes the record, and relies *implicitly*, (without wavering,) upon the promise of Jehovah.

What a terrible state to be in, where the Word and promise of the Omnipotent God, our maker, in whom we live, and move, and have our being, when his Word cannot be relied upon, fully and unhesitatingly. Yet so it is, and so it will be, so long as the devil, our powerful adversary, retains his power and influence over the soul. But by the grace of God, through faith in Christ Jesus, we may pass beyond this distressing, God-dishonoring state, and that, too, in this life; yea, *previous* to the hour of dissolution. The Apostle John describes a state of mind which is *not* that doubting state to which we have alluded. He says, "He that feareth is not made perfect in love; perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment." St. Paul does not manifest much fear in the prospect of death. He says, "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. For me to live is Christ, to die is gain. The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God,

who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." One of our poets, too, has also expressed the same thought.

"If sin be pardoned, I'm secure,
Death has no sting beside;
The Law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died."

Here, then, is the solution. The sting of death is sin. Death has no sting beside. Remove the sting, and death will be harmless. There will, then, be nothing in death to alarm or terrify. This, then, is the alternative, either to retain the fear of death, and continue in bondage, or obtain the gospel-liberty, by applying for the cleansing power of the Holy Ghost. "The blood of Jesus Christ our Lord cleanseth from all sin."

It cleanseth in the present tense, not it *will* cleanse to-morrow, or next week, or next year, or just when we are about to step into eternity, but it cleanseth *now*, just so soon as the conditions are complied with. Unwavering faith in the veracity of Jesus; exercised by the soul that has consecrated all, without any reservation, for time and eternity, to him. No protracted preparation required; no delay necessary. If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth. Just so soon as the entire consecration be made the appropriating faith should be exercised. It is enough. He speaks and it is done. The Holy Spirit testifies to the fact. I am my God's, and he is mine.

Cambridgeport, Mass., July 12, 1858.

OFFICE OF THE CHURCH.—"In the beginning no man became a Christian, save through the Apostles, and thus the church, in all time, is built up in living union with its origin. Christianity is no bare summary of truths and reflections, to which a man, even in a state of isolation, might attain; it is a life-stream which flows through humanity, and its waves must reach every separate individual who would be drawn within this circle of life. The gospel is identified with, and grown into union with the persons."—

[Olshausen.]

Letter from Rev. A. Kent.

DEAR BROTHER DEGEN:—I wrote you several letters last fall, on the work of full salvation in New York, and intended to have continued and spoken of some in that place, as well as in many others, who became extravagant in their notions, and finally apostatized, thus bringing reproach upon the cause, and giving opposers occasion to triumph. I had it on my mind, also, to assign some causes why so many lose the witness after having enjoyed the consciousness that the blood of Christ had cleansed them from all sin. Feeble health inclined me to delay, in hope I should feel better able to write.

I was taken sick in the winter, and brought low, and in the midst of extreme agony, when my friends feared my end was nigh, I thought of this neglected duty, and my heart was pained. Then I resolved, if the Lord spared my life, and gave me strength, I would express myself freely on this subject. I told a brother the grief I felt for this neglect, and that I expected I should be raised up, that I might satisfy my mind on that point, however feeble and imperfect it might be.

Since I have begun to gain strength I have tried to arrange my thoughts, to give utterance to the feelings of my heart, but my head is so affected that it has seemed impossible to write, so as to do justice to the subject. Your letter has satisfied me that I ought not to wait any longer for better health, but begin, and see how I may be assisted in the work.

I think the preachers, fifty or sixty years ago, were generally more particular in explaining the doctrine of holiness of heart, and more earnestly urged the necessity of going on to perfection, than is the case among us at the present time. Young converts were exhorted to improve their "first love" while their hearts were warm in seeking for full sanctification—that this would prevent their backsliding, and secure a permanent peace within. Before I had been

in society one year my soul hungered and thirsted for a clean heart, and I was resolved never to rest without it. Though I did not immediately enter into that liberty, yet I gained much by hungering and thirsting for it, and expecting God would fulfil his promise, and cleanse my soul from all sin. I have reason to believe that, fifty-six years ago, this month, the Lord took full possession of my heart, and filled me with his pure love. It seemed too much for such a worm to confess what so few professed to enjoy, and I concluded to wait and see if the blessing remained; in this way I lost the witness. For seven years I was at times victorious, but passing through severe temptations and conflicts, I often sunk in darkness, and drank deeply of "the wormwood and gall;" but God, in mercy, as often set my feet in a wide place, and put a new song in my mouth.

Forty-nine years ago the Lord renewed the assurance of his love, in my heart, far beyond all I had ever known before. I could see God in everything, and all my soul said, Thy will be done. I had been feeble for months, and had attempted to preach but little, from weakness of lungs, but, then, from an overflowing heart I spoke moderately, with a low voice, and was surprised to see the effects in the congregation—sinners were converted, and believers sanctified.

There are many degrees of sanctification attained in this life. This peace is compared to a river, which sometimes overflows all its banks; again, the banks may be just filled, or the water may sink below the banks, and yet the waters of a river are still flowing. So the soul may, at one time, overflow with salvation; again, they may feel a fulness of abiding peace, or a painful lack of that fulness, while conscious that a degree of peace is flowing through the soul—the river is low, but not a rivulet, and dry most of the year.

I think I may say, that for the last forty-nine years I have enjoyed this grace in a greater or less degree, and yet I hear about with me an abiding sense of my utter

unworthiness, and short-comings, and nothing but a constant trust in the atonement of Christ could save me from condemnation. I may say, by grace I am what I am, and there is not one action of my life which gives me satisfaction, only as I reflect upon it in connection with the grace of God.

During my ministry the cause of gospel holiness has laid near my heart, and when any of its professors have brought a reproach upon it my soul has grieved before the Lord. It is a lamented fact, that many have thus dishonored their profession, and scandalized the cause which they professed to love so intensely. Some have become bitterly censorious, and could condemn their brethren as hypocrites or backsliders; that they needed no man to teach them, because the Lord taught them all that was needful to know, etc. I have taken considerable pains to visit such persons, and to try to ascertain by what means they obtained such a spirit, and see if there was any probability of their becoming again what they had appeared to be—meek and humble Christians. I have generally found such persons to be of a sanguine temperament, with great self-confidence, and a fruitful imagination, and if we add, with very limited knowledge, which is very probably the case, we may suppose they would be liable to *overdo in any matter* where they felt a deep interest. They may be truly sincere in their religious professions, and enjoy a good degree of religion, but may have a natural disposition for the “marvelous,” and not very highly estimate the ordinary means of grace.

Years ago, it was common, in some places, for persons to lose their strength, and speak of unearthly views, or remarkable dreams, and powerful impressions, etc. When such things took place, those who were fond of marvelous things, supposed there were special blessings connected with such exercises, and began to pray that the Lord would send the power upon them in like manner, and expected their faith and confidence would thereby be greatly

strengthened. I have known many of this class, and doubted not their sincerity; but yet was sure they erred in so doing, and committed sin, in praying for bodily exercises, visions, dreams, etc., instead of pleading with the Lord to fill their hearts with all the mind that was in Christ. Such prayers are dangerous, as they fix upon the way, or medium, through which God must bless them, as they look for it in no other manner. God will not work upon our plans; and if we persist in praying for bodily exercises, visions, etc., we may receive *them*, but not the blessing we expected.

A soul thus involved is in distress, and may not know the reason why; they were sure they were sincere, yet are disappointed. Here is an important law in the divine economy, which every Christian ought to understand. If we turn away from God, and, with selfish desires, ask for that which he has not promised, he may grant our request, but not add his blessing with it. We have many instances of this in the scriptures. I might mention a variety, but will only direct to one. Israel, in the wilderness, despised the manna, and prayed for flesh. “He gave them their request, but sent leanness into their souls.” (Ps. 106, 15.) They are now in a critical situation. They have gone out of the circle of the promises, where faith claims immediate succor, and are exposed to the fiery darts of Satan. In such a state they need the aid of judicious brethren: let us see what kind of help some have received under similar circumstances. If the preacher, or some good brother, had known the peculiar state of his mind, and spoken kindly to him, he might have gained his ear and his heart, and, perhaps, relieved him from the snare; but they said nothing to him, though they talked about his exercises, and disapproved of his conduct. Tale-bearers were ready to inform him what his pastor says, etc. etc., and he is grieved—is sure they do wrong in not saying to him what they dislike, and is confident he can gain no benefit by hearing such a preacher. His

mind becomes inconstant; at one time he exerts all his strength to gain victory—his loud voice, or extravagant exercises, hurts the feelings of some, and he is informed he spoiled the prayer meeting, in a manner not calculated to soothe his feelings. At another time he is silent, and they don't know what to make of him. Some of the members sympathize with him, and disapprove of the way in which he is treated, and a party seems to be creating among them. The preacher feels it his duty to correct the evil, and preaches against uncharitableness, and spasmodic exercises, etc., and the eyes of the people are turned towards the offending brother. He understands the import, and resolves to hear him no more, unless he alters his course. His natural temperament, which often vexed him in his best days, now breaks forth, as grace does not restrain him, and he speaks with rashness—the tempter's manifold temptations unite to aggravate the matter, and he cuts himself loose from all restraint, and no one can tell to what lengths he may go.

There are, doubtless, some, like George Bell, of London, who was so full of self-confidence, that Mr. Wesley could no way control him; but I think, in general, when a brother errs from any cause, the law of kindness will find way to his heart, and this is the object and design of our union as a church. When such contention takes place in a society, the evil is charged upon the doctrine of "Christian perfection," and one and another say, they were afraid of such painful consequences.

If, afterwards, a preacher is stationed there, who begins to urge the brethren to seek for holiness of heart, those timid ones, who think there is so much danger connected with this doctrine, are troubled, and perhaps will inform the preacher what difficulty they have had on that subject, and advise him to be *cautious*, and guard against the like again.

A. KENT.

New Bedford, June 17, 1858.

"Hast Thou Prayed This Day?"

It was in the days of our childhood—before our years reached half a score—we remember how this question was frequently made by our pious pastor, perhaps the *first* thing he said upon rising in the pulpit on a Sabbath morning. It came from a man whose cheeks were pale with study, whose large, melancholy, but expressive eyes, were the windows of a saint's tabernacle, and whose deep, musical, but tremulous voice, sent a thrill through every heart. The question came as if it fell from the clouds, spoken by an angel's voice! That pastor is now among the saints in heaven. His voice, on earth, is hushed in death, but that solemn, earnest question, with its deep significance, still lingers on our ear, as if it descended from those shining celestial heights, on which he now stands glorified, and the voice still reverberates in our heart, like an echo wandering down through the blooming vales of the celestial hills.

"Hast thou prayed this day?" It is like a martial sound—at once a voice of command—a voice of hope, of reproof, and injunction to duty. Hast thou, reader, prayed this day? *Do you pray every day?* or, have you given it up long ago? You are still a professor of religion, but what an anomaly is a professor of religion without daily prayer! How can you, how *dare* you still call yourself a follower of Christ, when earnest, fervent, and faithful prayer has ceased to rise, like incense, from the altar of your heart?

But you tell us that you *do* pray. And not only daily, but perhaps, three, four, or five times a day. But is it really prayer? Does it deserve that beautiful name? Is it really that pouring out of the heart before God—that fervent appeal offered in the spirit of humble trust in the merits of a Redeemer? Is it that sweet communion with God, in which you whisper into his ears your sorrows, or bring before him your wants, in that simplicity of faith which

knows of no doubt? Is it that hungering and thirsting after God, and the influence of his Holy Spirit, to satisfy which you feel to be your highest, holiest privilege.

Or, is your prayer a slavish submission to duty? Do you pray daily, hourly, continually, because you merely feel it to be necessary, in order to be consistent, or, what is worse, merely to keep up appearance? Do you perhaps visit your closet, fall on your knees, repeat some stereotyped phrases, while your mind is wandering to your scenes of business, of pleasure, or of some other, to you a more enticing subject than the communion with God? Do you *hurry* to get through with your devotions? In short, are not your private devotions become a *burden* to you, instead of a privilege? Then call it what you please, call it *mechanical* devotion, praying by machinery; call it solemn mockery, call it hypocrisy, or call it duty, or call it "saying your prayers;" but do not call it *prayer*, for it is as little acceptable to God, and will benefit you as little as a swine brought as a in-offering, would have benefited an Israelite of old!—
[Evangelical Message.]

Extracts from Rev. John Wesley.

THE following will show how Mr. Wesley regarded the blessed doctrine of holiness.

Sat. 21.—I visited one who was ill in bed; and after having buried seven of her family in six months, had just heard the eighth, her beloved husband, was cast away at sea. I asked, "Do not you fret at any of these things?" She said, with a lovely smile upon her pale cheek, "O, no! How can I fret at anything which is the wil of God? Let him take all besides; he has given me himself. I love, I praise him every moment." Let any that doubts of Christian perfection look on such a spectacle as this! One in such circumstances rejoicing, even now, and continually giving thanks.

24.—A large congregation attended at five in the morning, and seemed just ripe for the exhortation, "Let us go on unto

perfection." I had, indeed, the satisfaction of finding most of the believers here athirst for full redemption.

Sat. 7.—In the evening I spoke with those at Manchester, who believed God had cleansed their hearts. They were sixty-three in number—to about sixty of whom I could not find there was any reasonable objection.

Thursday, 12, and the two following days, I examined the society in Bristol. Still I find the greatest part to be in peace and love, and none blamable as to their outward conversation; but life, power and "struggling into God" are wanting; few are agonizing to be altogether Christians.

Cork.—I found many growing in grace, many rejoicing in the pure love of God, and many more, who were earnestly panting after the whole mind that was in Christ.

Sunday, 20.—I found much enlargement in applying to a numerous congregation the lovely account given by St. James of 'pure and undefiled religion.' In the afternoon I preached a funeral sermon for Mary Charlton, an Israelite indeed. From the hour that she first knew the pardoning love of God, she never lost sight of it for a moment. Eleven years ago she believed that God had cleansed her from all sin; and she showed that she had not believed in vain, by her holy and unblamable conversation.

A Child's Vision of Heaven.

BY REV. B. W. GORHAM.

DEAR BROTHER DEGEN:—During a recent visit to Rochester and its vicinity, for the purpose of attending a camp-meeting, I became acquainted with a Mrs. J., of Batavia, N. Y., and one of her daughters, a girl nine years of age. The mother seemed to possess a Christian character, strongly marked, and I noticed, in the daughter, an apparent thoughtfulness and calmness, not usual in children of her years. She is above medium size, in apparent good health, the muscular system is well devel-

oped, brain large, but apparently in a healthy, normal state; she sleeps regularly, and eats also, regularly, though since the remarkable occurrence, which I am about to relate, she has, at times, complained of a choking sensation on attempting to take her meals. The family consists, or did consist, of five children—a daughter of eleven years, the subject of this narrative, nine, a daughter, seven, a son, William, four, and a daughter, Harriet, two. William and Harriet died, the one on the twenty-seventh of last September, and the other five days after.

The oldest daughter was converted in January last, and the second and third daughters were converted in February. The second is the one of whom I write. She was converted at home, in family prayer, and at the time she seemed to be lost in the contemplation of the glory of God, and continued long in adoration and praise. From that time forth, each evening, she seemed to get lost to all earthly things, while praying in the family prayer-meeting, and often prayed till checked by one of her parents.

About two weeks after her conversion the father and mother spent the evening out, leaving the three young sisters, and their cousin, a young lady, at home. During the evening the said young lady was converted. When Mr. and Mrs. J. returned the evening was far spent, and they proposed a season of prayer, briefer than usual. The eldest daughter prayed first, and was followed by the second. As usual, she was soon apparently lost to all things earthly, and more and more absorbed in the contemplation of the glory of God, and the realities of the eternal state. Her voice changed, and her language assumed a character altogether unlike herself. Her mother suggested that it might be best to stop her, but her father said, "Let her have it out." The change went on, both in her tone and language, until the whole scene became unearthly in its solemn and awful interest. Twenty minutes had now elapsed since she

began to pray, when she said, "Jesus! Let me say three words more." She uttered another sentence or two, and then falling gently sidewise on the floor, became entirely silent. Her breath ceased entirely, and there was at first no pulse, but a slight tremor of the heart.

The countenance became deathly, the eyes were closed tightly, and the jaws set. A clammy sweat, like that of a person dying, appeared upon the skin, and the limbs would remain fixed wherever placed. She was laid upon the sofa, and remained, with substantially the same symptoms, one hour and a half from the time when she first fell or sank over on the floor. She then came to herself, and opened her eyes, exclaiming "Glory! Ma, I did 'nt want to come back here. I asked Jesus if I might stay, but he said, 'Your time is not yet come, your work is not yet done, but you will soon be here.' I have been to heaven. I saw God on his throne, and I saw Willie and Hattie." "Where did you see them?" "They came out of a bed of flowers that never decayed, and they kissed me. The flowers are of all manner of colors, very beautiful. They asked me if I came to stay, and I asked Jesus again if I might stay, and he said 'No, but you will soon be here, and *the gates will be wide open.*' I saw twenty-four elders on one side of the throne, and they all had crowns, with twenty-four stars in each. The stars were in four groups, and each front group had twelve diamonds, *of various colors.* Each of the elders had a Bible in his hand, printed in gold letters. God was asking them questions on 2 Kings iv. 1, 2, 3. out of a Bible on the throne, larger than our large table. Here she repeated the verses, though her mother says she did not know them before. "They were answering in concert." "Had God a crown?" "Yes, and it was like a flame, and gave light to the whole world there. Heaven is not a building, but a large world. The eyes of God were like fire, his hair was white, and his throne was larger than any building, and looked like

white marble. On the wall, behind the throne, were the ten commandments, written in gold. There were other verses on the throne." Here the child repeated a considerable number of verses, which her parents had never before heard, and which she has now forgotten herself.

"I also saw the archangel, with his trumpet, on the other side of the throne. He was sitting down most of the time, and I sat by his side, and between him and his trumpet. All about the throne there were robes and crowns for the faithful, thousands of them, of all sizes. I saw millions of infants there. They were nearest the throne, and the children next right in front. There were a great many seats, which all looked like white marble, all around the throne. There was a beautiful place, where they sometimes marched. There are no high seats, but some are nearer the throne, these are for the children. When they marched we went two by two, then, pretty soon the archangel sounded his trumpet, not very loud, and we all sat down. Then Diantha Firman* came and kissed me, and asked me if I had come to stay. Each child carried a palm and a Bible, which looked like gold." Here she broke forth in singing, in unearthly strains, some enrapturing stanzas, and when she was through she said, "the angels sing so, ma." Soon after this she sang again; and in the course of her communication she performed thus some three or four pieces, which she said she had heard them sing in heaven. In every case the tune and the words were new, and the performance, though exceedingly quiet, was overwhelming in its effects upon the listeners.

"I saw all my uncles and aunts, and I knew them, and I saw millions of people besides.

The angels all had harps, and were flying all through heaven. I could not see their feet, their robes were very long, and they seemed to use their wings in moving when they were on the ground.

* A little girl, daughter of Rev. Mr. Firman, that had died a few months before.

I saw the sea of glass. There was one straight street through heaven. The tree of life was on one side of the street, in the middle of heaven. It bore twelve kinds of fruit—six on each side. There was another tree that bore grapes, on the side of the street opposite the tree of life. The grape tree was very high; the branches ran out very far, and then bent over, and hung down to the ground, like the branches of the weeping willow. The fruit grew in clusters from the bend—the curve, to the ground. The grapes were as large as my two fists." Here the child made the first motion after the trance, except of her organs of speech, by bringing her two fists together. "Did you eat of it?" "No!" she said with surprise, "it is for the redeemed. They drink wine there. All the Patriarchs, and Apostles, and other people that have been in heaven so long, wore white, and their garments were not soiled or old. There is no dust in heaven. I asked Willie and Hattie, Do you want to go back and see ma. They said 'No, but we want ma to come to this beautiful place.'" "Did they look as they used to here?" "Yes; only more beautiful." "How did you get to heaven?" "Jesus came right here in this room, and took me in his arms." "How long did it take you to go to heaven?" "Not a minute. He flew away with me, and set me down in heaven where Willie and Hattie were in the flowers. They both wore crowns, and there were six stars in each."

These statements were taken from the lips of Mrs. J., who thinks the order of the several particulars, as related by the child, was the same in all material respects, as here given. The night was far advanced before the statements were closed. The recollection of the child, touching most of the particulars, remains yet entirely distinct, and the statements have been several times repeated to her parents—always in the same order. A profuse perspiration was upon her during the whole time, and to prepare her for bed all her garments

were changed. In odor and appearance, they were like those taken from a corpse after the death-struggle.

For three days she was not able to take food, but on attempting to eat, complained of choking. The same symptom, has frequently exhibited itself since, to a greater or less extent. She says the Savior has sanctified her soul; and, strange as the words may sound in some ears, she does seem to me, to exhibit the fruits of the Spirit in their maturity. Her mother says, that so far as she knows, her daughter has not, since that time, even for a moment, exhibited any temper not in perfect accordance with the Spirit of Christ, though she is generally cheerful and sometimes playful. Her manner in prayer has greatly changed. She approaches God with deep reverence and awe, utters a few simple petitions, and relapses into silence. Her nervous system, though apparently sound, does not endure hard study. She told me she would be glad to die and go to heaven now, if the Savior would let her; but she did not understand him to mean, when he told her she would soon be there, that she would certainly die before she should grow up to be a woman.

Persons who shall read this account, will be likely to ask two or three questions in regard to it.

They will very naturally ask, are the statements reliable? I have given them from the lips of the mother, as corroborated by the daughter. None were present but the family, on the evening referred to, but the intimate friends of the family imply in all their allusions to it, the most unquestioning credence of the account, as a statement of facts; the persons concerned being evidently altogether above suspicion in the opinion of their neighbors. The known character and habits of the child are in accordance with the supposition of the sincerity and honesty of her statements. Her manner, while making the statements to me, impressed me deeply. I told her that her mother and myself had been con-

versing about the remarkable exercises which she had last spring, and that I wished to publish an article about it in the Guide. She sat with her eyes fixed upon the ground, but made no response. I then read the notes to her, which I had made of the account, as given by her mother, with a view to ascertain if it were in any point incorrect, touching what she saw and heard on the occasion referred to. During the reading, she seemed oppressed with a sense of awe—her chest heaved with deep emotion, and she answered my questions with apparent reluctance and in monosyllables. Several questions she could not be prevailed on to answer at all. This deep reverence of the child's manner, and her reluctance, until motives of piety were set before her, to have the matter inserted in the Guide, impressed me, as in striking coincidence with the manner of the Rev. Wm. Tennant, of New Jersey, who, when a young man, lay in a trance three days, being favored with a vision of the heavenly state. It is known that he never mentioned the thing as a matter suited to ordinary conversation, and that, occasionally, when in the presence of an intimate friend or two, if he spoke of it at all, it was in few words, and with the deepest solemnity.

Some will ask, "Was it a trance?" I see no reason to assert the contrary.

Some will object that the view it gives of God is too little elevated—too physical. But her view was strikingly like that of John the Revelator—"his head and his hair were white like wool, as white as snow, and his eyes were as a flame of fire."—Rev. i. 14.

Some will question the propriety of publishing this account. The reasons for doing it are, that the facts are of sufficient interest, as it seems to me, to make them well worthy of permanent record; and I feel it to be a privilege, both to myself and those around me, to contemplate often, and with deep attention, the state of the glorified. It is an element of power in any Christian man to live habitually with heaven in his

eye. I am persuaded every devout mind will be quickened and inspired in the perusal of the account, as my own soul has been greatly refreshed in the preparation of it.

I am, very truly and affectionately, your
brother in Jesus, B. W. G.
Scranton, Pa., June 30, 1858.

A Voice from the Episcopal Church.

BY M.

I HAD been many years a Christian by profession, but was not living a consistent Christian life, when the preaching of a faithful evangelist, aroused me to a sense of Christian duty and privilege. I longed for a higher life, and devoted much time to seeking it. Through the recommendation of a good Methodist brother, I made use of these words in prayer, "Lord, grant that the blood of Jesus Christ, thy Son, may now cleanse me from all sin." Appropriately faith was granted to me, and I was admitted to the glorious liberty of the children of God. Oh, the precious keeping power that there is in Jesus. He keeps me from all known sin; I praise him for his finished work; for his mighty power, for his great salvation. Oh, may those who read "the Guide," be willing to be saved from all sin. Simply go to Jesus, in complete self-abandonment, if you have already been justified; and seek to be cleansed from all sin, in the believing use of the words of prayer, that I have mentioned, and the work will be effected. You shall then enter upon the life of faith, the king's highway of holiness, and then shall you be in a condition to grow in the grace. If there were but two verses in the Bible, and those "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," and "God will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able to bear, but with the temptation will also make a way of escape, so that ye may be able to bear it;" it seems to me that our whole probation is covered—our

past life by the first, our future by the second. Oh, inquirer after sanctification, look not back; remember that there is "no armor provided in the gospel for the back." Go steadily, perseveringly, *prayerfully* forward.

PROFESSION.—"Oh! I don't *profess* what brother A. or sister B. does, you must not expect so much of me." Is that what we hear you say, Christian friend? Or, have you not had such a thought, although you did not express it? We cannot believe you would say this, if fully aware of what you were doing. You do not realize that you are making *your profession* the standard of duty. If others have sought higher attainments in the divine life, have they done anything more than their duty, and consequently, have they done any more than what is your duty? Because the sinner does not *profess* to be a Christian, is it any less his duty to become one? Does *God*, or do *we* excuse his course, because he is continually crying out, "I don't *pretend* to be good?" When, therefore, you see the holy, consistent course of some *devoted* Christian, stand out in striking, almost painful contrast with your own, do not skulk behind the parapet of non-profession, to obtain shelter from the arrows of conscience; but say in the spirit of humble determination, "what the grace of God has accomplished for others, it can do for me," and seek very earnestly to become *all* that he would have you be. ANNIE.

USES OF INFIDELITY.—"Since the human heart will disbelieve, God brings good to his kingdom and profit out of infidelity. While infidels have most severely scrutinized the Word of God, their conduct and life have served as a foil to set off in clearer view the inexhaustable wealth of that volume; their criticisms even serving like the snouts of swine, to disclose subterranean mines of valuable truth, to which the undisturbed indolence of Christians would not be likely otherwise to penetrate."—[Sherman.]

Thoughts from my Scrap Book.

BY ADDIE F. SANDORV.

WHAT are the joys of this life, for which we would lose the inheritance of life everlasting—an eternal home with the redeemed, and the king of glory? What are the fleeting pleasures of the moment, and which, indeed, leave no satisfaction compared with the lowest place at the holy feet of Jesus? where all is peace and joy!

What is this life? A fleeting dream, an hour of peril, an insecure foothold upon the verge of eternity, a moment of chance and change; and, without a hope in heaven, is like the frail barque that, without anchor or compass, drifts on, on, borne now this way, now that, with every changing gale, till at last, it sinks to rise no more forever.

I stood for a moment, to watch the gay flitting of a sweet, wildwood bird of song. Its note of perfect melody, filled me with lightness and joy. How much of beauty and pleasure surrounds us here, I thought, as the tiny creature poured forth its little being in melody. But hush! a half smothered cry—the sweet song is hushed, an arrow quivers in the tiny breast, and, with folded wing, and silent voice, the glad thing of but a moment since, has become as though it had never been.

I gazed upon the transcendent beauty of the "western evening sky." The hour was sunset, and the full glory of heaven lingered o'er the scene. The clouds were wrapped in crimson, purple, and gold, shedding a halo on all around, till humble earth was like a new creation, a land elysian, a golden bower of love and beauty. All objects seemed clothed with a life and light, that was not of earth! My whole soul uplifted with love and adoration to the Creator, the God of light and darkness, the all-wise director of the sun's undeviating, trackless course, I felt a full sense of the infantile weakness of frail, suffering, incompetent man, when placed in comparison with the full power, the all-perfect might of God!

But, like all in this life, the unparalleled glory of the sunset scene faded and grew dim, as it gave place to the deep awe-inspiring night. Such a scene, like the full sublimity of heaven, is too pure, too perfect for earth; and we leave our watch upon the mountain's steep and return again to humbler views, and a less inspiring occupation, feeling within us that here, on earth, all that's bright and beautiful must pass away.

As is the "western evening sky," the glories of the declining sun, betokening as it were, the approving smile of the Divine Author, so is the evening of life to the exemplary Christian. Calmly and gently he sinks into the outstretched arms of Jesus, while a sense of the divine love and approval, creates an indescribable halo of glory and bliss around the scene.

UNUSED TALENT.—"There is, in every period of the world, and in every place, much obscure and buried talent. In obscure and rural retreats there may be bright gems of intellect; in the low haunts of vice there may be talent that would charm the world by the beauty of song or the power of eloquence; among slaves there may be mind that, if emancipated, would take its place amid the brightest constellations of genius. The great endowments of Moses, as a lawgiver, prophet, and statesman, as those, also, of Daniel, sprang from an enslaved people. And it is not too much to say that the brightest talent has been found in places of obscurity."—[Barnes.]

THE WORD OF GOD.—"It will be of great use to us in the way to heaven, to consider what is written in the law. It is our duty to read it, to read it with understanding, and to treasure up what we read, so that we may produce it when needed. To this we must appeal, by this we must try doctrines and disputes; this must be our oracle, our touch-stone, our rule, our guide. If there be any light in us, it will have regard to this light."—[Henry.]

The Guide to Holiness.

AUGUST, 1858.

EDITORIAL PAPERS.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

SOME time since we received the following queries, to which an earlier reply should have been given, but the paper was laid aside, and, in the press of other cares, it was, for a time, lost sight of.—[EDS.]

DEAR EDITORS,—Permit us, through the Guide, to propose the following questions.

1st. Does not the profession of holiness, as a *distinct* blessing, naturally produce jealousy and discord among brethren?

2d. Is not the way "of holiness" very narrow, and, therefore, difficult to walk in?

3d. If we fall from this highway, shall we not sustain greater injury than we would to fall merely from a justified relation to God?

4th. If we take the affirmative of these questions, is *entire* holiness practicable for the masses, in this life?

R. D. N.

We think it proper to say here what we feel ought to be said at some time, and to be generally understood among our readers, namely, that we do not regard ourselves as umpires, appointed to settle mooted questions among brethren, or to dogmatize upon questions of Bible teaching. We feel ourselves solemnly bound to endeavor to make the Guide, in all vital points, conform to the Bible standard of doctrine; but we freely admit, as we deeply feel our great liability to err in judgment, and, therefore, while we are not disposed to debar our brethren the privilege of propounding any questions to us, which, from time to time, they may desire to have answered, yet we must beg always to be understood, in any answers we may give, to express only our own opinions, and not as assuming to pronounce by authority in the case. We expect our views in such cases, and in every other, to be received upon their intrinsic merits in the light of the infallible Word. These things premised, we proceed to answer the questions of our correspondent according to the light we have.

Question 1st. If we must answer in a single word, we should say No. Yet, in fact the answer ought to depend upon several circumstances. Much depends on the manner of making the profession; on the known character of him who makes it; on the language used in making it; and not a little depends on the spirit, the real

state of heart in which the said "brethren" are, when the profession is made by one of their number. Where these several things are as they should be, we regard the profession of holiness, by such as really enjoy it, as a precious means of awakening desire in the hearts of those members of the church who have not yet attained that grace, and leading them so to hunger and thirst after righteousness as to be filled. Our impression is, that by far the greater portion of those whom we have known as apparently enjoying the blessing of entire purity have, according to their own testimony, been led to seek that state by the recital, either oral or written, of the experience of some other Christian.

Paul would hardly have made the *distinct* profession which he records in those words, "Ye are witnesses, and God also, how *holily*, and *justly*, and *unblamably* we behaved ourselves among you that believe;" he would hardly have said, "So walk as ye have us for an ensample," or "Be as I am," or "Follow me," or "I am now ready to be *offered*," that is, to *die*, if he had believed the distinct profession of holiness, both of heart and life, calculated to work mischief in the church. If he had regarded the assumption that there are two classes of really accredited Christians in the church—the perfect and the imperfect, calculated to produce jealousy and discord among brethren, then we are not able to see how he should use the language he employs in his letter to the Philippians, when, after speaking of his aspiration to the crown of martyrdom, he turns to the church, and ranking himself among the "perfect" ones, exclaims, "Let us, as *many as be perfect*, desire such things." There are some persons who are always unhappy in the presence of superior prosperity, or of superior wisdom, or knowledge, or goodness, and any distinct profession of actual and conscious salvation will, very likely, produce or excite a feeling of jealousy and discord in such a heart. The truth is, such a heart is out of its place in being in the church at all. All true converts instinctively desire holiness. Persons somewhat backslidden frequently are found deeply desirous not only of returning to a closer walk with God, but of obtaining the sanctifying grace which shall establish their goings; but when a member of the church becomes so backslidden as to be entirely lost to all gracious aspirations, and to defend his own position as being about the true Bible standard of living, and to take offence at

any one who testifies to better things, he has evidently lost the Christian character; and the fact that a line of conduct on the part of any brother is found to produce jealousy and discord in such a mind, is not, in our judgment, a proof that such conduct is unscriptural or impolitic.

Question 2d. This question is really two questions. To the first we must unequivocally answer, Yes. The second demands some amplification. In some views it would not, probably, be amiss to say that the way of holiness is difficult to walk in; that is, it has its peculiar difficulties in the form of trials, and burdens, and struggles, and crosses. But if the intent of the questioner be to inquire whether the way of holiness is more difficult to walk in than the way of justification, we must answer, that we think the greater difficulty lies on the other side, that is, it is far more difficult to live in a state of mere justification, and really retain the momentary witness of the Spirit of our sonship with God, than it is to live in the enjoyment of the momentary witness of perfect love. The following are some of the considerations which lead us to this opinion.

The light is not so clear while the soul is in a merely justified state. The apprehension is, therefore, feeble of the real nature of depravity, the deep devices of Satan, the fearful character of sin, the guiltiness and peril of the unsaved, the grandeur of redemption, the power of the gospel, and the claims of God; and it is not till the soul has gone up to the high places of faith, that it is able to discriminate clearly, and to command its proper horizon.

The remains of pride, unbelief, and various lusts, are yet in the soul of the believer, who is not entirely sanctified; and though grace has the conquest over them, yet they do, at times, struggle mightily to regain their lost dominion over the heart, and this struggle of the justified soul against inward corruption renders it exceedingly "difficult" to live a life of constant devotion to God, while the heart retains a portion of the old leaven of sin. If it be easier to conquer a foreign foe when there is no traitor in the camp at home, then it seems to us it must be easier to overcome the world and Satan when sin is destroyed out of the heart.

Christ is as a magnet to the soul of the believer, and the nearer we get to him, the more strongly are we attracted toward him. The difficulty and danger lie in attempting to follow him, afar off, as Peter did—and fell.

We have said "the way of holiness," of

perfect love, is a narrow way; and now we ask, is the way of justification a *broad way*?

Can a man live in any state of grace, without being consecrated to God, up to his light? Can he retain justifying grace, and live in the commission of any known sin? Well, then, if we must not give way to sin at all; if we must live innocently, in order to maintain our freedom from condemnation, we ask, whether is easier to do it with a pure, or with an impure heart? It is to be feared that some persons entertain views of a state of justification so low as to suppose that they can indulge in a variety of sinful tempers, and practices, and it is all well enough, only so that they do not profess holiness. They are trifling, or proud, or covetous, or petulant; they neglect the means of grace, the prayer-meeting, the class-meeting, the family altar, the closet; and when conscience upbraids them, they solace themselves by saying, "*I don't profess holiness.*" O! could we all feel how solemnly binding are the vows of God that are upon us, to "renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the sinful desires of the flesh, so that we will not follow, or be led by them." Could we but feel the solemn obligations that are upon us, to live *all for God*—every one of us; that Christians must not, cannot sin, and still retain their position as justified believers; how much afraid we should be of our own depravity, how should we cry out after a clean heart, under the conviction that it is far more difficult to serve God acceptably without a clean heart, than with

A heart thy joys and griefs to feel;

A heart that cannot faithless prove;

A heart where Christ alone may dwell;

All praise, all meekness, and all love.

One other consideration should be named here. It is, that from the period of a person's adoption into the family of God as a justified believer, on to the entire destruction of all carnal desires out of the heart, by sanctifying grace, the soul is in a transition state, not apparently intended by the Lord to be of any long continuance. During this period, if there be no backsliding—as there need be none—the graces of the Spirit all exist, and exhibit themselves in the heart with less or more of power: but the old Adam that was nailed to the cross at conversion, is not yet dead, and he struggles to get down from the cross. During the continuance of his life, that is, to drop the figure until all

the antagonisms of grace are expelled from the heart, many of the exercises, and emotions, and even expressions of the soul, are anomalous, and, to the subject himself, highly unsatisfactory. There is a struggle, a war within. The heart is not permanently at rest, the power of passion, though greatly broken, still agitates and jostles the soul. Now God intends to bring all this to a speedy end by his sanctifying power. What pious heart does not cry out, Amen! Even so, come Lord Jesus, and come quickly. Is it not strange that any question should ever be asked, implying a doubt, whether, on the whole, it were not better that this anomalous, transition state should continue to the close of life. Let us rather pray—

“Come O my Joshua, bring me in,
Cast out thy foes, the inbred sin;
The carnal mind remove.
The purchase of thy death divide,
And O, with all the sanctified,
Give me a lot of love.”

But there is a difficulty in maintaining a perpetuated state of justification, without entire purity of heart, which many do not seem to apprehend. God's order is, that we shall go on unto perfection; that we shall cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, *perfecting holiness* in the fear of God. Accordingly, it happens in the case of all well instructed and faithful young Christians, that soon after their conversion they come to feel a prostrating sense of their need of purity. Now as the children of Israel were brought out of Egypt, *on purpose* to go into the promised land, so God begins the work of purifying the heart, on purpose to provide for its entire cleansing. Whenever, therefore, by walking in the light which we have, the conviction of our need of inward holiness dawns upon us; we have reached a momentous crisis in our religious history; the Kadish-Barnea of our pilgrimage. We must go into the land of rest from inbred sin, or we must disobey the order and will of God. How can we thus disobey, by refusing to enter in, and still retain our justified state? Alas, what numbers there are now in the churches, who resemble the unbelieving Israelites, who would not enter in, because of their unbelief; and who turned away to wander in the wilderness forty years. There are many persons in the various churches now, who are ready to treat with derision, the subject of inward purity, as a specific and distinct experience. What is the matter with these men? Why, they are the men, in

most cases, who have once felt deeply their need of perfect love. They have sought it earnestly, and with tears. But they came at length to see that some specific sacrifice must be made, in order to its attainment. They were not willing to make it, and gradually the struggle for heart-purity subsided. They resolved to live good Christians in general, and to take what their hearts told them would be the easier road to heaven. The light that was in them became darkness, and how great is that darkness. It is not the darkness of mere ignorance, but of deception and sin. It is the darkness that came upon the soul of Achan, and Nadab, and Annanias. The darkness of error, and guilt, and delusion; for the backslider, in heart, is filled with his own ways. Thus the history of many backsliders, both in the church and out of it, is in proof, not merely that it is exceedingly “difficult” to live in a state of justification without the blessing of purity, but that in many cases, it is *impossible*.

Question 3rd. Yes, if we fall equally low. The angels must be supposed to have sustained a greater loss than Adam. The man who possesses a thousand dollars, and loses all, is a greater loser, than he who has a hundred, and loses all. But it is a rare thing for a man to abandon himself to sin, who has experienced the blessing of perfect love.

Question 4th. We do not take the affirmative of these questions except to the third one, which does not appear to have any necessary connection with this.

The question, whether entire holiness is practicable for the masses in this life, seems to be about equivalent to the question whether the requisitions of God's law are not impracticably severe. It is our opinion that the humblest believer may, through grace, attain, and then retain the blessing of full salvation through the rich provisions of grace in Christ Jesus.

And now, what about the grace itself? Is it in our hearts. Are we each a whole burnt offering upon the altar of our God? Are we living it, and proclaiming it, and growing in it? If any of us have it not, are we groaning after it, looking for it, laboring to enter into it, and believing for it. We must have the blessing. Many among us hardly seem to think any thing about it. Many more are mere theorizers, and make the whole thing a matter of mere doctrinal discussion. O, when shall we see the church, the whole church of Christ on earth, in an agony of prayer for the great salvation.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

SIMON, SON OF JONAS, LOVEST THOU ME?

WHEN the Savior turned and looked upon Peter, how that look must have thrilled through his heart! For at the same moment, he heard the cock crow, and he remembered those fearful words, "Verily, I say unto thee, that this night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice." It is not strange that he went out and wept bitterly. He must have felt, at that moment, that his sin was so great it could never be forgiven.

But, though Peter went out to weep in a secret place, the dear Savior was still with him. He saw that his disciple's heart was broken with sorrow, and he had freely forgiven him. Immediately after Jesus rose from the dead, he sent Peter a loving message by the lips of Mary, and now he knew that the dear Savior was still willing to number him among his disciples. He did not reproach Peter with his ingratitude, but the first time he sat down to dine with him, Jesus said, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" This question was repeated three times, and it grieved Peter that he had given his master so much reason to doubt his affection. He replied, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee."

Many of the dear children, to whom Leila is writing, will find great comfort in the thought that Peter was forgiven. Ever after this, he could go to his Heavenly Father in prayer, with the sweet assurance, that for Christ's sake, he would be heard and accepted, as he would have been, if he had never denied his master. This is justification. If we have truly repented of our sins, and our hearts have been renewed by the Holy Spirit, God has adopted us into his family, and for Jesus' sake, we are treated just as if we had never sinned. We are justified freely by his grace, and as God now numbers us among his dear children, we may not fear to approach him continually, with those sweet words upon our lips, Abba, Father! For, "as far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us."

But Peter was sanctified as well as justified. If you do not understand this, dear children, take your Bibles, and read the interesting letters addressed by this disciple to other Christians. See how earnestly he entreats them to be holy in all manner of conversation. "Because it is written, be ye holy, for I am holy." Be diligent, says Peter, to his fellow-disciples,

that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot and blameless."

Among the last sweet words that Jesus uttered before his death, was this prayer, "Sanctify them through thy truth." This prayer was offered for us, if we too are his disciples. May the dear lambs of the flock be sanctified, and made meet for the master's use, and prepared unto every good word and work, for without holiness, no one can see the Lord. Peter has long since gone home to heaven, may we too be prepared for that heavenly inheritance, which Christ has gone to prepare for all those who love him.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

DECLINED ARTICLES.—"Heavenly Contemplation" contains some good Scripture references, but will hardly answer, as a whole. R. S. K.—More excellent in sentiment than in poetic merit. C. P.—Sincere, but hardly admissible. O. D.—Rather too common-place. G. N.—Try again. J. A.—Not quite. Some poetic talent, which practice will improve. "The Better Land."—A blessed theme, deserving to be sung with a little more *measure* and *glow*. "We're Going Home."—Some time in suspense. "Justifying Faith," by a Convert.—Is very good, but too lengthy, and withal better adapted to a religious journal of a more general character than the Guide. The same may be said of "A Call to the Ministry."—The MSS. of both can be returned if desired. "Cousin Ellen," and "Relying upon God," by A. K. M., would require too much alteration to fit them for the press. Hardly matured enough.

OUR NEW YORK ARRANGEMENT.—We promised, in our July issue, to announce in the present number the maturity of some plan for the establishment of a Depository in New York City. The plan then in mind contemplated an amount of personal supervision, which would have required if not an actual residence, such frequent visitations that it would have interfered seriously with operations at head-quarters. In the midst of our perplexity Providence has graciously interposed, and we trust a substitute is provided which will meet the necessities of the case. Mr. J. H. Merwin, a Christian brother, who comes well recommended to us, proposes to take an agency for our publications in New York, and devote his whole attention to their dissemination. He has taken an office a

No. 113 Nassau street, where he will constantly keep on hand a general assortment of our works. We bespeak for him the hearty co-operation of our New York friends. Many of those who are now inquiring "What can I do to advance the cause of holiness?" might accomplish an untold amount of good by associating their efforts with this beloved brother in disseminating a sanctified literature. Thousands of the Guide might be circulated in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, where we now have but hundreds. Rally around this effort, beloved, and give our brother all the encouragement which his newly assumed responsibilities seem to demand.

Besides the above arrangement for the City of New York, we have appointed the Rev. James E. N. Backus, Utica, N. Y., general agent for our works in Western New York.

AN INQUIRY REPLIED TO.—A correspondent inquires—

"After an individual has been freely justified before God, and has become convicted, for the blessing of entire sanctification, (which I believe is the case with all who are justified,) and after this becomes cool in his affections—when revived again, can it be termed a revival of justification or sanctification, providing the individual commit no actual sin?"

The blessing which a person enjoys is not to be determined so much by previous states of mind as it is by the characteristics of the experience itself. What is Christian perfection? Let us have clear views of the thing itself, and then we shall have no difficulty in determining whether we have it in possession. "By Christian perfection," says Fletcher, "we mean nothing but the cluster and maturity of the graces which compose the Christian character in the church militant. In other words, Christian perfection is a spiritual constellation made up of these gracious stars—perfect repentance, perfect faith, perfect humility, perfect meekness, perfect self-denial, perfect resignation, perfect hope, perfect charity for our visible enemies, as well as for our earthly relations; and, above all, perfect love for our invisible God, through the explicit knowledge of our Mediator, Jesus Christ. And as this last star is always accompanied by all the others, as Jupiter is by his satellites, we frequently use, as St. John, the phrase 'perfect love,' instead of the word 'perfection;' understanding by it the pure love of God, shed abroad in the heart of established

believers by the Holy Ghost, which is abundantly given them under the fulness of the Christian dispensation."

Here are tests by which we may arrive at just conclusions in regard to ourselves.

A RICH EXPERIENCE.—In a recent trip from home, one of our agents related to us some particulars of an experience given by a clergyman in one of Mrs. Palmer's meetings, at New York, which so interested us that we took the address, and immediately wrote, soliciting an account of it for the Guide. The reply, promising compliance with our request at no distant day, contains in itself an experience of rare character. We give it to our readers as an *introduction* to something yet to follow.

W— W—, June 22, 1858.

REV. HENRY V. DEGEN,

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Your fraternal epistle has been before me some time for an answer, but various influences have combined hitherto to prevent. Your solicitation in the meantime, has been pondered and prayed over. When sister C. herself (in whom I was much interested as a true disciple,) spoke to me, of giving a public record of God's great bounties to my soul, I left it with him to direct. You have opened the way, and I recognize it as an effectual door. As with our requests before God, while we have the petitions we desire, yet must wait his time for their bestowment, so in this case, which is neither mine nor yours, but His, we must wait till he points out the time. Just at present I am too much occupied with pastoral duties to give you a full and satisfactory account of my heart's inner beatings in the new life. Besides, connected therewith are so many wonderful, and seemingly *miraculous* results, incredible even to many mature Christians, that I must take time and thought, and more especially prayer, to cull out, and present such fragrant blossomings of grace, as shall be readily inbreathed by each believing soul. The perfume of others, richer and fuller, I fear, as I have already found to be the case, would be too full and strong to be received without overcoming. Have you not thus been overfilled with odors in a garden of orange blooms, under the burning sky or the heated window? Praised be God! he has filled me with sweets! But, doubtless, I am not any more blessed and bedewed than many other souls. Many saints there are, to whom my goodness doth not extend. In a few weeks I shall take my annual vacation. Instead of spending it as hitherto in distracting travel, and the pursuit of outward pleasure, I shall do so in remaining quiet amid the mountains of the Hudson, in the rural home of a beloved brother in the ministry. There I shall recall and record in full, the past but forgotten mercies of my dear God, and from the completed scroll, shall send to you such leaves as may be good for the healing of souls. Perhaps not till autumn will you

receive the epistle, but you may depend upon its reception at some time within the year. I wish, sometimes, I could sit down with some true priest of souls, who has passed within the veil, and seen with myself, the true Shekinah, and whose faith more full and perfect than my own, enlightening a philosophic and analytic intellect, might discern the truly spiritual in my experience, and separate it from the merely phenomenal. But, perhaps I do not need this. Already have I learned that man can teach me but little satisfactory. Problems which I had longed to carry to others, God has graciously solved for me; and all the wisdom I need, he will doubtless bestow. I am but a child as yet, little more than newly born; just learning, perhaps, to taste something of God's true meat, "to eat the flesh, and drink the blood of the Son of God." I have found clean white pebbles, and shells of rainbow hue by the ocean's brim; the surge, with its hoary crests, washes my feet; I long to fathom the depths, and traverse the lengths of this great LIFE OF LOVE. God is building the ship to bear me over it; he is casting the strong bell in which I shall dive down, far, far, in his deep Spirit. Brother, I thank you for that sweet, simple benediction of yours, "God bless you more and more." Praise his NAME. He does bless me more and more, *all the while*. The manna each day, falls from the cloud that leads onward; a double portion, too, for the Sabbaths. The pillared fire shines in the night, and is reflected from the streams of the Rock, Christ Jesus, following evermore. O God! what a life of glory! I see it now by faith, and it grows more bright every day. I would that my lip and pen might make known his fullness. But nothing on earth can do this. Night and day without ceasing, could I speak of my Lord's goodness. Volumes upon volumes could I write concerning his great salvation. Send me the "*Guide to Holiness*." I would rather you should send *Holiness itself*, however, than the Guide. But this God only can do, and this he will do. May grace, mercy, and peace, be multiplied unto you, and the elect of God.

Truly yours in Christian love,

C. H. A. B.

A CONTRAST.—A correspondent writing on business for the Guide, observes:

"I am surprised that so few appreciate its contents. One popular minister of the M. E. Church, not far from here, objected to it because it is not a church magazine. The same minister preached on a circuit two years and not one conversion. At the close of the time not a prayer-meeting in the church, as might be expected."

The above writer does not intend, of course, to charge these sad results to the objection had to our humble sheet, but communicates the above facts to show the spirit of the men who oppose the circulation of such literature. We could not help, on reading it, to contrast the

course of this brother with that of one of our beloved bishops, who not only cheerfully acts in its behalf, when opportunity offers, but who, in connection with his estimable lady, pays for several copies of our magazine out of their own private resources, for gratuitous circulation.

A FORTHCOMING VOLUME.—We have now in press, and we trust will have ready for sale by the first of September, a new work from the pen of Mrs. Phoebe Palmer. Clergymen of different denominations have urged its publication, and Sister Palmer's friends, who have seen the MSS., are sanguine of its commanding a greater sale than any of her works.—To use their own language, "Sister Palmer has outdone herself in this book." It is to be entitled "The Promise of the Father."

BOOK NOTICES.

We have received a copy of A MISSIONARY SERMON, preached before the Troy Annual Conference, at Middlebury, Vt., May 21, 1858. By Rev. G. C. WELLS.

An able and forcible production, full of unction, and abounding with illustrative incidents. The conclusion to which the author arrives is one that sooner or later *must* force itself on the Christian church. It is this, that "the missionary enterprise is dependent for success upon the piety of the church, and in proportion to the devotion of the membership to the one work of serving God and saving souls, he will give honor and prosperity." In other words, "that piety and power, purity and efficiency, holiness and triumph go hand in hand." May God speed the time when this glorious truth shall flash on the whole church.

FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Board of Missions of the United Brethren in Christ. Presented at Lebanon, Pa., May 20, 1858.

This Report presents a very encouraging exhibit of the missionary operations of an excellent and growing branch of the Church of Christ. Its labors, though mostly in the home field, embrace a few foreign stations. From an abstract of the Treasurer's Report, we learn that the expenditures for the past year, were \$11,665.66; receipts for the year \$9,143.45.

The disproportion between these two items, was occasioned probably by the late financial pressure. A brighter day, we trust, is before us.

THE BETTER PORTION.

REV. W. MC DONALD.

With Spirit.

1. { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings ; Thy bet - ter por - tion trace ; }
 { Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, Tow'rd heav'n, thy native place ; }

2. { Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course ; }
 { Fire, as - cend - ing, seeks the sun ; Both speed them to their source ; }

3. { Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ; Press onward to the prize ; }
 { Soon our Saviour will re - turn Tri - umph - ant in the skies ; }

Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay ; Time will soon this earth re - move ;

So a soul that's born of God, Pants to view his glorious face ;

There we'll join the heavenly train, Welcomed to par - take the bliss ;

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way, To seats prepared a - bove.

Upward tends to his a - bode, To rest in his embrace.

Fly from sor - row, care and pain, To realms of end - less peace.

The Bread of God.

BY A STUDENT.

"For the bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world."—JOHN vi. 33.

GOD gives us many other things besides his bread. Some things he gives us as stimulants and excitants, it may be, to the mental and spiritual digestion, for we are in a comparatively torpid state. Other things he gives us as matters of distension, having some nourishment in them for the soul; but yet not sufficient to sustain a vigorous and healthy being. And what degree of pure nutrition is found in these articles can always be resolved into the elements of which the true bread is constituted. My soul is hungering for the bread of God. My spirit is importunate in its petitions for nourishment. I look to the heavens and the earth. I look to angel and spirit; but what I receive is only a little refreshing for the moment. I realize no new strength given to the foundation of my being; and I find myself suffering from hunger as before. I then look to Jesus Christ; I extend my hand for the *bread of God*; I must have this bread; nothing else suffices me. Spirit communications do not suffice me—could they be ever so near demonstration. Music does not suffice me, though it seems to be the harmony heard among the angels. The developments of the laws of nature, though they may so engross and delight me, that I think their unravelling a suitable employment for heaven; these cannot give the nourishment that my soul calls for. O Jesus Christ, the Son of God, Divinity combined with humanity! This is the bread of God. This satisfies my soul. He is that bread, fed to the soul by the Holy Spirit. We sometimes think that we take the bread of life by the hand of faith, and feed it to our own souls. But we do not know how to feed ourselves. Faith only removes the obstructions so that the Holy Spirit can come consistently with his nature and ours. He takes the holding

VOL. XXXIV.—231.

forth of the hand of faith as the sign of our receptive state. I can remember when I have tried to feed myself with the bread which God has offered to the world. I struggled much to do it; but had to cease from it at last, and acknowledge that I could not do it; that it must be fed to me by One wiser than I; and that I believed the divine agent was ready and waiting to do it for me. As soon as the eye of Omniscience saw this confidence in the soul, he said all things are ready now; the conditions are met which are necessary for the process of absorption and assimilation; the bread may now be given. How sweet to the taste and nourishing to the life was it then! and given so freely, and in a presence so pleasant. Let me never go pining with lack of any kind of nourishment, since the bread of God has all elements in it suited to the invigoration of the spirit.

God feeds the soul in its receptive state as he feeds the "lilies of the field," and as he will feed our "spiritual bodies," perhaps. The elements adapted to the wants of each organ are supplied by an unseen hand so charmingly, that we cry out with delight at seeing the life of a lily sustained by means so intangible and a process so delicate. And greater still is our delight when our immortal nature is conscious of being fed and nourished. We know it is done in a manner so exquisitely adapted to the intangible nature of our essential life, that we can only wonder and adore at the process which we do not understand—at the mode in which the spiritual aliment is applied to the spirit; the bread of God fed to the created soul. No eye has seen the process, and yet it is going on in the case of thousands all the while. God is continually communicating himself to human souls—to those that have rid themselves, by his help, of their repulsive qualities; and they are in his presence, though they are still upon earth. We are fed by the bread of God if we remain long enough in his presence to receive the nutriment adapted to us. But we cannot come into his

presence without confidence in him. He will not permit it. And, in order to come very near to him, we must have perfect confidence in him. This would be so in the case of a human friend. It would be so in an external sense. And what would be so arbitrarily among human beings, would be so philosophically between the divine and human existence. If we would live in the Divine presence very fully we must have very full confidence in the Divine love. We must have faith without wavering. Should dispensations from him, or with his permission, be ever so dark, there still must be no fear, no lack of trust.

"Bread of Heaven feed me till I pine no more." Let me not dwell in the outskirts of thy presence. Bring me into the circle of thine element, where no want is ever felt.

May I behold the lilies of the field living with thee in their nature; and so may I live with thee in my nature.

July, 1858.

The Sculpture of Habit.

DID you ever watch a sculptor slowly fashioning a human countenance? It is not moulded at once. It is painfully and laboriously wrought. A thousand blows rough-cast it. Ten thousand chisel points polish and perfect it, put in the fine touches, and bring out the features and expression. It is a work of time; but at last the full likeness comes out, and stands fixed forever and unchanging in the solid marble. Well, so does a man under the leadings of the Spirit, or the teachings of Satan, carve out his own moral likeness. Every day he adds something to the work. A thousand acts of thought, and will, and deed, shape the features and expression of the soul; habits of love, purity and truth—habits of falsehood, malice and uncleanness, silently mould and fashion it, till at length it wears the likeness of God, or the image and superscription of the Evil One.—[Plain Parochial Sermons.

A Holy Heart Desirable and Attainable.

BY REV. A. A. PHELPS.

WE should earnestly desire "a heart from sin set free," if for no other reason than the fact that God has expressly commanded us to seek this very thing. How prominent the requirement stands out on the pages of God's revelation for the church to be holy, set apart, redeemed from sin, emptied of the world, and filled with light and love. And who can doubt the reasonableness of such a requirement? If it is reasonable it is certainly desirable to obey it, that we may be found in harmony with the Lord of all. And yet how many are accustomed to treat the long catalogue of scriptural injunctions bearing on this point as though it were an idle tale, made up of meaningless terms, and entirely destitute of divine authority and binding force. It must be granted, however, by all believers in the Bible as the Word of God, that those numerous passages so often adduced to establish the doctrine of entire holiness *must mean something*. We must not charge God with holding up false lights, or employing such passages merely to fill up room and increase the dimensions of his Book! But how else can the opposers of Christian perfection interpret those Scriptures with any show of consistency?

If God has thus commanded us to be holy, it is most desirable to be so from a consideration of personal safety. *It is a very hazardous thing to disobey God*. How strange and fearful appears the indifference of thousands that heartily subscribe to the doctrine of purity! They verbally acknowledge their moral deficiency, feel their inward lack of purity and power, and frankly own the right of Christ to all they have and are; and yet, in the very face of this acknowledgment, they act as though it were a matter entirely optional with themselves whether they linger forever in spirit-

ual dwarfishness around the shore or launch away upon the boundless ocean of perfect love. *They know they ought to be holy now*; but without putting forth one earnest effort for its attainment they pass on, year after year, in imagined security, assuming to be Christians, and dreaming of heaven at last. But how *can* they habitually refuse to discharge a plainly revealed *duty*,—how *can* they deliberately decline a most exalted *privilege*, and be approved of God? "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, *to him it is sin*;" and "whosoever committeth sin is of the devil."

Holiness is desirable for the power of *usefulness* it imparts. How many are really anxious to be useful who have never learned the truest secret of success. They often work to amazing disadvantage in carrying out their benevolent designs. They find trouble in their experience and embarrassment in their course. Their own hearts present a scene of conflict demanding a large share of their attention and energies to keep the inward foes in subjection. Those foes ought to be vanquished and expelled, that the Christian warrior might devote all his powers to a positive engagement against the enemies of the cross from without. It seems too bad that our forces should be thus divided between *two* opposing armies when *one* of them might be overcome at our will! O, it is *desirable* to have our inward corruptions destroyed, and our hearts so filled with God as to gush with streams of melting compassion, burn with a quenchless flame of love, and glow with a light that makes it all *day within* and tends to scatter the night without! There is an unearthly *power* connected with such an inward experience which must be felt. A heart thus refined and filled will impel its possessor onward to deeds of noble daring. A dauntless courage is inspired and an undying zeal awakened. A man thus becomes a *moral hero*; and he burns his way through every circle in which he moves.

But purity of heart is desirable *for its own sake*. It is the full restoration of God's image to man; and why should any revolt at the idea of having that blessed image daguerreotyped on the soul? It is a closer union with the Fountain of Life, and the highest style of earthly bliss. It is the removal of a dire enemy that has been lurking within, usurping the rights of Christ, poisoning and dividing our affections, and piercing us through with many sorrows. It is certainly desirable to exchange our dim twilight for the radiance of the sun; and to let our little rivulet of peace swell to the dimensions of a deep, and broad, and ever-flowing river. It is *desirable* to have a love that casts out all tormenting fear, that makes us free indeed, and plants within us a well of living water "springing up into everlasting life." It is *desirable* to have all the mind that was in Christ, to be clothed in raiment bleached white in the Redeemer's blood, to live in sight of the city above, and to know something of the *nature* of that purity that will constitute the chief element in the heaven of the blood-washed millions at last! O *yes, yes, my inmost soul* responds to the sentiment. There is such light, such love, such plainness, such simplicity, such life, such power, such sweetness, such *glory* wrapped up in the experience of a *holy heart*, as to make it desirable beyond all power of description.

But the best of all is, this blessed doctrine, so beautiful in theory, may become a *glorious realization*! It is found to be a plain practicability. It is brought within the reach of men in mortal flesh, and urged upon the acceptance of all. In its adaptation to all classes it is like the Bible itself; and it is as true of the one as the other, that—"Here an elephant may swim, and here a lamb may wade." We will not now stop to present a long array of proof texts to show that a holy heart is attainable on earth. These have often been exhibited, and will often continue to be. We are glad, however, that we may refer to the

thousands of shining witnesses whom God has raised up over all the land to testify of the power of Jesus' blood to cleanse and keep them clean. May the army of living witnesses increase, until all that name the name of Christ shall depart from iniquity; and all that expect to dwell forever in the heaven of the gospel, will seek and enjoy the holiness of the gospel.

Lima, N. Y. Aug. 3, 1858.

"Am I a Soldier of the Cross?"

BY REV. M. L. TUNNELL.

THIS sentiment, though often sung *thoughtlessly*, is one of serious moment. With prayerful solicitude we should propound to ourselves the question: Are we, indeed, soldiers of the cross? But what is implied in being a soldier of the cross? Dr. Watts doubtless meant it as the equivalent to asking: Am I a true disciple of Jesus Christ? Now, a disciple is one who learns of another—one who is willing to be taught. Christ said, "Take my yoke upon you and *learn of me*." Also: "If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself, *and take up his cross* and follow me."

We see that self-denial is antecedent to taking up the cross. May we not suggest, that one great reason why many find the cross *so crossing and irksome*, is the fact that they have never fully prepared the way;—*self* stands out so prominent that the cross ill fits them. To be a soldier of the cross one must not only deny himself of what is expressly *forbidden*, he must also *do* what is expressly *enjoined*. He must be a positive Christian, an earnest worker, a real *fighter* in the army of God.

There is no half-way ground for Christians to occupy as "soldiers of the cross." They are either an advantage or a disadvantage to the cause of Christ. We serve as a "sign board" by the wayside to the bewildered traveller; we point either to the right or to the wrong road. In our various relations we prove a help or a hindrance to

the poor sinner wandering a "prodigal" away from God.

Our crosses may be heavy, but we must bear them for the great Redeemer's sake. He bore the cruel Roman cross for us, and shall we count it too much to bear the Christian cross for him? O, *no!* We can *afford* to endure reproaches, bear burdens, and count it all joy that we are permitted to suffer a little for him who suffered so much for us.

Moscow, Texas, March, 1858.

Mount Pisgah.

QUIET, before the Lord I stand,
As on a high and mountain land.
How calm is all the region here!
The Lord himself is drawing near.
I sit and view the land afar,
The land where many pilgrims are,
Who cannot climb the steep, so high,
The far-off land, that they espy.
I see them toiling there below,
And yet the way they do not know;
The path so narrow is, and steep,
They sit, and lull themselves to sleep.

But the sunlight is shining there,
And many angels will have care
To take and help them, one by one,
As up the mountain steep they come;
But still, the veil is on the eye,
The goodly land they but espy,
Afar off—upward in the sky.

But no! the goodly land is here,
The pearly gates, *within*, appear.
The crystal waters thither flow,
To make the flowers celestial grow.

On Pisgah's top did Moses stand,
And pointed to the far-off land,
Because the soul, by sin, was driven
So far from the delights of heaven.

ADAM AND CHRIST.—"Adam fell in Paradise and made it a wilderness; Jesus conquered in the wilderness and made it a paradise, where the beasts lost their wildness and angels took up their abode."—

[OLSHAUSEN.]

Smoking among Christian Professors.

BY W. H. J.

I ONCE learned to smoke, and like many others soon contracted the habit. I used to relish what is commonly called the "soothing influence," and sat up late at night in the enjoyment of my cigar. At bed-time there was no prayer; my sleep was broken, unpleasant, *unnatural*, and consequently unhealthy; unpleasant dreams filled my mind; and I would rise early with a disordered stomach, and in an uncalled for excitement.

I became converted, but still held on to my smoking. Some time since, while sitting in the bed-room, I felt I was called upon, then and there, to stand for God, deliver myself up to him and break this link which bound me to Satan's kingdom. The struggle was long, but I was determined in the strength which God supplied I would be separate. I paid my vow and received the seal from Jehovah. It has been broken once, but renewed *never again* to be broken. I may here mention I had several smokers around me who were rather dubious as to my holding out; but I have no fears, knowing that he to whom I have committed myself is well able to keep me against that day. Whereas I once delighted in the practice, few other things appear to me now so absurd, ridiculous, sinful and inconsistent with our divine *calling*. Many continue in this sin because they like it, many because they don't think it to be a sin, and won't take the trouble to find out whether it is so or not, and many others because they are very unwilling to engage heartily in God's work and push themselves up to the standard of Gospel holiness. Wonderful it seems to me that a man, having a Bible in which he is expressly told to "be separate and come out from the world, to touch not the unclean," to "do always those things which please Him," to "walk after the Spirit of life," in doing which there shall be, (otherwise there

is,) no condemnation; to live for God; to present his body a living sacrifice, "holy and acceptable" unto God; to "redeem the time;" to "have on the wedding garment waiting for the coming of the Lord;" to "reckon himself dead indeed unto sin," and alive "unto God," should ever think of wasting his time in doing that which is worse than useless,—a positive injury.

Professing Christians say, "It is not a sin." Well, I wish all my brethren who smoke would give it up when scriptural authority and reason present their appeals to their mind. God help them all to do their duty! I think I have already quoted sufficient to convince persons generally of the inutility of such a practice; but more may be needed for those who say they do not believe it to be a sin—if they did they would give it up.

Our first point is St. Paul's great idea, "Keep under the body;" of course we include here the passions, lusts, carnal affections, anything contrary to the principle of faith or the law of love, anything that would in any way supplant the stay of the Divine Being. Now how can a man be said to keep under the body when at his leisure he must partake of that which to a considerable degree clogs the brain with a *breathed* smoke; besides, not only are the moments used in smoking lost, but those immediately and for some time after succeeding are in a great measure made void of interest. To sit down in one's room, then, and deliberately pamper the affections of the flesh by smoking, when we might be doing much good elsewhere, and by so doing disobey God's command through St. Paul—"Keep under the body," is, we believe, a *positive sin*.

The man thus abusing himself cannot bow before his Maker and say, "Lord blest me in all I have done this day," with any prospect of securing the petition asked for, because he has been self-willed; and St. Paul to Titus, first chapter, says, "Bishops must not be self-willed, nor soon angry, etc., etc., etc.;" and if bishops, why

not members, for they are members one with the other of Christ, and if part must be clean for God to use, surely the whole must be so, too. St. Paul to Thess. says, "abstain from all appearance of evil," and we know the general accompaniments of smoking are anything but good. When the great Babylon shall fall at the last great day, it will then be no doubt told to an assembled universe that smoking was a low, wicked practice, and that a far greater number than we can now conceive were lost forever through this habit; it is just one of Satan's many devices to keep the hungry soul from feeding on God's love and perfection in the highest state of gospel purity.

Oh, my brethren, live for God, trust in God, look to God, be subject to God, and withal, "walk in wisdom toward them that are without redeeming the time," knowing "that for every word and work we shall be called into judgment."

The Guiding Hand.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord."—PSALM LV. 22.

Is this the way, my Father? 'Tis, my child;
Thou must pass thro' this tangled, dreary wild,
If thou wouldst reach the city undefiled,—
Thy peaceful home above.

But enemies are round! Yes, child, I know
That where thou least expectest thou'lt find a
foe;

But victor thou shalt prove o'er all below,—
Only seek strength above.

My Father, it is dark! Child, take my hand,
Cling close to me, I'll lead thee through the
land,

Trust my all-seeing care; so shalt thou stand
'Midst glory bright above.

My footsteps seem to slide! Child, only raise
Thine eye to me, then, in these slippery ways
I will hold up thy goings; thou shalt praise
Me for each step above.

Oh, Father, I am weary! Child, lean thy head
Upon my breast. It was my love that spread
Thy rugged path; hope on till I have said:
"Rest, rest for aye above."

The Blood of Jesus Cleanseth.

BY CARRIE THRASHER.

When glows my heart with pure desire,
When burns within the sacred fire,
This song shall then my soul inspire:
The blood of Jesus cleanseth.

When skies above are bright and clear,
And Jesus to my soul is near,
This song will then my spirit cheer:
The blood of Jesus cleanseth.

When sorrow hovers o'er my way,
And turns to darkness all my day,
This thought will then my spirit stay:
The blood of Jesus cleanseth.

And when the shadowy vale I tread,
With Jesus' love around me shed,
I'll shout through Christ, my living head:
The blood of Jesus cleanseth.

And when with thee I rise to dwell,
With joy's redeeming love to tell,
This note above the rest shall swell.
The blood of Jesus cleanseth.

Taunton, May 14, 1858.

RELIGIOUS TALKERS.—"It is not enough to speak about the things of God, and to inquire about them, but we must do so with an agreeable concern. If we speak of eternal life, and the way to it, in a careless manner, merely as a matter of discourse, especially as a matter of dispute, we do but take the name of God in vain."—[Matthew Henry.

GRACE FOR OUR DAY.—"Unto whatever conflict or labor God calls his people he always gives the necessary preparation thereunto. There are angels for Hagar in the wilderness; quails for Elijah pursued by his enemies; springs of water in the desert where, when God pleases, the rain shall fill the pools to give drink to his beloved ones. So Christian went and drank of the precious spring at the foot of the hill Difficulty."—

[CHEEVER.

ENVY.—"In the adversity of our best friends we always find something that does not displease us."—[ROCHEFOUCAULT.

I'll Try.

BY Y. J.

WHILE many wilfully presume on the mercy of God, there are others who would seek the Divine favor, but are restrained by fear lest he will not accept them.

It was so with Eliza, the eldest daughter of a class-leader upon B. mission. While visiting the family at one time, not knowing why religion was delayed by her, we endeavored to induce her to decide at once to serve God. She was naturally thoughtful, and rather reserved; and as she possessed a very clear and intelligent mind, and mild disposition, there seemed nothing wanting but religion to make her happy and useful.

On the day in question we met in the garden, where we could without difficulty discover by her looks that the mind was disturbed. We directed our conversation at once upon the subject of religion; and as we endeavored to describe the train of mercy that had followed her, and the forbearance displayed in her preservation, she manifested deep emotion. She seemed to endorse every sentiment, as we tried to portray the ingratitude displayed by withholding her heart so long from the Savior. Yet she seemed afraid to venture a look towards her offended God. We were about to retire, when, unwilling that the convictions of her soul should pass away without producing their legitimate effect, we inquired whether, as her duty seemed plain, she would not at once begin to serve God, and give him her entire heart. This request was followed by a solemn silence. *It was a moment of suspense.* If ever the workings of the Holy Spirit were felt, and their effect seen, it was then. After a moment or two had been spent in deep thought, and after a severe conflict had been waged between her feelings and faith, she with a trembling voice, yet with a firmness that intimated that the decision was final, said, "I'll try!" *She did try,* and

from that time there was a tone in her manner and actions that indicated a change within. It was a change noticed by all around her. It was not, however, until sometime afterward that she publicly testified that God had accepted her. On leaving that part of the country, Eliza said that she had long wanted an opportunity to tell us that, upon the very day to which allusion has been made, she was about to give up the idea of ever seeking salvation; and, with a deep sense of gratitude, thanked us for our interference.

Oh, could we collect all these despairing ones, and lead them to the fountain, even to "try," to venture a look towards Calvary!

Woodstock, C. W.

A Glimpse of Calvary.

BY A. C. B. L.

IN "Pencillings by the Way" the attention is called to the sufferings of the blessed Savior. His physical sufferings are chiefly set forth, though the mental sorrows he experienced are somewhat brought to view in the treachery of one of his own chosen band, and in the taunts and mockery of those into whose hands he was delivered.

But would all *this* suffering, dreadful as it was, have been an atonement sufficient to open the door of salvation to wrath-deserving man? God laid upon him "the iniquities of us all." "The *spirit* of a man sustaineth his infirmity; but a *wounded spirit* who can bear?" "He was *wounded* for our transgressions, he was *bruised* for our iniquities;" not simply in his *flesh*, for he said, "My *SOUL* is *exceeding sorrowful even unto death.*" Let the mind dwell on this expression till it catches a faint glimpse of the idea of that unutterable anguish which forced it from his lips. Hear his agonizing cry, thrice repeated, "*O, my Father, if this cup may not pass from me except I drink it, thy will be done.*" And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him. "And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly; and his sweat was

as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." Then again, dwell on the idea of the intensity of that agony which caused the exclamation, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Truly he gave his *soul* an offering for sin. The heart—the *physical* heart literally burst from the intensity of soul-suffering, producing more speedy death than the process of crucifixion alone, as is known from the fact that when his side was pierced "there came out blood and water," which could not have been the case, anatomists say, under any other circumstance.

Surely we "have been bought with a price;" and oh, *what* a price! the blood of the glorious Son of God!

"Where roll my thoughts

To rest from *wonders*, other wonders rise,
And strike where'er they roll; my soul is caught,
Heaven's sovereign blessings clustering from
the *Cross*

Rush on her in a throng, and close her round
The prisoner of *amazel*! In his blessed life
I see the *path*, and in his death the *price*,
And in his great *ascent* the *proof* supreme
Of immortality"

Let us linger amid these scenes of Calvary till we *so fully realize* the nature and evil of sin that we shall utterly loathe it in ourselves and others; and till we so fully "comprehend the length and breadth, the height and depth" of *redemption*, that we shall evermore "reckon ourselves *dead* indeed unto *sin*, but *alive* unto *God* through Jesus Christ our Lord."

HUMILITY.—"It is only in the lowest depths of repentance and self-knowledge, producing a compassionate love to all our fellow men, that the soul can receive the powers of the divine life and rise again to the highest exaltation. In the life of our Redeemer, who from love became like unto sinful man, this way, which alone leads to peace, is exemplified."—[OLSHAUSEN.]

RELIGION OF PRINCIPLE.—"The religion of principle is the only one that is certainly genuine."—[BARNES.]

To Ministers of all Denominations.

BY REV. W. D. OWEN.

DEAR BRETHREN:—As ambassadors for Christ, great is our responsibility at all times; but in times like the present that responsibility is much increased. During the past six months of this year, probably more than four hundred thousand precious souls have been converted from the error of their way. These lambs of our Savior, though much scattered throughout the land, must be fed; and it is our special duty as the peculiar lovers of Jesus to administer to their wants spiritually. We must visit the hovels of the poor and tell them of the poor man's friend, Jesus of Nazareth; we must supply them with God's word if they have it not, and with suitable religious literature; as we are much influenced by what we read. May the question propounded to Peter, and the exhortation given him by Jesus, our Savior and Master also, sound in our ears and burn in our hearts, until the love of Christ shall constrain us to go out into the hedges and highways with food for his lambs, and strong meat for his sheep. "Simon, son of Jonas, *lovest thou me?* He saith unto him, Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, *Feed my lambs.*"

Permit me, dear brethren, to suggest to you the propriety and great importance of forming young men's prayer meetings whenever half a dozen can be persuaded to engage in it; much good would be accomplished in this way. Many of our young men, who would never be anything but dwarfs in religious exercises, will by this means become mighty men of valor, and strong in the faith of the gospel and abundant in good works. Then will you not do something to establish young men's prayer meetings in your pastoral charge? May the Lord help you so to do. May the cry of our hearts be, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and may the answer be, *Feed my sheep, feed my lambs.*

Cockrum, Miss.

Rest from Conflict.

BY MRS. E. R. WELLS.

"I DO not know but I am backsliding. I seem to have nothing to do, and no especial burden for souls. I am not conscious of grieving the Spirit, and yet I am powerless, and my efforts and prayers comparatively aimless."

Thus spake a devoted sister to her pastor, after a season of special manifestation of the Spirit and abundant labor on the part of Zion. This sister had months before given all to God. The scene of her soul's crucifixion will be always vivid in the memory of those who were present, for the felt presence of God rested on all. And since that hour there had been a constant advance, and her power to do good had been gradually augmenting. In this extra season she had been a co-worker with God, and marked favor was given in blessing her labors and increasing her spiritual vision and strength. But now came a trial of her faith. In conflict and amid toil she had proven that "the weapons of her warfare were not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds;" and, alike in the heat of battle and when flushed with victory, she had been a "good soldier." But now in time of peace, Satan assailed her powerfully; and when the suggestion was made, "that there was always times of comparative quiet and rest in our warfare," she could not see "why it should be so, since so many were unsaved—there was so much yet to be done."

This conversation has suggested a few thoughts which may be appropriate at this time, and possibly help the faith of some, who the past winter have been nerved for labor, and whose entire being has been intensified and concentrated upon the advance of Christ's kingdom in the hearts of believers and the conversion of souls.

The Savior at one time sent his disciples abroad to announce the approach of the kingdom of heaven in all the cities and

villages where he purposed himself to visit. He conferred upon them power to work miracles, in attestation of their authority, and of the divine character of Him by whom they were sent. He gave them rules of conduct, and told them to tell all the good news of the coming dispensation. After accomplishing this, their first missionary tour, "the apostles gathered themselves unto Jesus and told him all things, both what they had done and what they had taught." They told him of their successes and their failures, and ended all by saying that "even the devils were subject to them through his name." There is something peculiarly lovely in the filial confidence which these simple hearted men reposed in their master. The toilsomeness of their journey was all forgotten as each one received the smile of approbation from him they loved most of all. Flushed with triumph, and yet conscious of some defeat, the Savior saw they had need of instruction and counsel. He perceived they were worn out with their labors, and had need of repose. Surrounded by the multitude already collecting, for "there were so many coming and going, and they had no leisure even so much as to eat," he said unto them, "come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile."

The religion of Christ is ever merciful, and consistent in its benevolence. It requires of us all labor and self-sacrifice, but it affixes to these a limit. It never commands us to ruin our health and enfeeble our minds by unnatural exhaustion. The labors of to-day are not to infringe upon our ability to-morrow. There are times when everything seems pending upon a vigorous, determined effort, and at such crisis we are to "spend and be spent for Christ." But invariably following such contests comes relaxation, moral recreation as a *duty*, and in the direct order of God. The soul is consciously released, and no object presents itself for effort. In the case of the disciples the multitudes thronged upon them, bringing their impotent and

those who needed help; and yet the Savior commanded them to withdraw themselves from them, to go apart into the desert and rest awhile; He "remembered their frame—that they were dust." Their labors for weeks had been severe. They had travelled on foot under a tropical sun, reasoning with unbelievers, instructing the ignorant, comforting the cast down, working at all hours of day and night cures on those who were diseased. Their bodies, no less than their spirits, needed rest. The harvest at that hour was truly great and the laborers few; the multitudes were waiting for their blessing; but the compassionate Savior did not urge them to additional labor, nor tell them because there was so much to be done they must never cease doing. No: he tells them to turn aside for they need to rest awhile.

The Savior is crucified—he has risen from the dead, and ascended to his father. The disciples remember his words, "Tarry ye in Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high," and the promise, "ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." In an upper room they are assembled, waiting the gift of power. And why *wait*? Is not the world perishing for lack of knowledge? But day after day passes and no baptism, no release. Do not their hearts pant to proclaim a risen Jesus? Why *wait*? Has he forgotten his promise? Will the Holy Ghost be given? What a trial for impetuous Peter; does not Thomas begin to doubt? Nay! Nay! Still they tarry with much prayer and supplication, when lo! the fire descends and "sits upon each of them, and they are all filled with the Holy Ghost."

They had need of a baptism for their work. True, they had for three years hung upon the lips of Jesus, catching words of wisdom; they had seen his mighty works, and had themselves cast out devils, and healed all manner of diseases; they had witnessed his crucifixion and ascension; but they were not qualified for their work, they had need of the baptism of power.

May we not learn two lessons from these instances? That God does not require more than we have physical ability to perform; and, although we may know much of God, and have had great success in our labors for others, yet we have need to "tarry in Jerusalem" at times for a fresh baptism—to prepare for future conflict and future victory.

St. Albans, Vt.

Holiness—Its Effects.

To enjoy fully the great blessing of entire sanctification, our property must all be consecrated to God. In fact we have none, for "the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof." O here is a truth which, if professors of religion did but realize, would turn this sin-stricken world into a perfect paradise. No one would pine in wretchedness for want of the necessities of life; no object, having for its aim the glory of God and the welfare of man, would languish for lack of means to accomplish it. On this subject, far too little is thought, and said, and done. Perhaps the most prevalent and ruinous sin of the Christian world is covetousness. The scripture definition of this term is idolatry. No one who is guilty of it can enter heaven. If we rightly consider the evils, the sins growing out of the spirit of covetousness, we shall call them legion. May we not infer that it was the sin of covetousness which plunged Dives into the lake of fire? Behold Lazarus at his gate, sick and famishing, desiring to be "fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table;" and judge ye whether the sin of covetousness was not his soul-damning sin. The Savior hath said, "freely ye have received, freely give." Again he hath said, "it is more blessed to give than to receive." The spirit of the gospel is emphatically the spirit of benevolence—of "good will to men." Just in proportion as we possess this spirit we shall be Christlike, without partiality, without hypocrisy, and full of good works. Dear reader, do we possess this spirit of the

gospel? Are we Christlike? Have we given all for Christ, and consecrated all our property in such a way to him, as to feel we are only his stewards? If not, may the Lord help us so to do without delay.

Having gone over the ground of a particular and entire consecration of every faculty and power of our being to God, and to his service, it now becomes our duty, as well as privilege, to believe that God in Christ, or for Christ's sake, accepts the offering. We should believe that he accepts it now—that he accepts it fully. Should there be no perceptible change in our feelings, we must not draw back the offering, nor doubt its acceptance. Be determined not to parley or to reason with the tempter, nor to look to poor, weak, wretched self. God hath promised, saying, "I will receive you." "I will, be thou clean." "According to thy faith be it unto thee," etc.

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone."

It is by beholding Christ that we are to become changed into his image. Let the eye of faith, then, be steadily fixed on him as being of God, "made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." To aid our faith we present a figure: "I see myself as one of a company of condemned sinners, awaiting execution. The son of God comes forward, saying, these need not perish; I will die for them. God accepts the substitute. Will the sinner?" "Yes! yes!" Let each burdened, laboring, sin-sick heart respond, "For me, for me the Savior died." Our faith should look still farther after Christ, viz: to the fact that "he is risen again for our justification," and that he "ever liveth," *now* liveth, "to make intercession for us." By maintaining the entire consecration, and thus looking by faith to Christ momentarily, we cannot long remain without the assuring witness of the Holy Ghost that we are saved and cleansed from all "filthiness of the flesh and spirit." "Love, joy, peace," and all the fruits of the Spirit of Christ will

spring up and abound in the soul. Then comes in the requirement, "As ye have, therefore, received Christ Jesus the Lord, *so walk in him.*" How simple, how scriptural is such an experience! Thus we may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length, depth and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that we might be filled with all the fulness of God." Having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." B. S.

"I'm glad Salvation's Free."

TUNE—"There 'll be no parting there."

EDS. GUIDE:—I take the liberty of sending you the following lines of poetry, which were written by one of our ministers upon hearing a remark made by a poor orphan girl, who was converted to God at a revival meeting recently held near us. She said she was glad salvation was free; for had it not been, herself and sister could never have obtained it.—M. A. P.

I'm glad salvation's free,

And without price or cost;

For, had it been for me to buy,

My soul must have been lost.

Chorus.—I'm glad salvation's free,

I'm glad salvation's free;

Salvation's free for you and me,

I'm glad salvation's free.

In this cold world below,

With none to care for me,

An orphan lone, without a home,

I'm glad salvation's free.

I feel it burning now,

Like fire all through my soul;

Salvation's free—as free as heaven,

Salvation's free and full.

O, brethren, help me sing

One song of victory;

For without money, without price,

I've found salvation free.

STUDY OF THE BIBLE.—"We, too, generally seem to study our Bibles for amusement or ostentation rather than practical instruction."—[DODDRIDGE.

Scattered Thoughts.

BY Y.

EVERY Christian has his own secrets. There are many whys? Of the world he can answer, both in his discipline and mercies, but dares not explain them even to a common friend; those are some of the pearls he keeps in his own casket, and spreads them out to look over in his closet and favored hours of worship; often, in the blessed ordinance of the Last Supper, he is attracted by their beauty while the radiance of Jesus shines upon them.

This present faith, the mystery kept in a pure conscience, is the great thing for present usefulness; for when we lay one burden down we are ready to take up another, and carry it as far as it is right. There are some burdens we must bear awhile, and take back and forth to the throne of grace until we gain the power to leave them there; then never yield to so much weakness as to take them up again, no matter how long the fulfilment of the promise is deferred. Gently and patiently remind the Master of your *expecting faith*. Smile, and believe the Lord is regarding that which belongs to his dear child, servant, and friend.

How precious to look over the mementos of God's dear children, which they have left on the pages of time to be read by succeeding pilgrims. They are gone—entered into their rest; their faith in vision lost, but the notches by the way, in hymns, journals, letters, and such like, express our very same experience.

We thank God, and take courage for the help they have ministered to us in this same house of pilgrimage where they endured and toiled. This should encourage us to contribute our mite to those who will succeed us, that when we also rest they may reap in joy that which we have sown in tears.

There were causes why the countenance of Jesus was so marred, and those lines of sadness upon his perfect humanity,—he had

sorrows, he bore as a man indignities, shame and contempt; and with this personal suffering, in his exquisite sensibilities, he knew the retributive punishment that would come upon his own peculiar people for their rejection of him—for Jesus always closely identified himself with the seed of Abraham, whose flesh and blood he partook. Then again, his sympathy with the afflicted in body or mind; true, he healed multitudes, yet he felt for them; although at the grave of Lazarus for the very purpose of raising him, yet sympathy with the sister and love for the brother made him weep. He did not substitute his omnipotent power for human sympathy.

The unbelief of the multitudes who still would not come to him to be healed of their maladies afflicted him by the hardness of their hearts. Their unbelief was to him a weight of sorrow. His sense of injustice and wrong, which he felt as a man, added to all his other afflictions, gave him that appearance of age and grief.

Sinner, does your unbelief now wound Jesus afresh? You have heard of him in the house of his friends and know he is *the Savior*, yet refuse to believe the merits of his death for your salvation.

Blessings hang in suspense till prayer brings them down. All prayer is the watchword on the walls of Zion in this our day.

HOLINESS AND HEAVEN.—“No gifts, no duties, no natural endowments, will evidence a right in heaven; but the least measure of true holiness will secure heaven to the soul. As holiness is the soul's best evidence for heaven, so it is a continued spring up to it in the way thither. The purest and sweetest pleasures of this world are the result of holiness. Till we come to live holy we never live happy. Heaven is epitomized in holiness.”—[FLAVEL.

OUR WANT.—“He has made a great acquirement in life who has learned how little of this world he really needs to assist him through his journey.”—[ANON.

I Long to be There.

I HAVE read of a world of beauty,
Where there is no gloomy night,
Where love is the main-spring of duty,
And God the fountain of light;
And I long to be there.

I have read of its flowing river,
That bursts from beneath the throne,
And the beautiful trees that ever
Are found on its banks alone;
And I long to be there.

I have read of the myriad choir
Of the angels harping there—
Of their holy love that burns like fire,
And the shining robes they wear;
And I long to be there.

I have read of the sanctified throng
That passed from earth to heaven,
And now unite in the loudest song
Of praise for their sins forgiven;
And I long to be there.

I have read of their freedom from sin,
And suffering and sorrow, too,
And the holy joy they feel within
As their risen Lord I view;
And I long to be there.

I long to rise to that world of light,
And to breathe its balmy air;
I long to walk with the Lamb in white,
And to shout with the angels there;
And I long to be there.

The Promise Verified.

BY REV. I. STACY.

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

How full of instruction is Christ's sermon, of which the above language forms a part. Hunger is as natural to the soul as it is to the body. The one who has been freely justified by the "redemption which is in Christ," and is "walking in the light as Christ is in the light," knows what it is to "hunger after righteousness." This appetite for righteousness and true holiness finds no place in the "carnal mind," which is enmity against God; but was established by the Spirit of truth which creates

in the soul a strong desire for inward holiness. The soul that has present salvation is not satisfied with pardon, but instinctively says to God in earnest prayer, "Create in me a clean heart." etc. The more it has of the "mind that was in Christ," the more it desires and continually seeks for if the Spirit is obeyed. The "bread of life," which is the only satisfying aliment of the soul, gives strength and boldness to the one who has received pardon through faith in Christ to ask for greater things. Hear the expression of the soul as it renounces the world with its vanities, the flesh with its unholy desires, Satan with his devices and malicious art, saying:

"In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to the cross I cling."

The aspiration of a soul that has been regenerated, if faithful to the "heavenly calling," is to the fullness of the stature of a man in Christ Jesus. From whence came this aspiration? Let the apostle answer: "the Spirit helpeth our infirmities," and further, "intercedeth for us with groanings which cannot be uttered," that we through faith may have the glorious blessing of a clean heart. The experience of the writer is in harmony with what has been written. In a few days after I received "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," and had been "adopted into the family of God," I began to "hunger after righteousness and true holiness." I was then in the State of M., far from the parental roof; "but a babe in Christ," having many professed instructors around me, yet none, not even one that I found that knew the way of holiness. Thus situated, I was struggling for holiness. I am fully satisfied that it was nothing but the Spirit that taught me the necessity of being holy in heart and in all manner of conversation, as my parents said nothing about this doctrine, although they had been members of the M. E. Church for many years. I went to brother P——, the preacher, supposing I should receive some light from his experience and instructions, but to my astonish-

ment he said he did not enjoy it. I read one or two books on the subject, but I now see I was not seeking it by faith. But "Blessed be God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ;" even while I was "hungering" I was "filled with the Spirit." My soul leaped with joy, arising from a consciousness that I had been "cleansed from all unrighteousness." Glory, glory, glory!! What else should I say?

"His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood *avails* for me."

It is now nearly two years since the Lord wrought such a work in my heart, and still I love the highway of holiness. To him who has washed me in his own blood be all the glory. Amen.

North Hudson, July, 1858.

The Soul House.

A LEAF FROM THE JOURNAL OF A LIFE.

BY E. L. E.

IN looking over some old numbers of *The Independent*, a little time ago, I was much interested in an article by Rev. H. W. BEECHER, from the text, "Behold I stand at the door and knock."

The figure of a house as the human soul is one often occurring in the Bible. He carries on the simile most beautifully in describing the different apartments of the soul-house. Christ is represented as knocking at the door of each apartment; not discouraged if he is refused admittance here and there. How charmingly he tells of the stately room, Benevolence, whose native decorations are covered and deformed by dust and cobwebs; of Conscience, where the master of the house seldom spends an hour; of Faith, whose lock is rusted with disuse; of Hope, whose window looking toward heaven is shut, but that which looks upon the dirt and dust of earth wide open—a favorite landscape of the inhabitant.

I felt, when I read the description of the soul-house, and how Christ is waiting to

enter and abide there, that I could throw open every door of my humble dwelling to admit and welcome the divine guest. Like every other soul-house, it has many apartments of various dimensions and appointments for use. Like every other owner of a mansion, I dwell in some of the divisions much more than in others; and too often in the lower rooms where have accumulated the rust and rubbish of sordid avocations, and whose only prospect is the dim dust of earth. Now I know that my heavenly visitant will not endure the mould and darkness of those lower rooms, or the silence and dimness of the upper chambers, or the rusted lock and grating hinge of the most delightful apartment of the whole mansion. If he comes in to remain with me, he must first purge my dwelling from unhallowed accumulation, and then take me to some pleasant chamber which the light of his presence shall adorn and cheer. And so we will make the circuit of the whole abode; dressing unfurnished rooms with appropriate adornments, lighting up desolate corners with the brightness of heaven's own glory, only pausing in the lower, dimmer portions to serve the homelier purposes of life, and ascending quickly to those more healthful and delightful regions which are adapted to the entertainment of such a guest.

What a wonderful structure is the soul-house; and how sad that it should so often be desecrated by the foul tenant, Sin; its more beautiful apartments going to decay!

There is one apartment of my soul-house where I have always passed more hours than in any other. It is the chamber of Imagination, of ample dimensions and fitted for the reception of all the works which the artist Fancy may construct. It has more doors leading into the other apartments of the house than any other room, and has many pleasant windows as well as unsightly prospects. There is a short and darksome passage leading from those lower rooms, where earthly Care keeps vigil but too often with me, up to that alluring chamber. I sit

there by some sunny window and draw fair pictures to hang upon the walls, until every niche and open space is filled with landscapes, portraits, and unfinished sketches. But the brightest always fade soon, and are removed to give place to others no better and no more enduring. Now this is not a fairy room, though Fancy dresses up its ceiling in all the hues of hope and pleasure; the door into that dark staircase is always left ajar, and the smoke and odor of those earthly places discolors every painting and taints all the air. But when the great Guest comes in, he will strip every picture from the stained and faded walls, and purify with the incense of his breath the atmosphere of corruption. And then, inspired by his glorious presence, shall pictures grow beneath the artist's touch and, set in frames of beauty, adorn its ceilings with unfaded brightness! There will be landscapes of that paradise of God where trees of life flourish by living streams, where angels walk and redeemed spirits sing to harps of gold. There will be portraits of prophets, saints and martyrs, and of all who washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb.

What a charming gallery will that become when the great Master of art shall have purified and adorned it for his favorite resting-place! Yet not so many of the hours of life may I indulge in the chamber of Imagination as before; the *work of life* may not be done in such a place, only now and then may I refresh my toil-worn spirit by resting in its enchanting idleness.

There is another apartment which needs the Cleaner's hand; some call it Combative-ness, opening into Destructiveness, with folding doors between; others call it Anger, and its neighbor Hatred. The doors are always open, and the furniture alike. No one ever rests here, though many make long tarry. The walls are hung with weapons of destruction and defence: the shield and helmet, the sword and spear are here. The floor is covered with sharp stones, and here and there an upright thorn; and who-

ever steps within the threshold must shiver with the the piercing pain of wounds.

Into this department of my soul-house should the Purifier also come, and, removing all those dangerous weapons, array the walls with gospel armor, and for a carpet spread that which shall not wound and hurt my feet.

And so of all the other rooms might I desire the Refiner's presence. Then how should my soul-house become a mansion of praise, and love, and beauty, and joy. Its upper chamber should become an observatory from which to look into heaven; its front apartments the dwelling-place of intellect, illumined and consecrated by the author of my joy; and those dark earthy recesses washed, cleansed, sanctified, should be no home, no general reception-rooms, but only apartments for the homelier but necessary uses of life, made holy by their consecration to the will of him who is henceforth to reign Lord of the mansion of the soul forever.

Love's Conquest over Unbelief.

AND has my soul found rest at last?
Rest in the heart and home of love?
And are the clouds and tempests past?
Am I from love no more to rove?

Yes, love has come, with silken bands,
T' unite my scattered powers in one—
My heart, my head, my feet, my hands,
Love has the whole, in triumph, won.

Great was the struggle, strong the chain
Of iron bands around my soul;
But hell no longer could retain,
Love, over all, gained full control.

'Tis past; the powers of hellish strife
Are slain; and love has made me free.
Henceforth I chant, love is my life,
My Lord, my bliss, my victory.

TRUTHS.—"The great truths of metaphysics and religion are like family jewels, which descend as heirlooms from generation to generation and are perpetually reset to suit the fashion of the times. It is the manner of presenting them, and not the substance, which changes."—[Ed. Review.]

Memoir of
Rev. Wm. C. Kendall, A. M.

I REJOICE in the privilege of bearing a humble testimony to perpetuate the memory of this man of God. A somewhat intimate personal acquaintance enables me to forward, with the fullest confidence in its reliability, the following record of his life and labors. In some respects he surpassed any man I ever knew. He combined, in a most striking manner, the boldness of a lion with the meekness of a lamb. He habitually walked with God, and labored in view of the judgment. He was a clear scholar, a powerful preacher, and a *shining Christian*. I doubt not that he has done more than almost any man in Western New York among the junior Ministry to wake up the slumbering elements, elevate the standard of vital piety, and promote the work of genuine holiness over this land. Such a man ought to be had in remembrance by the Church, and he will be; for his name is like sweet incense among thousands of the redeemed, who love to walk in the narrow way. The following memoir is derived from authentic sources, and our readers are recommended to trace it through.—
A. A. PHELPS.

Rev. William Case Kendall, A. M., was born Dec. 25th, 1822, in the town of Covington, Genesee County, N. Y. He was the sixth son of Elijah and Nancy Kendall, who were both born in Connecticut; and born again in Lowville, N. Y., in 1809. They joined the M. E. Church and moved to Greigsville, N. Y., in 1813. Here they established the first prayer-meeting, procured circuit preaching, were members of the first class, and ever after kept a home for the Itinerant in this then wilderness of "old Genesee." Father K. was here appointed the first leader of a class of six, and was continued in that relation for twenty-five years. He discharged his duties strictly according to the Discipline, so that he was said to be "the most faithful leader known in that day." In 1817 he removed from Greigsville to Covington, with his wife and a family of four sons and two daughters, again to establish the social and public means of

grace, and help raise up a society that, from less than ten, in a few years numbered ninety. Here he fixed his home for the remainder of life; and to this "M——t Hill" will future generations point as a spot of sacred interest. This was the birth-place of William C., the youngest of eight children. Together they constituted, emphatically, a Christian family; born and reared amid scenes of Divine power, which, Father K. remarks "were common in all their meetings, so that nearly all present were sometimes prostrated together upon the floor,"—trained to strict religious habits,—kept from public resorts, and circles of party-going, pleasure-taking professors,—their convictions all watered by the prayers and holy songs of pious parents around the family altar and in the secret place; best of all, cheered by the luminous *example of a mother always happy*, with a Christian song on her lip and a smile on her brow,—*peace-maker* at home and abroad, yet full of the fires of the Holy Ghost, was it any marvel that these children were early led to Christ? She *believed* the promise to the faithful; and ere she laid her down to rest in the summer of 1850, every child had become a member of the church of her choice. O for more such patriarchal families in our Zion!

The subject of this memoir was the Benjamin of the household. From his mother he inherited those striking traits of cheerfulness, simplicity, and moral courage for which he was justly distinguished. He loved his mother with rare devotion, and yielded to her moulding hand with obedient reverence. Amid all the toils and strife of his student life she was his *confident*; and ever after till she could give "a mother's counsel no more!" He inherited from his father a timid, sensitive spirit, that grace alone overcame and regulated; and also an unbending integrity and decision of character that has ever made Elijah Kendall a proverb among saints and sinners.

From a mere child William had serious

impressions. He had an abiding impression also from his earliest recollection that he must one day *preach*; so clear, indeed, that in a thunder storm he would often say to himself: "God won't let the lightning kill me for he wants me to preach the gospel." His young heart received many deep and abiding impressions, too, that warmed into life as on summer evenings, all quiet at the cottage door, he used to sit and listen to the spiritual songs of his father and mother. But a more fruitful source of conviction still was, he knew his mother prayed for him daily. In his childish glee he one day rushed into her bedroom and found her in fervent pleadings before the throne. With silent awe he stole quietly away; but afterwards noticed that, when her daily occupation in the chambers were finished, all was still again; and in such times he would sit down in silence to think—"Mother is praying!"

Time rolled on; and in 1840 he, in his turn, was fitted out for Lima to receive a liberal education. He became a diligent, exemplary student, beloved by all for his winning deportment. In the winter of 1841-2—a memorable year to many, the Spirit was poured out in the seminary and village, in answer to the prayers of a small company that weekly met in a little private room to pray for a revival. The awakening became general, so that the voice of prayer could be heard from almost every house and many student rooms at the midnight hour. A friend had invited William to seek the Savior. His reply was—"When my brothers do." One evening, while they were singing and inviting penitents forward, he stood with his back to the altar, when his friend came and claimed the promise. He turned and saw his brothers A. and L. at the altar. It was unexpected. He hesitated; but at length yielded to Christian entreaty, and, as he did so, said in his heart,—"This is for life. I'll never turn back; but, whether I find religion or not, to the best of my powers so long as I live I will serve God." Relief was felt

while making the resolve. He knelt and began to pray; but before he called, God answered. He rose immediately and said he felt peace when the clear witness came, and his soul overflowed with joy. There was joy in the old Covington Church when father K., with tears and shouts of praise, read in class a letter from his three converted sons. William went home in vacation, was baptized, and with fervent simplicity testified to what he had "felt and seen."

(To be continued.)

The Necessity of Holiness.

BY REV. A. W. EASTMAN.

BEFORE the world generally will earnestly seek holiness of heart and life, there needs to be produced in the public mind a deep conviction of its necessity. This conviction may sometimes be wrought directly upon the heart by the Divine Spirit, and sometimes by the agency of startling providences; but generally speaking we believe, inasmuch as holiness is a doctrine of divine revelation, and God hath ordained that by the "foolishness of preaching" he will "save them that believe," the Holy Spirit convicts the soul of the necessity of holiness by applying gospel truth to the conscience. Here, then, let me ask my brethren of the ministry and membership, not of the *Methodist* merely, but of the *Universal Church*, if we are not responsible to a great extent for the low state and standard of piety in the church and the world? Have we proclaimed the "whole counsel of God" upon this subject, by setting the standard of piety where the infinitely holy God hath set it, in the "faithful word,"—declaring and *insisting* upon the declaration in the sight of all men, that "*without holiness no man shall see the Lord?*" Has our preaching been of that character which would naturally lead the people to believe in the necessity of holiness as a "*fixed fact?*" Above all, have we as a people, as Methodists, borne a consistent and worthy testimony in "*lip and*

life," to the *possibility* and *practicability* of entire holiness in the present life? Do we maintain our "peculiar testimony" steadfastly, as in the days when the Wesleys were "thrust out" to "raise up a holy people?" Will not our creed rise in the judgment to condemn us who have lived so far beneath our professedly accredited privilege? of whom I fear it may be asked, too justly, "*what do ye more than others?*" I confess for one, that while I rejoice that the doctrine of holiness is becoming daily more and more the doctrine of the Universal Christian Church, I am, nevertheless, jealous for my own people, (with a Godly jealousy I trust,) lest by our apathy, carelessness, inactivity or silence upon this most comfortable and glorious subject, we should be outstripped by sister churches in our denominational testimony, and lest it should be said, "*The last shall be first and the first last.*" The Lord forbid that we who were "first" in bearing our testimony should be "last" to share or engage in the glorious work of "spreading scriptural holiness over these lands!"

But, to return to the purpose with which we commenced this article, are we not *ourselves* convinced and convicted of the absolute necessity of holiness in order to the enjoyment of God and everlasting happiness? Alas, where is our faith in the Scriptures, and our reason?

These two facts granted, which reason alone may prove, that there is a holy God, and that man is a sinner; and it follows, as a matter of course, that man must be saved from sin, become holy, or never be at peace with God.

"Since God or man must alter ere they meet,
(For light and darkness blend not in one sphere,)

'T is manifest, Lorenzo, who must change."

While God remains God he must be a holy being and unreconciled to sin. But he is the same eternal God. He cannot, therefore, change to accommodate himself to man's sinfulness, which, as man's worst

foe, and as the worst foe to the *universe*, must be hated of him who desires the highest holiness and happiness of all beings. The *sinner*, therefore, must change or God cannot love or bless him with such a *com- placent* love as would make him *happy in sin*. His wrath must eternally abide upon all whose sins are not quenched and washed in Jesus' atoning blood. Hence the doctrine, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." But men are converted or born again "by grace through FAITH." Hence, "he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but *the wrath of God abideth on him.*"

No man, on whom God's displeasure rests in consequence of sin in his heart, can be happy; holiness, therefore, is necessary both to peace with God, and happiness in his love and in the smile of conscience. Before a wicked man can be happy he must not only hide his sins from God but from *himself*; for consciousness of guilt is misery itself—the gnawing of an undying worm, which the flames of hell can never consume or destroy till immortality itself and the undying soul shall die.

Let all the earth, then, know that "*without holiness no man shall see the Lord;*" and that it is "*a fearful thing*" (for the stubbornly wicked) "*to fall into the hands of the living God.*"

Littleton, July 10, 1858.

CARE.—"Whatever cares the providence of God casts upon us, we must not be *cumbered* with them nor perplexed and disquieted by them. Care is good, and duty; but *cumber* is a sin and folly. The cares which he casts upon us we may cheerfully cast upon him; but not those which we foolishly draw upon ourselves."—[HENRY.

HINDERANCES.—"It is no strange thing for those that are zealous in religion to meet with hinderances and discouragements from those about them; not only with opposition from enemies, but with blame and censure from friends."—[HENRY.

Dr. and Mrs. Palmer in New Brunswick.

ST. JOHN, N. B. August 6th.

REV. H. V. DEGEN :

Dear Brother,—I presume you are surprised at our long delay. We indeed expected to have returned by the way of Boston ere this; but so constant and imperative have been the demands of the work of the Lord, that we have not felt ourselves at liberty to return, neither can we now say when we shall be able to leave.

The Lord has commenced to work in power. We paused here on our return homeward from Woodstock Camp Meeting, where the Lord graciously manifested his saving power. Camp meetings are new in this region; and, the people not being extensively acquainted with the utility and practical workings of these extraordinary means of grace, the Woodstock Camp Meeting was not so largely attended as some meetings of this sort in the United States. But in view of the newness of the measure, camp meetings being considered an experiment whose utility was yet to be fairly tested, this meeting should to the praise of God be recorded as among the more successful. The meeting was in full operation but little over three days, during which time there was an hourly increase of the Spirit's power. About one hundred were blest with either pardon or purity; and we have since learned that the flame of revival is spreading most graciously in that region. Praise the Lord. I pause here to express Mrs. Palmer's and my own convictions in relation to the excellency and utility of Rev. B. W. Gorham's "Camp Meeting Manual" published at your store. Its importance can scarcely be overrated; and one of the ministers, who was particularly helpful in arranging for this feast of tabernacles, observed to us that he had been materially aided by this work in making suggestions in regard to the arrangements.

On our return from the Woodstock

meeting we spent a short time at Fredrickton. This is a pleasant, and in some respects a thrifty city. The population is about 5,000. It abounds in churches. Church of England, Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist, have commodious places of worship. Among the most prominent in size and architectural beauty is the Wesleyan Methodist Church. It is beautifully located; and at the top of its lofty spire, reaching up at least two hundred feet from the ground, is a golden hand eight feet in length, of proportionate dimensions, whose pointing finger directs the eye and heart of the beholder to the Lord of the temple, without whose aid all church edifices or church organizations will be powerless for good. The excellent pastor of this church is a lover of the "Guide to Holiness," and is being blessed in his ministrations in leading his flock into the king's highway of holiness. Some souls, we trust, were brought into the fold of Jesus during our stay here. And we had the privilege also of rejoicing with some who, during our short sojourn, were enabled through the blood of the everlasting covenant to enter within the veil. We have now, as before stated, been here a little over one week, during which time the Lord has permitted us to witness a gracious out-pouring of his Spirit. The work is of a most interesting character. Already over two hundred have been specially blessed of the Lord with either the blessing of pardon or purity. And yet I am persuaded that the work has but fairly commenced. It occurs to me that some account of the work may be gratifying to the readers of the Guide, and redound to the glory of God. My dear Mrs. P. has requested me to write in her place, being unable herself to command the time. But a letter lies before me written by Mrs. P., and waiting to be mailed, addressed to a minister in Sackville, N. B., from which, though not written for publication, I will make some extracts, which you may give to the readers of the Guide if they meet your approval.

W. C. P.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. —: The oft-repeated name here of the beloved brother and sister in Jesus, to whom these lines are addressed, seems newly to have brought my spirit in fellowship with you. We address you as *one*, because you *are* one in Christ Jesus, and we are *one* with you.

"One family in him we dwell."

How blessed to enter by the new and living way into the inner sanctuary; and, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, cast anchor daily yet deeper within the veil whither Jesus the forerunner hath for us entered. My heart would proceed, but so prolific is the theme that my pen would fain pause. The wonderful companionship proffered to the believer, as set forth in Heb. xii. 22, 23, 24, comes up before me. "Ye are come to mount Zion," etc. Alleluia, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

I know you will hasten to give God the glory when I tell you that the fruit of your united labors in this place still remain. The seed you scattered here is still producing fruit; and your name is as ointment poured forth. I think we were informed that in the itinerancy this was your last field of labor. But I do not doubt that, in the field in which you by Divine appointment are now laboring, an abundant harvest will in the end await you.

You will rejoice to hear that the Lord is most graciously pouring out his Spirit in this place. We came here not expecting to remain over a day or two; but such are the indications of a remarkable work of the Spirit that we hesitate in leaving.

August 2. It is now one week since we came here, and every day the interest has increased. Many have received the blessing of purity, and not a few have been newly born into the kingdom of grace. How many I cannot say, as there has not as yet any note been taken of the number. But as yet the battle has progressed on the principle set forth 2 Chron. xx. As you will observe, here was one of the most signal victories ever gained by the hosts of

Israel. Combined nations had concentrated their forces, and a wonderful conquest was achieved by *believing* and *praising*. Singers were appointed to precede the army of Israel, and their song was to be in the praise of "the BEAUTY OF HOLINESS." Last night, by the advice of a brother, who is one of the leaders in Israel, we did not bring forth the standard of holiness with quite so much prominence before the people, and only invited those who were seeking pardon forward. We were soon compelled to feel that the orderings of the battle were not in accordance with the mind of the Spirit, and quickly retraced our steps, and invited, conjointly, both those who were seeking either state of grace, purity or pardon; and, as on preceding evenings, many immediately presented themselves, some seeking pardon and others purity.

Wed. 3. The work is going on with increasing power. Both the afternoon and evening meetings are largely attended. It has been estimated that not less than seven hundred have been in daily attendance during the present week at the afternoon meetings at the Centenary Church. At these meetings, though the neglectors of salvation are not forgotten, and seekers of pardon are earnestly invited to come to Jesus, yet the efforts are mainly in view of inviting believers to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. How powerless is the church unless filled with the might of the Spirit. Peter was a disciple before he received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. But he was empowered to do more, after he had tarried at Jerusalem and received the Pentecostal baptism, in five hours than he could have accomplished in five years without this baptism of fire. How many disciples may still be asked "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" Glory to God and the Lamb forever for the manifestations which are daily greeting the eyes of wondering beholders, assuring the gainsaying world that we live under the dispensation of the

Spirit, and that it is still being poured out upon all the disciples of the Savior who humbly and believingly wait for it. Alleluia, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. "The tongue of fire"—the prophetic flame, may not only be written about but may be received. Many have been endued with this gift of power since we have been here. And these newly baptized ones are now going around among the unsaved inhabitants of this city inviting them to the temple of the living God. And here the God of the temple meets them, and they are brought to a saving acquaintance with Jesus. Said I to one, who came crowding herself in among the multitude of seekers, "For what did you come? What is the petition which you would present to Jesus? for he is *now* here to receive your petition." "*I came to get acquainted with Jesus,*" she replied. Said I to another, who was kneeling near the one just referred to and was weeping convulsively, "And what would you have the Savior do for you? for he is now saying to you, 'What wouldst thou that I should do for thee?'" She sobbed out, "*O my heart is burdened, so burdened; I feel that the Lord has blessed my own soul, but O my husband and four children are all unsaved,*" and then she burst into another fit of convulsive sorrow. As she lifted her head I saw that she was one who, the afternoon previous, had been kneeling seeking the full baptism of the Spirit. And was not this manifestation of heart-breaking desire demonstrative that she had indeed been baptized into the Spirit of him who wept over those whom he would fain have saved? O, when the church is fully baptized into the Spirit of her Lord, what manifestations of yearning pity will there be over a perishing world, and how soon will this revolted yet redeemed world be brought back to the world's Redeemer.

These afternoon meetings, which are so largely attended, are made mightily subservient to the interest of the evening meeting. Here Zion puts on her strength.

And in the evening meetings the hosts of Zion are seen scattered in various parts of the house in earnest, importunate endeavors to win their friends and neighbors over from the ranks of sin. Last night about fifty were forward for prayers, and many were saved. The evening exercises are mostly directed towards the in-gathering of sinners; but, as before intimated, seekers of purity are also invited forward. The large Centenary Church, near which you were stationed when here, is nightly crowded—gallery filled, and people standing in the aisles and doors unable to find seats. The ministers stand forth nobly as Captains of the Lord's Hosts, and aid in leading the people forth to glorious victory. We are praying that this cloud which has arisen, small as a human hand, may spread over all British North America, and to this we well know that your fervent hearts will respond AMEN.

Yours in Jesus,

PHEBE PALMER.

The Cross.

SEVERE the life that fits for God,—
One day the thorn, one day the rod;
Ever on bleeding back the cross,
Ever the fire to burn the dross.

Smoothly along we cannot sail,—
One day the calm, one day the gale;
Ever the rocks on either side,
Ever the prow against the tide.

Shorter the life, by every breath,—
One day disease, and one day death;
Ever the falling shade at night,
Ever an open grave in sight.

Nearer the port by every wave—
Be strong my soul, my heart be brave;
Theirs is the gain who suffer loss,
Theirs is the crown who bear the cross.

HEARING.—"Since Christ is forward to speak, we should be *swift* to hear. A good sermon is none the worse for being spoken in a house. The visits of friends should be so managed as to make them turn to a spiritual advantage."—[HENRY.]

The love of Honor an obstacle to Faith.

BY REV. W. S. T.

"How can ye believe, which receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only?"—JOHN V. 44.

MOST of the sayings of Christ possess a depth and latitude of meaning that we cannot usually grasp by a superficial examination. Nay, it often requires a painful schooling of trials to gain anything like their true import. It demands a thorough knowledge of the heart to correctly appreciate them. Christ addressed the heart of his hearers rather than their intellect; and, as the heart is radically deranged, it seldom feels the force of those truths which the intellect is often ready to admit.

But there are some truths uttered by Christ that the judgment does not feel the force of because they have principal reference to the moral sense, which is rendered obtuse by sin and ignorance of its real condition. Such is one of those truths standing at the head of this article. How this lays the axe at the root of our pride and supreme selfishness! God is resolved upon staining the pride of human glory. No flesh shall glory in His presence. His people are to be nothing, and He "all in all." "Whosoever glories let him glory in the Lord." In our affections Christ is to be enthroned and crowned "Lord of all." This is a primary and unalterable condition of discipleship; an antecedent requisite of adoption and sanctification. This great truth is more felt and appreciated by Christians in general at the period of their conviction and conversion, and during the warmth of their first love, than later in their justified lives. The simple reason of this is, they generally backslide and occupy a lower state in grace than they did during the first months or years of their Christian life. This truth is felt again, with a good degree of force, when the child of God is pungently convicted with the indispensable importance and necessity of being *wholly sanctified*.

With this premising we have a few practical thoughts to offer. Holiness is eminently a *practical* matter. Our deficiencies herein are not so much in *theory* as in *practice*. Most Christians, and even wicked men, are well instructed in theoretical sanctification; but alas! how few practitioners there are. We have many, many teachers, but few living examples. Many write well upon *entire holiness* who have a painful sense of their deficiencies in practice. The writer of this article feels what he is here penning reproves himself. He has long since learned that "*It were easier to teach twenty than to be one of twenty to be taught.*" Who, of all that have taken Christ for their Savior and pattern, can truthfully utter the sentiment that fell from His blessed lips?—"I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which sent me." "I receive not honor from men." Can you, reader? Can I? Whoever can is a blessed man.

Were we asked what is one of the strongest and most ungoverned passions of men? we should answer: The love of human honor; the love of applause. If any demur, we fear it is because they do not understand what this means: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." They have not, we fear, learned the first and most important lesson in ethics and mental philosophy: "*Know thyself.*" Cursed self! how it has marred this world. It pollutes whatever it touches. How it stains the very best performances of men. Self is impudent, officious, and forward. It always seeks the highest seat in the synagogue and in the forum. As a drop of some kinds of coloring matter will tincture and change a large pail of water, so a little self will destroy in a good measure an otherwise good performance.

This we say is the *master passion* with most men. It is true it does not manifest itself alike in all; but it is the same thing. A little *honor*! What a sweet morsel! How palatable to human nature! We drink it down as the thirsty ox drinks in

the cool water of the brook. This passion, well regulated by grace, may be a blessing; but how sadly it is abused! "The honor that cometh from God only" men generally *will not seek*. The honor that comes from God, if sought at all, is sought last and subordinately. It is degraded far beneath the honor that comes from men. This is its abuse; and this most Christians are verily guilty of.

In our preaching we ought to be able to say with St. Paul, "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord." So in our prayers, speaking, writing, or whatever we do, we should make God prominent and eclipse self; make all worldly honor bow and succumb to the honor and approbation of God. Please God if you displease everybody else, should be the motto of every Christian.

What would we think of the painter, who, in taking a portrait of his sovereign should make himself most prominent and conspicuous in the picture? Or the poet baccalaureate, who should exalt himself more in his poem than his patron? Or the orator, who should eulogize himself more in his oration than his hero or country? Well this is the very thing we are guilty of, who seek the honor of men more than that which comes from God only. Christ said, "Woe to you when all men speak well of you"; but most Christians think it a sad calamity when a part of mankind speak ill of them, if that part even be a minority. Of such as cannot bear to be spoken illy of, and who thirst after human applause, Christ has said in another place, "The world cannot hate you; but me it hateth because I testify of it that the works thereof are evil."

When we fear the reproaches of men more than we prize the honor of God, we give sad evidence of our lack of his grace in our hearts. This is the same as if a subject preferred the honor of his fellow-subjects to that of his sovereign; or feared their disapproval more than that of the crowned head.

We, as Christians, live in an interesting period of the world. A period of great light and progress in civilization and learning. There are many posts of honor and distinction to be filled. There are many and strong motives of a merely worldly nature to fire an unholy ambition. Christians are peculiarly exposed to the evils that naturally grow out of these temptations. Christians are expected to be active and foremost in this progress; and so they should be; but there are dangers in the way, and they will do well to heed them. The temptations to Christian ministers and authors were never so great since the world stood as now; and ministers and Christian authors are nothing but flesh and blood,—men of passions and strong emotions as other men. While they profess to have the glory of God and the good of their race in view in their vocations and pursuits, nevertheless, unless they are assisted by God and are watchful, a love of the praise of men will insinuate itself into their labors and writings.

It must have been observed by the reader that in the present age there is a sort of *mania* for high-sounding titles,—as A. Bs., A. Ms., LL. Ds., D. Ds., etc. These, though not in every case misapplied, show the popular pulse. Inasmuch as they are becoming so very common we are at least forced to conclude that there is a demand for them; and the supply is graduated in some measure by the demand. This is one of the ways in which we receive "honor from men."

The learned Jews of Christ's time were carried away with the same evil. "They loved to be called Rabbi, Rabbi." "They loved the praise of men more than the praise of God." Christ's advice to his disciples on this point was, "Be not ye called Rabbi; for one is your master, even Christ."

We can but approve of the course of some good and learned men of our day, who have refused the titles which have been conferred upon them by the institu-

tions of the land. They doubtless are as deserving of these titles as many that have accepted them; but they prefer the honor that comes from God only. Doubtless some good men have accepted these titles; but we believe they would be as well or better off without them. A genuine Christianity needs not these designations to make it dignified and efficient. Its best adornment and greatest power is *holiness* of heart and life. Better have the world take knowledge of us that we have been with Christ, than that we have been at college and among the classics. Better constrain them to say "Behold an Israelite in whom there is no guile," than "That is Dr. so and so."

We have not selected this because there are no other examples of the point we are presenting; for there are many other ways in which the love of worldly power shows itself; but because it is among the prominent temptations of the church of our day. There are a thousand ways in which we may be preferring the honor of men to that of God; but it would be aside from our design to enter largely into particulars. The mind of the reader will readily supply them.

If the foregoing be a correct view of these words of Christ, then we have something like a clew to the fact that so few professed Christians ever attain to the grace of *perfect love* before death. The love of worldly honor, in some one of its varied forms, has so deep a hold of their affections that it is utterly impossible for them to be *wholly* the Lords. The text informs us that faith is essential to genuine, thorough development in holiness, and that the love of earthly honor is fatal to the exercise of the faith that sanctifies: "*How can ye believe which receive honor one of another?*"

Christians often ask themselves: What is it that prevents me from seeking the higher attainments of the christian life? Why is it, when panting after all the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of peace, that I fail to exercise the faith that purifies the heart,—that sanctifies? Does not

Christ here give the real cause why a majority of cases come short of their distinguished privilege in the gospel? Is not the love of worldly *honor* in the way? Why it were just as impossible for a justified soul to believe in God for sanctifying grace, while a love of the world's praise is dominant in the heart, as it would be to pluck the sun out of its orbit; they cannot co-exist together. Self must be nailed to the cross. There must be an utter abandonment of our wills. We are to "reckon ourselves dead *indeed* unto sin."

Let us suppose a case, by way of illustration of this important truth. A sovereign makes a proposition to one of his subjects, to promote him to high honors in his government on condition of his making an entire surrender of his time, influence, talents, property, and will, to the sovereign's service. He is not to do anything but with strict reference to pleasing his sovereign. The subject understands the conditions of promotion; but he finds himself surrounded by powerful temptations to seek the honor and applause of his fellow-subjects. He sees, to gain their applause, he must devote a portion of his time, talents, etc., to them. He now sees how difficult it is to "serve two masters." Now he cannot believe that the king will promote him while he is conscious that the conditions remain unfulfilled. He feels there is an impossibility in the way, and remains unpromoted. He has the honor of his fellow-men; but not the honor his sovereign desired to confer upon him.

It is here where thousands of ministers and lay Christians come short. They know God's conditions of saintship; but they prefer the honor of men and remain dwarfs. Nay, in most instances their thirst for the honor of men is so strong that they come to have a real repugnance for "the honor that comes from God only"; in other words, they dislike the doctrine of holiness because it reproves their worldly-mindedness. Can they then believe for, or even desire, that "holiness

without which no man shall see the Lord"? Nay; it were a palpable contradiction,—a moral impossibility.

What a world of truth and meaning there is in this interrogatory reproof of the Savior to the learned Pharisees and Scribes! "How can ye believe?" How can we believe? What faith can we exercise in our God to sanctify us, while we love the world and the things of the world more or even as much as we do the honor and favor of our God? Can we accept Christ as an entire and present Savior from sin so long as we trust in man and love the present world? Will he hear our prayers for "a clean heart" while we make any reservations?—while our hearts are divided between him and the world? Will he admit of any rivals in our heart? Is he not a jealous God? Will we likely invite Him to the throne of our affections while other idols are enthroned there? Nay; we are too well instructed to do that; we never will do that while we esteem the applause of men more than the honor that comes from God. There is absolutely no ground for an evangelical saving faith in a heart thus divided. We cannot believe if we would. There is no promise to such; and faith must have a promise to stand upon.

How much of the unbelief of the church might be traced to this evil alone. It is much more prevalent than we are aware of. It is one of the most insidious temptations of the *arch deceiver*. With thousands this is the *right hand and right eye sin*,—their *easily besetting sin*,—the *well circumstanced sin* by which they come short and backslide.

In conclusion, let us learn from hence a lesson of genuine humility, and resolve to renounce wholly the honor of the world and be content with the honor that comes from God only. Let us commence the work of crucifixion. Let us mortify the deeds of the body. Let us cut off the right hand and right foot and cast them from us. Let us count it all joy if we may

have a fellowship in Christ's humiliation. Let us go without the camp bearing his reproach. If we may even become "a gazing stock," let us prefer it to the honor of men. "Before honor is humility." None are exalted who will not first abase themselves. In a word, we should seek a deadness to the *praise* and *dispraise* of men. If there is one thing that the true child of God should covet more than another, it is to

* * "live little and unknown,
Loved and prized by God alone."

Faith is an important grace because a fundamental one. Without it we cannot please God; without it we cannot be sanctified. But there is no state where the Christian can exercise this so easily and efficiently as when he feels and knows that he desires the *honor of God only*. When his "eye is single" his "whole body is full of light." It is an easy matter to believe when self is crucified and slain; it is then easier *to believe* than *to doubt*. The posture of the soul has everything to do with our faith. Faith accomplishes its greatest exploits in the vale of humble love, when the favor of God fills the entire vision and desire of his children. O that it could be said of all God's people, "whose praise is not of men but of God." When this shall be the case it will no longer be said, "O, ye of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

Honolulu, S. I., June 23, 1858.

WORDS OF CHRIST.—"The words of our Lord are like many-sided polished jewels, which send forth their splendor in more than one direction. Considered by themselves they possess a manifold significancy; but in the connection of discourse one meaning, of course, becomes prominent."—
[OLSHAUSEN.]

ADVERSITY.—"Sweet are the uses of adversity! In God's hand indeed they are. When he puts his children into the furnace of affliction, it is that he may thoroughly purge away all their dross."—[CHEEVER.]

Effects of the Doctrine of
Holiness;
OR, PROGRESSIVE STEPS IN MY EXPERIENCE.

BY O. H.

AMONG human authors, I first met with this doctrine in the "Interior Life," by Dr. Upham. I think it was in the spring of 1855. I did not know whether to believe it or not at that time; however, it *might* be true, and I saw no positive objection to it. I accordingly concluded to let it remain undecided. The following effects I may mention as following my hitherto imperfect acquaintance with it:

1. Great encouragement and strong hope of deliverance *in this life* from sinful habits, affections, and inclinations.

This was no small item to one yet in the weakness and blindness of sin,—just beginning to struggle for a new life. I had been a professor of religion nearly three years; but the most that I had gained during the time was somewhat of an external reformation.

It was not long after reading the form of consecration, given in the book above mentioned, in connection with a review of my professedly religious history and a somewhat fuller discovery of the nature of true religion, that I passed through states of mind which enable me to add as further effects of my acquaintance with this doctrine,

2. A conviction that I had never given my whole heart to God in the highest gospel sense. I plainly saw that I had been moved in all my religious duties by considerations of self-interest rather than a love of them *as such*. Hence,

3. I resolved that I would profess religion no more till I knew I *enjoyed* it.

4. I gave my heart to God, and determined to *make the most* of religion.

I hardly need say, perhaps, that this determination was weak at that time; but still it was *adhered* to, and has grown stronger continually ever since. I consecrated myself to God; and the witness of

the Spirit was given to my sincerity and acceptance. This is of course important; for whatever our own opinions may be about our being sincere, they will amount to very little unless God thinks so too; *and if he does, the witness will be given*. I am now accustomed to date my *religious* experience back to this time. I could not now doubt that I was a Christian. If others had doubted it, I should have found it easy to appeal to God and leave the matter with him. Still I dared not look so high as entire sanctification. For about a year and a half I went on living, as is unfortunately too common, a decidedly *mixed* life; yet progressing somewhat, and cherishing that secret determination which was the germ of future conquest. During this period, and especially the latter part of it, God let the principles of the mixed life so *work out* as to humble me exceedingly, and I became extremely dissatisfied with myself and this manner of living. I should have preferred *death and sanctification* to such an altogether unsatisfactory life. I now give as the next effect,

5. The decision to receive the doctrine as true. Still I had no more evidence, essentially, than I had before; indeed I think it simply a matter of faith or unbelief. To those who receive it God says, "According to your faith be it unto you"; and, to those who receive it not, it is unto them "according to their faith," as all experience testifies.

6. The giving myself up to *experience* the truth of the doctrine in my heart and life, as early as possible, and at the sacrifice of whatever it might cost me. This I regard as the most important step of all; for not till it is taken are the full energies of the soul aroused to the pursuit of its object. Passages in the Bible corresponding to this state of mind now began to be understood as never before; such as — "Blessed are they which do *hunger and thirst after righteousness*,"—"If, therefore, thine eye be *single*,"—"Seek *first* the kingdom of God," etc. Among the chief helps

to me at this time, I mention with gratitude the "Riches of grace," and the religious works of Dr. Upham, besides the Interior Life, especially his "Divine Union," and "Mad. Guyon and Fenelon," which, with the Holy Bible were my daily companions; and which, in the absence for the most part of a "living preacher," or one who could constantly assist and direct me by word of mouth, were of inestimable service to me. By means of these blessed instrumentalities chiefly, the Holy Ghost led me on to the accomplishment of the last result which I shall mention as flowing from my acquaintance with the doctrine of holiness, viz :

7. My entrance into the "*rest of faith*."

This is different from all other experience, for it is the sum and completion of all. It seems to *include all good*. "And the Lord gave him rest from all his enemies around about." "There the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams." "He took me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and *established my goings*."

I might add a thousand other blessed effects of this doctrine, but perhaps they would all be involved in, or would naturally flow out from those I have mentioned, and I must not lengthen the enumeration. I will only add three remarks.

And *first*. In admitting this doctrine, and endeavoring to realize it moment by moment, we have at least the *certainty of striving to do the will of God in all things*.

This is repeatedly enforced in connection with the common doctrine;* and if it *actually be done* in the case of any one, there is little occasion for alarm; but how it *can be done*, without a practical recognition of the doctrine of entire holiness as attainable and to be expected in this life, I have failed to see.

*The writer assumes that the "common doctrine" does not endorse the distinctive work of entire sanctification as true in fact. Would to God that no sentiment of opposition to this blessed doctrine were "common" in any church!—[SUB ED.

Secondly. We have a practical sense of our obligation to be holy, and our *absolute inexcusableness* for not being so. This also is enforced, and sometimes claimed by the advocates of the more common doctrine; and again I say, if such a sense be *actually felt* in connection with the belief of their doctrine, very well; but in order to test the matter, let such ask themselves whether their sense of obligation to be holy now, and of their utter inexcusableness for not being so, would be increased if they believed that ten thousand others in similar external circumstances to themselves, and with as corrupt hearts by nature, were now living by the power and grace of God in entire holiness of heart and life. If so, their doctrine is to them a lull to conscience; it stops their ears to the voice of God, and is a secret excuse for indulgence in known sin. Let the advocates of the common doctrine make themselves *sure* that it has not this effect on them, and we will ask no more.

Finally. The *chief means* of sustaining my purpose to be holy has been the expectation of soon, in this life, becoming so,—the very thing which the common doctrine prohibits. It cuts the main sinew to him who is struggling into the way of holiness, or endeavoring to walk therein.

Oberlin, Feb. 1858.

OUR SINS.—"Some sins I have forgot; many I remember,—and these so heinous that I cannot forgive myself for them. It is well for me that God forgets none—forgives all."—[REV. T. ADAMS.

CHARACTER AND REPUTATION.—"Never court a good name by bad actions. For what will all the concurring applause of the whole signify to thee if yet thy conscience condemn thee louder than they can extol? This is but to have music at the door, when all the while there is chiding and brawling within."—[BISHOP HOPKINS.

INDEPENDENCE.—"A desire of disposing of ourselves,—of being independent of God,—is the root of all sin."—[WESLEY.

The Guide to Holiness.

SEPTEMBER, 1858.

EDITORIAL PAPERS.

THE INNER AND THE OUTER LIFE.

It is delightful to contemplate the outer life of a good man in its connection with the inward spiritual principle of life in the soul. Pious deeds are a result, a fruit, an effect, an expression. The condition, the tree, the cause, the life, are within the man. His life is hid with Christ in God; hid from the knowledge of worldly minds, so that they cannot understand his motives nor account for his actions. It will often happen that a pure and an impure heart will prompt to similar deeds, because motives of worldly policy coincide with godly wisdom. Indeed sin, all sin, is as foolish as it is wicked, and can no more be reconciled with a far-seeing policy, or a sound philosophy, than with righteousness. Many men, in a Christian land, have light enough and sense enough to avoid the grosser forms of sin,—to be truthful, and temperate, and upright, and benevolent,—who yet never perform an act under the simple promptings of desire to please God. It is not so with any holy person. The heart is set on doing the will of God. It rejects sin because it is sin, not because it is impolitic. It finds rest and heaven in the smile of God. Its intense love of God longs constantly and unutterably to express itself in sacrifices and toils for his glory. If, therefore, the outer exhibitions of a worldly mind do sometimes approximate those of a heart filled and inspired with love to Jesus, the resemblance between the two persons is all upon the surface. Explore the springs of action a little and you see as you approach the fountain-heads of desire and impulse that the two men are less and less alike. At heart there is not only no resemblance, but the contrast between them is that between a celestial and an infernal nature. "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

Fortunate circumstances make a bad man appear a good man; but only change his position and place him where truth is despised and sin is in high places, and where vice pays better than virtue, and his easy quick descent into low vice will at once demonstrate that his allegiance all along was to the world and not at all to God. A pure mind differs vitally from an impure one in the fact that its expres-

sions of goodness are the fruit of a gracious nature, and not the unnatural and forced result of accidental causes. Gravitation will detect and approach its centre in all worlds, the needle will find its pole in the dark, and a pure mind will exhibit its sympathy with the divine Being and government in heathen or Christian lands, in earth or heaven.

No man long sustains a position of hostility to sin,—all outward sin,—whose inner life is not pure. Good men have all a double history: one is the history of their public conflicts with sin and error,—the other is the history of their private heart searching, and their transforming communings with God. This private history is the more instructive branch of the life, because it gives the key to their characters and discovers the sources of their life-long zeal and amazing energies. The world never understands a man who acts from motives of pure love to God. "*The world knoweth us not.*"

Enoch, and Noah, and Abraham, and Joseph, and Moses, and Samuel, and David, and Elijah, and Isaiah, and Daniel, and John the Baptist, and Paul, and John, and Stephen, were all strange men in their times, whose lives were a constant enigma—a hopeless puzzle to their generations.

Joseph in Egypt,—the slave, the prisoner, and the viceroy, exhibits some of the wonders of providence, and shows us a long administration entirely faultless and successful to a marvel; but we get the key of it all in that gleam of light from his inner life that comes in the expression with which he answers a base proposal: "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God!"

'Twas wonderful that a Hebrew slave, in Babylon, should make his way to distinction, and find himself at length administering the Empire. Suddenly exiled from home, he never murmurs at providence; away from restraint, he never relaxes his morals; a slave, he retains his manhood; and in a heathen court he worships Jehovah. When distinction comes it comes unsought, and brings no pride of place; and, where life hangs on the will of royalty, there he dares to stand and be severely true. When envy, being able to find no fault in the administration of the great politician, only that he prayed, sought upon that accusation to compass his death by wild beasts, his response was the calmness of trust and the constancy of prayer. We are able to account for this wonderful integrity of character—this evil-

dent independence of worldly fortunes,—only by saying that the life of God was in the soul of Daniel, as the visions of God were in his eye.

David's enterprises, and exploits, and reign, are but half his history. The Psalms give us the rest. In the Acts of the Apostles we see the outer life of Paul; and in his Epistles we get fuller views of his soul-struggles and victories—his inner life. We wonder at the long-continued toils and struggles of Howard and Wilberforce till we catch some expression from them that reveals the inner man, and then we see such faith in Christ, such consciousness of his smile, such strength of love to God, such conscious identification with the kingdom of God, that all is plain. Such men are not of the world. Their life is hid with Christ in God.

How precious is this inner life, this rest, this trust, these refreshing cordials of grace. There is a daily retirement from the world,—a daily dwelling in the mount with God. Faith has its mount of vision, where the soul sits serene above the storms that vex the groveling multitudes,—above the fogs and clouds of sense and passion,—where she gets panoramic views of life and the ways of providence; and where the facts of revelation are brought home to the soul with a power of realization that sends her forth to her tasks and conflicts girded with celestial armor. A Christian thus armed can stand, if duty calls, within the marts of trade, where eager commerce jostles, and pushes, and grasps, with a soul unmoved amidst the storm, or only moved with compassion for the eager deluded crowds around him. Even the crowded street proffers a closet and an altar to such a faith.

Has the reader this inner life?—this life, the history of which is the history of the soul's daily, hourly intercourse with God, as the outer Christian life is its intercourse with the world. Does the soul breathe the atmosphere of heaven as the body breathes the atmosphere of earth? Do we long for the closet as a healthy man for his meals? Do our thoughts instinctively turn back to God and dwell upon holy topics? While we muse does the fire burn so that our hearts are hot within us? Does the Spirit take the things of Christ and shew them unto us? Have we continual serenity of spirit? Do we bear contradiction and reproach with quietness? If so, is the quietness *really inward quietness*, or is it the result of an effort put forth at the moment to *hold ourselves still*? To make the question plainer,

when malice hurls a bolt at us do we feel that it does not really hit *us*?—that there is no inward anguish of spirit which would lead us to say, "*I cannot have it so; I cannot bear it,*" or the like? Do we feel a fellowship with the holy? Do we find, when we listen to the recital of their deeper experiences, that we have the key to it all in our own daily realizations of divine things? Do we feel an indescribable union of spirit with them, stronger than death and sweeter as heaven? Are we delivered from fear—the fear of future poverty, or disgrace, or pain, or bereavement, or death? Have we sometimes resigned longings of soul for home? And do we rejoice

Nightly to pitch our moving tent,
A day's march nearer home?

These, if we understand aright, are some of the symptoms of the inner life. Christians must mingle with the world for the good of the world, as the salt must be strewn among the articles it is to preserve; but every Christian must retire in spirit daily from the world to commune with God, and lose the soul again in the divine fulness, or the salt will soon lose its savor.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHRIST'S PRECIOUS LAMBS.

"*TRUTH* is flying, quickly flying,
Precious ones do not delay,
Come to Jesus! Come to Jesus!
He will bless you while you pray."

THERE are doubtless some dear children who read this page of the Guide and yet know nothing in their own experience of the "Way of Holiness," because they have not yet given their hearts to the Savior. To such dear ones Leila wishes to send a message to-day.

She is in the habit of gathering a group of such little girls and boys around her every Saturday afternoon. They repeat verses from the precious Bible to Leila, and then she tries to guide them to the dear Savior. The above is one verse of a hymn she has written to sing with them. If you were to look into the hall where they meet perhaps you would say, "Some of those children are too young to be Christians!" But it is not so! Oh how Leila does wish that all the good people who read the "Guide to Holiness" believed that such little ones, only four or five years old, could be lambs of the Savior's fold. "*Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not.*" How

many Christian parents do forbid their little ones to come to Jesus because they have so little faith to pray for them!

But it is not so with all parents. Leila was recently visiting at the house of one of the ladies who writes for the Guide. She has a dear boy, fifteen years of age, and how long do you think it is, children, since he began to love the Savior? Why, more than ten years! Yes, he was but four years and a half old when he became a Christian.

You cannot think how sweet it was for Leila to be alone with this young Christian to join with him in prayer, and to talk with him about their best and dearest friend! May this dear boy gird on the whole armor of God and become a valiant soldier of the cross. He has a sister who gave her heart to the Savior when she was but six years old. Ask your parents to purchase a little book called the Way of Holiness, and there you will read all about her conversion. Her name is Sarah, and she is still living. The children were delighted to hear that Sarah P—— and her brother are living; for in some way they had received the idea that pious children always died when they were very young.

On the two hundred and seventy-seventh page you will see that Mrs. P—— had been telling her daughter about a little Christian child, and assured her that God, who had given a new heart to little Mary, was willing to bestow the same precious gift upon her.

O! I wish I had it! O, I want it *now*, said little Sarah. Then follows the whole history of her conversion; for it was but a few hours after this that the dear child was rejoicing in possession of that precious gift which Sarah and her mama had prayed so earnestly that they might obtain that very night. Listen to her expressions of joy! O, Mamma, I feel as if I had a new heart! I think I have! O, I am almost sure! Yes, *I am sure!* And soon after singing a very sweet hymn she exclaimed, "O! how happy I am! Every body ought to love the Savior! I feel as if I wanted to tell every body!" It is not strange that her pious father was sent for. Who can describe his joy when he entered the chamber and felt that there was reason to hope that his dear little daughter had indeed been born again.

Sarah was *almost sure* then that she had a new heart; but if she had died very soon after, some persons would have said, perhaps, after all she was mistaken. But Leila saw her when

she was in New York, and her brother, and she is *happy* to assure the dear children that they are now *quite sure* because it is so many years since they began to love the Savior. They would not part with this precious gift of a new heart for all the gold and precious stones that could be found in the whole world! It has made them *so happy!* O, you cannot think, dear little children, how happy you would be if you, too, would come this very night and give your young hearts to the Savior.

"Precious ones do not delay, but come to Jesus! And you may be quite sure that he will bless you, and make you his own little lambs, though you may be so very young that others may think you are not old enough to be Christians."

EDITORS' DRAWER.

MEETINGS FOR HOLINESS.—These meetings, we are happy to learn, are being established all over the country, and with the happiest results. They meet with a measure of opposition; this must be expected. But the late revivals have so thoroughly demonstrated the power of the vital truths which the friends of holiness seek to disseminate, that the repugnance formerly felt has been very much softened. Indeed, seldom was there so much of the spirit of enquiry, and so much hungering and thirsting after righteousness, as at the present time. Let the friends of Jesus be on the alert. But, beloved, suffer one word of caution. Guard against the least deviation from the revealed Word. Bring every exercise, every experience, to this test—"To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." We feel like laying special stress on this point for two reasons. First. It is the rock on which very many have foundered. Impressions and impulses have been taken as coming from God without sufficiently testing their character and seeing how far they harmonize with inspired truth; and the result has been, the light that once existed has become darkness—and, oh, how great is that darkness! Second. Many who are led to attend these meetings from a curiosity to learn more about this new way, as it is emphatically to them, will be repelled or attracted as God's TRUTH is made to shine or be clouded by those who testify. Such meetings, then, should always be under the superintendence of an experienced person, prepared kindly

but promptly to arrest the first departure from the right way.

For the information of friends who may visit the city, and others, we append below a list of these meetings held in two of our principal cities, and should be happy to include others had we the necessary information.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness are held in Boston, as follows:

Tuesday, 10 A. M., — Old South Chapel.

Thursday, 10 A. M., — Old South Chapel.

Thursday, 1-4 P. M., — Bromfield St. Vestry.

Saturday, 10 A. M., — Old South Chapel.

In New York:

Tuesday, 2.30 P. M., at Mrs. Palmer's, cor. of Rivington and Eldridge streets.

Wednesday, 3 P. M., at Bedford street Church.

Thursday, 3 P. M., at Mrs. Clark's, 27 Hubert Street.

Thursday, 3 P. M., at No. 5 Twelfth Street.

Sunday, 1.30, at Willett Street Church.

BISHOPS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—We have received from the Publisher a beautiful lithographic engraving of the Bishops of the Methodist Church. The likenesses are striking, and together constitute a very pretty picture for framing. It will be carefully done up on a roller and sent by mail, unless otherwise directed, *free of postage*. Price \$1.50, with one third discount to preachers. Please send New England bills, or *gold dollars*, and the fractions in postage stamps. Envelop the money carefully, and direct to Publisher of the Guide, 22 Cornhill, Boston.

DO YOU LOVE JESUS?—There was a new interest to us in this interrogatory, as we heard it propounded by a Christian brother to a little girl who, with her sister, had been entertaining us with the singing of that sweet hymn—

"Come, and welcome, to Jesus,
The sinner's kind friend."

Her eye glistened as she modestly replied in the affirmative. What a depth of meaning there is in this question! How it develops the nature of the Christian religion! What a fearful picture does it give of human depravity! Apart from grace we are haters of Christ—the love of God is not in us. These words, then, constitute a mirror in which the heart is compelled to see its real state; and when uttered in Christian tenderness seldom fails of its object.

What rendered the occasion, to which we have adverted above, one of special interest was, that these children are giving a beautiful exhibition of filial piety in consecrating their earnings to the support of Christian parents who are in a condition to need such aid. Their vocal powers are really marvellous for children of their age; and, as they will give concerts in the large cities and elsewhere, we cheerfully commend all lovers of melody, if opportunity offers, to go and hear the MYERS SISTERS. They are under the care of Rev. H. B. Gower, a Sabbath School minister, as he is pleased to style himself, who proposes to superintend their education and develop their musical powers.

AN OBITUARY.—Rev. D. Lamkin, speaking of the demise of "Sister SARAH JANE BROWN," of West Dryden, New York, writes:—"She was a most devoted and useful member in all the various departments of female labor in the church. She had enjoyed the blessing of entire sanctification about one year and a half, and your excellent Guide had contributed very much to the permanency of the work in her heart and life."

CHEERING TESTIMONY.—A correspondent writing from Georgia, says:—"When I first went to O., this state, four years ago, there were about three copies of the Guide taken there. It fell into my hands while there about two years ago, and I began to read, recommend, and circulate it, until now there are no less, I believe, than thirty-five or forty copies taken there. Truly the Lord has greatly honored and prospered it as an instrumentality of good in his hand."

"It prepared, even laid, the foundation of one of the greatest, most thorough, and wonderful revivals of religion ever known in this country; some call it enthusiasm, others fanaticism, and still others wildness. But I rejoice that I have ever been led to recognize and embrace the Lord in *his fulness*, his life, glory, and power. "*Hope thou in God.*" "*Be of good cheer.*" To God be all the praise."

REV. R. MCGONEGAL.—A letter from this brother, dated July 24th, informs us that he has taken up his residence in Dundas, C. W., where he is to preside over the "Wesleyan Female College" recently established there. We wish him most heartily every success in this new field of labor. In closing his letter he

says, "I would like to have the Guide, of August, notice the opening of our Wesleyan Female College in Dundas, C. W." The letter did not reach here till after our August issue,—hence the request could not be complied with at the time.

MRS. PALMER'S FORTHCOMING VOLUME.—

One of our contributors, whose good fortune it has been to see the MSS. of Mrs. Palmer's forthcoming volume, thus writes of it :

"While on a visit at Dr. Palmer's, I enjoyed a rich treat in the perusal of the manuscript of the volume you have now in press, entitled '*The Promise of the Father*.' I confess that I have always entertained very different views in relation to the true sphere of woman. But the eloquence of Mrs. P. seems perfectly irresistible. The work is so enriched by arguments drawn from the sacred fountain of light, that it is destined to excite the deepest interest throughout the Christian world. It does not seem to me extravagant to say that it excels in eloquence anything that God has yet enabled this gifted writer to present to the public.—LEILA LEE.

We announced the work to be ready on the first of September; but, in consequence of the author's detention at St. Johns, we fear we shall have to delay it a while longer,—though probably it will be out before our next issue.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

REVIVAL INTELLIGENCE.—The following summary of the present state of the Revival work we clip from one of our exchanges :

The *Five Points Monthly*, now termed the *Message*, of New York, states that there has been no material decrease in the number of attendants at the noonday prayer meetings since the first of May.

Among a large number of regular attendants "revival piety is now brought home,—embraced and cherished as a daily household, street, store, and office inhabitant!" They have held on through three of the most trying months, and now cling to the daily prayer meeting as a permanent institution, and the fervid intercessions have deepened steadily in intensity.

Many prayer meetings are continued with this heaven-born courage. A minister and leaders at a Brooklyn daily meeting had given way to the suggestion of convenience, and proposed to suspend until September. But the

mass of attendants so eagerly desired to continue, that they yielded to their fervor, and a daily meeting has been kept up.

In other cities the work does not languish. In Boston it is stated that the interest has settled into a *permanent* religious interest, and religion has entered into a *matter of fact* business of life among Christians. It is believed that there is a greater revival, religious action, in Boston than ever before. The degraded and fallen there attend with increasing interest their meetings. Brands are plucked from the burning. Several hundred young men, who cannot attend in the day, attend a meeting held for them at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association from nine to ten o'clock.

In many towns and villages in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, there have been great additions to the churches, and daily Union prayer meetings are kept up in many of them.

Women are not yet to be found to start the "Working Girl's" prayer meeting.

BOOK NOTICES.

TRUTHS FOR THE TIMES.

No. 1. *The reasonableness of future, endless punishment.*

No. 2. *Instantaneous conversion, and its connection with piety.*

No. 3. *Justification and its consequences.* Addressed to Inquirers and young Converts.

No. 4. *God is love.* A supplement to the author's discourse on the reasonableness of future, endless punishment.

The above tracts, published by GOULD & LINCOLN, of this city, are from the pen of Nehemiah Adams, D. D., Pastor of the Essex Street Church, (Congregational,) Boston. Dr. A. is a theologian, and handles his subject with the skill of a master. The first number in the series is a discourse first preached to his own people, and afterwards repeated in the Hollis Street Unitarian Church at the request of the Pastor, Rev. T. Starr King. To this Mr. King replied; and number four contains Dr. A's rejoinder. As the production of two of the leading minds in the Orthodox and Unitarian churches, they cannot fail to be read with interest. Rev. Mr. King is a Universalist, though holding the pastorate of a Unitarian church,—a significant fact, showing at least the sympathy of these two sects.

Memoir of
Rev. William C. Kendall, A. M.

BY REV. A. A. PHELPS.

[Continued.]

A FEW weeks after his conversion a brother asked him if he believed the blessing of entire holiness attainable in this life. He said he did; but had not thought of it as for *him*. He was then urged to press after it with all his heart. He searched the Bible, and found it full of the doctrine; prayed for the help of the Spirit, and rapidly grew in the knowledge of the truth.

While at home in vacation, he sought still more earnestly for inward purity. He says: "I attended at this time a Quarterly Meeting, and heard on Saturday a sermon from Rev. J. B. Alverson, P. E., on justification, all of which I *knew* I had experienced. Several times that day I had pleaded for the witness of a clean heart, and in the evening renewed my petitions. That evening, on my knees, my soul was filled with a wonderful *love*; and, as I arose to speak in the prayer-meeting, the words stood out before me: '*God, for Christ's sake, has sanctified my soul*'; but I talked all around them, and sat down in doubt. On the Sabbath the P. E. preached on sanctification. I watched him closely all through; and on going home said to my mother, 'Brother A. has preached no more than I have experienced.' She replied, 'Perhaps he does not enjoy the blessing'; 'and so has not preached it all,' thought I. But I could not rest. I kept looking for the unmistakable evidence; and that evening, on my way through the woods to the church, God so filled me again with the consuming fire of his love that I could no longer doubt, but rose at the first opportunity in meeting to declare *what God had done for my soul*."

In about three months some trouble occurred in the Society at home which elicited much party feeling. Listening one

day to a brother who was dwelling on the wrong, William gave place to an evil word of an absent brother. It was but a word; yet he felt the Spirit instantly grieved. The suggestion came: "The Lord will not take away the blessing for so *small* a sin"; but, while listening, he found himself at once in darkness. The Spirit urged immediate retraction; but he yielded to the temptation to "wait." And, as he said, "I *did* wait for six long years. In a very little time I found myself away back from where I had been, and the difficulties in the way of returning seemed insurmountable."

In the autumn of 1846, having passed a satisfactory examination, he was admitted to the Junior class in the Wesleyan University at Middletown. Up to this time he had maintained a respectable standing as a member of the church. His outward duties were punctually performed; though he has often acknowledged that his closet was much neglected—his *heart* was cold, and worship proved a task. He at length became alarmed at his growing lethargy, and resolved to break the chains and once more walk in the light. This he found no easy task. Again and again was he foiled, till, despairing of any strength in his own resolutions, he cried out, "Lord, I can do *nothing* of myself,—save me or I perish." He had power given to find his way to the cross, where he soon found *forgiveness*; though not without many powerful struggles of his old habits to defeat him. Again he urged his plea for a clean heart; for nothing short of this could answer his turn after all the light and experience of the past. During his last year at college he regained the blessing in the college-chapel prayer-meeting. There was not a sense of that fullness which he first felt; this returned only as he walked on fulfilling his covenant vows.

Once more all was balanced again. It was worth worlds to him, he said, in his studies. Now everything in his labors moved harmoniously, as around one great

centre. He felt the truth the poet sings :

"Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move —
The centre of my soul."

The Spirit began to lead him out to labor for souls, now, everywhere he went. An extract from a letter to his parents, in the spring of 1848, evinces best his feelings and labors of love. He says :

"Since last fall I have been endeavoring, with much success I trust, to live up to my adopted standard of life,—*ever doing good and getting good.*" I passed the winter very pleasantly, and with the cheering consolation of believing that I had been made the means of usefulness. Was quite successful in teaching the "native Yankees" how to make music; but the best of all was, the Lord was with us. Two of the places where I taught were favored with the out-pouring of God's Spirit. At Clinton many of my scholars were converted, and at Madison *all*, with scarcely an exception, were brought from darkness to light. Those, you may be sure, were blessed times to me : my prayers were fully answered — my brightest anticipations more than realized."

In August he graduated, having received exhorter's license in May previous, signed by James Floy, and local preacher's license, July 31st, 1848, signed by Seymor Landon, P. Elder. He returned to the embrace of his friends, after an absence of eight years in student life, developed to manhood, with the lines of intellectual taste and discipline clearly marked, and possessing the charms of person and address that must win all hearts. But his soul desired no *earthly* honors. As he went out from his *Alma Mater* he said the language of his heart was, "Let me be great,—not like Cæsar, stained with blood,—but *only* great as I am good."

He was urged to join the Genesee Conference at once; and, feeling shut up to that path, he entered, Sept., 1848, and

received his first appointment to Cambria charge. His first *sermon* was preached in the church of his nativity. He went to his work, inexperienced and alone, to find some dissatisfied with so "green a preacher." But he resolved to do them good. His first great temptation was to preach *sermons*; but, during a few days of illness, God brought eternity very near, and opened before him two ways for choice. One was to preach elaborate discourses, to draw the learned, the critical, the fastidious, and *have as a meed popular applause*; the other was to preach plain, practical truth, and Christ crucified, unencumbered with Greek and Latin paragraphs to illustrate *himself* and his parts, and to urge upon the people *holy living*,—striving to present "*every man perfect*," with the necessary result,—*reproach* from carnal men, but *God's smile*! Glory to God forever! he chose the latter, the *only* way to the crown! Nor was it long before he saw scores converted and sanctified. He looked upon this decision as the turning point of his usefulness for all his ministerial career. So it proved.

Sept. 19th, 1850, he was married to Miss Martha F. Wallace. This was a union which he believed directed of God; and many can testify with what perfect harmony they moved on in their untiring efforts to promote the Gospel of life, and power, and peace. In a letter addressed to her, about this time, he says : "My convictions have long been deepening that Holiness is the only doctrine that can save the church, and through her the world. Without it no man shall see the Lord. I love to think of it, I love to talk and preach it, and best of all, I love to *enjoy* it. With God's help it shall be my theme through life, and my watchword at the gates of death."

His next appointment was Royalton circuit. The year was laborious, and crowned with some success. Unsophisticated in the subtleties of a wicked world, (for he had always kept disentangled from the snares

so common to student life,) he met here a new and strange trial, growing out of the unaccountable trances of a servant girl, a few days in the family. He soon found it to be all from satanic power, (though to his unsuspicious nature it had appeared impossible,) and declared his belief that it was intended to destroy his influence, but, permitted of God to fortify him against the wiles of spiritualism, and arm him to resist its invasions wherever he went. He escaped unharmed, and with the confidence of all who knew him.

In 1851 he was appointed to Pike, where his labors were owned by a mighty outpouring of the Spirit. One hundred and fifty were converted, and over a hundred added to the church. Here, as everywhere, he insisted on entire holiness, and saw many of the converts pressing into it. There were a few witnesses of this grace among the older members; but by others the presentation of the subject to converts was deemed beyond their understanding,—a reflection on their unfaithfulness, and not *prudent*. Official brethren requested him to desist preaching the doctrine, for the time at least, as “too strong meat for babes,” and calculated to drive away *men of influence, needed to the Church!* He listened,—thought he would try it,—perhaps they were right,—but soon witnessed the whole church backsliding as the consequence. He repented in alarm; and from that hour determined to preach holiness, as Asbury says, “in every sermon.” Some were restored; but others went back beyond recovery, and are to-day *infidels!* Let ministers beware how they hide the truth for *peace*,—the peace of *death*.

He was of course deemed from that time an “unsafe” man, because he would not, *dared* not, offend God, to save friends or reputation. Accordingly he was removed to Covington circuit, his home, where he labored for two years most glorious in success. Here he had colleagues who were helpers in the Gospel. At one point the work took nearly the whole community for

miles around; it was deep and thorough,—such as he had never before seen. The work of sanctification also spread over the entire circuit, and many living witnesses yet remain to “stand up for Jesus” with all their hearts and lives.

[To be continued.]

The Uplifted Heart.

BY ELDORA.

WHEN morn illumines the eastern sky,
And ushers in the day,
Up to the sacred throne of grace
I'll lift my heart and pray.

When sits upon his noontide throne
The monarch of the day,
And pours on earth his flood of light,
I'll lift my heart and pray.

And when his flaming chariot rides
Adown the western sky,
And twilight's gentle veil descends,
I'll lift my heart and pray.

And when the nightly queen doth pass
Along her azure way,
While round her crowd the glittering hosts,
I'll lift my heart and pray.

When o'er my head the gloomy clouds
With threatening aspect stray,
While from their darkness lightnings gleam,
I'll lift my heart and pray.

When on my soul my God doth pour
His own celestial ray,
And my light heart is glad, O! then
I'll lift my heart and pray.

Thus, while I pass with feeble step
O'er life's uneven way,
In weal or woe, to thee, O God,
I'll lift my heart and pray.

MOVEABLE CONSCIENCE.—“There are some kinds of chemical substances which being exposed at a low temperature maintain their form and figure, but which being subjected to a slight degree of heat exhale and disappear. So it is with some consciences. What is the worth of a moveable conscience?”—[BEECHER.]

Speak for Jesus.

BY L. E. R.

SPEAK for Jesus! Christian speak!
Tell Redemption's wondrous story;
Tell a listening world the way
To the Christian's home in glory.

Speak for Jesus! Brother, speak!
Keep a timid silence never!
Speak—one warning word may save
Souls from fiercest flames forever.

Speak for Jesus! Sister, speak!
Go with faith and tears and pleading;
Point the dying to a Savior
For them ever interceding.

Speak for Jesus, old and young!
Speak! whatever be your station;
O'er a sin-cursed, ruined world
Spread Emmanuel's great salvation.

Speak for Jesus *everywhere*;
Speak with earnest, holy daring.
Zion's children heavenward go,
Duties doing, crosses bearing.

God in the Soul.

AND now, if we plead guiltless of mysticism, is there no hidden fissure in a contrary direction? We believe that there is, and that the rugged chasm is a wide one. Thousands even of Christians stumble into it, while mysticism may almost number her victims on her wasted fingers. The mystic may lose himself in misdirected meditation on God; but is it not mournfully true that the most of us nearly forget him altogether? We are practical atheists. But let us first step back awhile and reflect upon the exhaustless meaning of that solemn word, "GOD." Time and space, which surround us with impassable barriers, are no bound to him; for two trackless eternities are at this and at every moment before his unsleeping eye, and every point of the wide universe pulsates with his presence. The unseen leaf that flutters in the far depths of the tropical forest is his workmanship and his care. The tiniest animalcule that swims is fed and cherished by his ever-open hand; that same

hand that bears up the huge million-peopled ball on which we dwell, and sweeps it along with a fearful velocity around its vast circuit. And when we pass onward to the dotted million of blazing suns, each with its attendant satellites, shall we not bend in reverent adoration before him who suspended these glorious ever-burning lamps in the majestic temple of the universe? Let us ponder these things, and not glibly read of them with no deeper impression than is made by a bird's foot on a block of granite. Should the awful presence of such a stupendous being as this be ever forgotten? Natural religion answers, "No." What is the reply which revelation gives? *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment;—Walk before me;—I have set the Lord always before me.* It would be easy to add other passages which seem to imply the same duty. Let the reader do this for himself. To our own mind the *first and great commandment* is abundantly conclusive.

The scriptures are the court of appeal in every theological difficulty; but that vital principle need not deter us from inquiring what human authority delivers upon this question. The first quotation refers to the saintly Fletcher, and is especially valuable.

"It was his constant endeavor to set the Lord before him, and to maintain an uninterrupted sense of his presence. In order to this, he was slow of speech and had the greatest government of his words. Indeed he both acted, and spoke, and thought, as under the eye of God. And thus he remained unmoved in all occurrences; at all times, and on every occasion, possessing inward recollection. Nor did I ever see him diverted therefrom on any occasion whatever, either going out or coming in, whether by ourselves or in company. Sometimes he took his journeys alone; but above a thousand miles I have traveled with him, during which neither change of company, nor of place, nor the variety of

circumstances which naturally occur in traveling, ever seemed to make the least difference in his firm attention to the presence of God. To preserve this uniform habit of soul he was so watchful and collected, that to such as were inexperienced in these things it might appear like insensibility. But no one could converse in a more lively and sensible manner, even on natural things, when he saw it was to the glory of God."

"But if we could secure our tongues and senses," (we are quoting from a translation of the theological lectures of the heavenly-minded Leighton,) "or keep safe our hearts and all the issues of life, we must be frequent at prayer in the morning, at noon, and at night, or oftener throughout the day, and continually walk as in the presence of God; always remembering that he observes not only our words and actions, but also takes notice of our most secret thoughts. This is the sum and substance of true piety; for he who is always sensible that that pure and all-seeing eye is continually upon him, will never venture to sin with set purpose, or full consent of mind. This sense of the divine presence would certainly make our life on this earth like that of the angels; for according to our Lord's expression, it is their peculiar advantage *continually to behold the face of our Father who is in heaven.*"

"In order to attain these glorious ends," says the world-honored Wesley, "spare no pains to preserve always a deep, a continued, a lively, and a joyous sense of his gracious presence."

"True religion," says Newton, the friend of Cowper, "is an habitual recollection of God, and intention to serve him."

"Those certainly," says Dwight, "are the only wise, the only prudent human beings who continually remember this great truth; and who at all times, in their amusements as well as in their serious business, say in their hearts, *Thou God seest me.*"

"There is nothing," writes Law in his

Serious Call, "that so powerfully governs the heart, that so strongly excites us to wise and reasonable actions, as a true sense of God's presence."

"Rest not a moment," wrote Richard Watson, "without the *felt presence* of your God." And we are told of him in his last illness, that "he wished to keep his mind stayed on God every moment."

"A good Christian, walking in his fields, sitting in his chamber, lying upon his bed, is thinking of God," writes Paley; and none will charge him with enthusiastic notions.

"May you enjoy the divine presence both in private and public; and may *the arms of your hands be made strong by the right hand of the mighty God of Jacob*; which are the passionate desires and prayers of your affectionate, dying brother, David Brainerd."

"However," says the self-denying Martyn, "I was enabled to tell the Moonshe one thing,—that my chief enjoyment, even now on earth, was the enjoyment of God's presence, and a growing conformity to him."

And the heroic Neff, in a dying letter to his Alpine flock, laments that he was often deprived of the presence of God,—a token that he felt the importance of realizing it.

To lengthen this short chain of quotations would be easy, especially by a very valuable but lengthy passage from the philosophic Butler; but one caution is necessary,—we do not assert that every authority here adduced, or indeed that any one of them would assent to our position, that constant communion with God in all our walking moments is literally possible and our most serious duty. The question may be put, Can the mind think of two things at once,—of God and of some one of the thousand things which call for attention? To this we reply, When we pray should we not realize the divine presence, and give earnest heed also to the thanksgivings and petitions which we offer up? Could we not converse with an invisible listener and attend both to him and to the words we

both uttered? A public speaker will endeavor to be audible to his remotest hearer, and not to speak too loudly for his nearest; and yet, whilst attending to his audience, he should give firm and prompt heed to what he is saying. If in no other mode, it does then seem possible to realize the presence of God continually by holding constant communion with him. When conversing with a friend why may we not feel that we are speaking to God also and especially? for it is this great fact that should weigh with us. When reading a book why may we not feel that we are reading it to him? In short, why may

not every thought which flows through our minds float upon a deep under-current of communion with God? Nothing which it is right to do is too trivial for us to spread silently before our Maker's eye; and blessed are they who have ever consciously with them a Being of infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, to sanctify their joys and to alleviate their sorrows.—[London (Wesleyan) Quarterly.]

The Daily Sacrifice.

BY Y.

To thee, O God, my heart I bring,
This is my daily offering,
For thee to cleanse and guide each day
Through all life's toilsome dang'rous way.

In trust thou wilt the treasure keep;
Where e'er I go, awake, or sleep,
My faithful covenant, and true,
Will save me till thy face I view.

There, with the full fruition blest,
I will enjoy my gracious rest,—
Rejoice with all the holy throng
While endless ages pass along.

What e'er my duty then may be,
No doubt or cross to hinder me,
My joyous soul with pinions bright
Will dwell in uncreated light.

REASON AND FAITH.—“Reason and Faith resemble the two sons of the patriarch: Reason is the first-born, but Faith inherits the blessing.”—[FULLER.]

No other Name.

BY MINERVA.

NOTHING but the grace of God reigning in the heart can permanently affect us. There is no genuine remedy for the diseased heart but the application of the all-cleansing blood of Christ. When the heart is purified by the Holy Spirit, and brought into communion with God, it is in a healthy state, but not otherwise. The natural heart is a chaos, and the Spirit alone brooding upon its mysterious depths can form it into a world of beauty. Many inventions have been sought out by which to develop the good supposed to be resident in the human heart. Some have prescribed spare diet and hard study; some, seclusion from the world; others have thought if our physical nature could be perfectly developed the mental and moral would be also. But these prescriptions have failed, and must ever fail. Neither perfect health nor mental strength will insure the development of the moral nature. The discipline acquired by the study of the sciences will improve the mind in one direction, but it will not subdue pride in the heart; neither will it subdue our unholy tempers and passions, which if left to overrun the heart will greatly degrade our mental being. How does it become a man possessed of a strong intellect to have a wicked heart? It reminds one of precious stones and jewels among swine! It becomes such an one to look to the improvement of his heart, else the fine structure of intellect he has reared with such care will be overrun and defaced. Ever since man sinned and fell he has been perplexing his brain to invent some means by which to get back to Eden besides those which heaven has appointed. But at last he has to acknowledge the truth of the beautiful language of Scripture: “There is no other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved.” Even affliction,—the great instructor of poor human nature,—without the influences of grace, is insuffi-

cient to improve the heart. Witness the man seemingly just about to be ushered into eternity. How does he feel in regard to the anxieties and ambitions that before absorbed his mind? Ask him; he will tell you they are less than nothing. But "How does my soul stand with God?" is the question that now engrosses his whole attention. Let that person be restored to health and the solemn voice of eternity begins to grow fainter with returning strength; and, unless restrained by the grace of God, the flood of worldliness sets in with greater power. What a proof of the weakness and depravity of our nature! The burning fever, the anguish of soul in view of speedily appearing before God, the yow, seemingly uttered from the very depths of the heart, are all like a troubled dream. The appetites, cheated awhile of their demands, set in with new force. The man that a short time since looked upon earth as nothing, begins to eat and drink; and lo! the telescope is changed—earth is great, heaven is small; time is near, eternity far off. How short-sighted! how forgetful of the great, how mindful of the small! Neither prosperity nor misfortune, sickness nor health, can permanently influence our hearts for good. When everything is bright around us, and our hands are filled with gifts from our Father, we hold fast the gifts but never look up to the Giver. When sorrow smites us, or grief pierces our hearts with its cruel shafts, we are ready to cry out, "Surely against me is he turned: he turneth his hand against me all the day." The storms of affliction pass over us. For a moment we remember our broken vows, — pray and resolve. Deliverance comes—we forget we resolved, forget our prayers. O surely none but God would suffer such sinning mortals to live. "But the infinitely gracious One holds out the sceptre of pardon still. None but he who has tried by earthly remedies to make his heart better is sensible of the deep depravity of his nature. God lets him try these remedies to show him how utterly

helpless he is. But when the grace of God reigns in the heart all is brought into sweet subjection; peace reigns instead of confusion, while from the sacred altar of the heart rises the holy incense of love toward heaven. The change has been wrought because there has been an appeal to the mighty *name of Jesus*; and happy is it for poor erring man when he gives up all confidence in the flesh and trusts in that name alone to save him.

It must be Preached.

BY EDWARD E. ROGERS.

EVERY faithful pastor will give a prominent place to the doctrine of "full salvation." True, he will "rightly divide the word of truth"; he will plead with the wayward sinner, and seek the restoration of backsliders; but, remembering that the "tongue of fire" and the "baptism of power" are *first of all* essential to the success of Christianity, he will, with most earnest zeal and never tiring patience, endeavor to lead believers into the rest of holiness. Alas! how many of the watchmen on Zion's walls neglect this! How many, in a cold and uninspiring manner, only occasionally allude to the necessity of spirit-cleansing. How many seldom or never raise the standard of Christian perfection before their brethren, and urge them to *reach* it, and reach it *now*.

O! that every Christian minister, whom God has taught the glorious doctrine of "sanctification by faith," were fearless to proclaim it. Speak, "Men of God," heedless of opposition! Speak *burning words* in defense of this "eternal truth"! Would you have the Church "terrible as an army with banners" to its foes, seek for it the "baptism of the Holy Ghost." O, tell of the love that "casts out fear"; tell of the will that blends with the will of God; tell of the heart that often knows the rapturous joy of Beulah's sunny land; and, till every brother and sister has found the priceless blessing, cease not with holy earnestness to tell of a "full salvation."

Christ Within.

Now o'er the earth the Lord appears,
Radiant as in celestial spheres.
The angel-bands are drawing nigh,
The shouts are echoing through the sky.
This is the new creation morn
When Christ *within* the *soul* is born.

As surely as the waters flow
From mountain height to vales below,
The *living* streams are issuing forth
To fertilize the bosom earth.

The bramble, not the myrtle tree,
Th' issuing forth of fire shall see,
As from the burning bush there came
The light of God's ethereal flame;
So, from the bramble and the thorn
Of dying self, shall Christ be born.

To little ones the key is given
T' unlock the mysteries of heaven.
The little fly may bur and sing
Before the light, and scorch its wing;
But the light shineth still the same,
Although the victim may be slain.

The sea ! the sea shall be no more,
Leviathan shall cease its roar;
Within is this unquiet sea
Raging oft so furiously.
Here are the waters, vast and deep,
Wherein so many monsters keep,
And hide themselves from light of day
And still within the waters play.

The sea ! the sea shall be no more,
Its angry swellings cease their roar.
"Reach, take my hand, and walk with me,
I still the ragings of the sea;
I give my children power to tread
On serpent's and on scorpion's heads."
The noon-day light of Jesus' reign
Shows all the powers of darkness slain.

"Thy will, O God, not mine, be done,"
Thus spake the well-beloved Son;
And thus the children shall proclaim
The glory of Emmanuel's reign.
A mirror each of Christ shall be,
Where his reflection all may see.
The sea of glass, in open space,
Reflects but one—the Savior's face.

DOUBT.—"Never be afraid to doubt if only you have a disposition to believe; and doubt in order that you may end in believing the truth."—COLERIDGE.

Female Devotedness.

"She hath done what she could."—CHRIST.

BY J.

FEMALE devotedness to Christ, with his marked approval and high commendation, occupies an elevated position in Scripture history. The subject of the above motto evinced her attachment to the Savior in a significant and impressive deed. Though to the unbeliever the pouring out of the ointment was considered to be a waste, yet in that act she was embalmed in the affections of him for whom it was done, while her worthy deed is to be made known to a world as a standing rebuke to the worldly-minded and covetous, and for an imperishable example of Christian love and cheerful sacrifice.

May the *true Marys* in every land be found *at last* among the illustrious daughters of God, of whom severally it shall be divinely said, "She hath done what she could."

July 19, 1858.

BIBLE THE HOPE OF THE WORLD.—"The clear outshining of the Word of God; the condemnation of sin by it; the pouring of it upon the hearts and consciences of men; the manifestation of it to every man's conscience in the sight of God, constitute the only possibility of the world's salvation. Therefore concealing the truth through fear of men and respect of persons is a great wickedness. Handling the Word of God deceitfully is a great wickedness against God."—[CHEEVER.

THE CROSS.—"The cross confederates heaven and earth; the cross rejoins men and angels in the unanimity of their ancient concord. The cross is the death of vice, the fountain and life of all virtue. The cross is the courage of those that are fighting bravely, the hope of those that are fallen, the crown of those that are victorious."—[PETER DOMINI.

"Let my Jesus be Exalted."

HAVING been for some time deeply impressed with the thought that I might do something for the spread of scriptural holiness over these lands, my mind was led to one who has been a living witness of the power of Christ to save for some years; and whose life is such that none can question her testimony. Upon my asking her to relate her experience that I might prepare it for publication, she declined. She was staying with me, and not long after I followed her to my room and found her upon her knees. When she arose I saw that she was in tears. "Oh," said she, "I cannot make myself so public. Still, if you think that my Redeemer will be honored by it, and his Kingdom advanced, I consent. Let my Jesus be exalted, and self kept in the dust. I am but a weak, unworthy worm. The cross is heavy, but I will bear it for *his sake* who bore it for *me*." I give here the experience of sister Sherwood as she related it to me.

D. A. JEFFRES.

FROM my earliest recollection I felt the influence of the Divine Spirit upon my heart. I had religious training,—was blessed with pious parents who instilled into my youthful mind the necessity of giving myself to the Lord in the morning of life. Their prayers and instructions were not lost, for at the age of thirteen I felt my need of Christ and sought him with all my heart. My conviction for sin was deep and pungent, and my conversion clear. At a little prayer meeting I identified myself as a seeker of religion, and there wrestled, while others were praying for me, for a new heart. In agony I cried aloud; my prayer was heard in heaven, and the Lord gave me what I asked. I was but a child, and very small of my age, but I arose and told as well as I was able what God had done for my soul. I immediately united with the Methodist Church to which my parents belonged. They were strict, and endeavored to lead me in the way of life. I was regular in my attendance at the sanctuary—the prayer meeting and class meeting,

and, although many times I was the only young person at the class meeting, the Lord greatly blessed and strengthened me while listening to the older brethren and sisters.

When I was about sixteen years of age my parents visited England, taking my oldest sister but leaving me with a kind family. My mother gave me much good advice before she left, and committed me to God with many prayers and tears. The family to whose care I was entrusted did not come around the family altar morning and evening as we did at my father's, which was a matter of no little surprise, knowing that they were professors of religion. I attended punctually to my secret devotion, but did not wish them to know it, for I thought if they saw the *least wrong* in my actions they would have no confidence in my piety.

After a while my friends returned, and I soon discovered that they were not walking as closely with God as they formerly had. When we retired at night I lingered a little to see if my sister prayed as usual; but she hastily threw off her clothes and lay down without committing her soul to God. I knew not what to do, but finally followed her example and retired without prayer, but not to sleep. I thought I would pray in bed, but could not, and greatly feared for my safety during the night. This was the beginning of an alienation from God which continued some months. But the Holy Spirit did not leave me to myself. I enjoyed no rest, and was aroused to a sense of my fearful danger under the faithful preaching of the truth, and sought and obtained pardon. I knew that I was restored to favor with God, and for a long time I walked in the light of justification.

In the winter of 1855 I attended school in Gainsville, Wyoming County, and while there was awakened to the subject of entire holiness. One of the teachers was a believer in holiness, and for years had enjoyed the blessing. She urged me to seek it

with all my heart; and, faithful to my interests, she began to point out the way to its attainment. I began to search my heart; and, as I opened it to the truth, the light seemed to shine with increasing brightness. How my soul longed for

"The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness."

He that called me was faithful, and led me just so far as I consented to walk in the light. Duties were presented of a very crossing nature. I must go home and be the only professor of holiness in the church. And then the crucifixion in dress! I felt that it was more than I could endure, and shrunk from the ruggedness of the cross. But I could not advance one step unless I consented to follow Jesus in these respects. The Spirit continued its strivings, but I hesitated to make the surrender, and it in a measure left me. I became powerless; still I kept asking the Lord to bless me and make me all his own.

Soon we left the place in which we were living and moved to Gainesville. A meeting was commenced in the church, and I began to seek the Lord in good earnest to be made right. In agony I cried,

"Oh for a heart to praise my God,—
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels the blood
So freely spilt for me.

A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine,—
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine."

I no sooner began to seek for *entire* conformity to the will of God than the same crosses and duties were presented to my mind; and, while I was wrestling before the Lord in one of our meetings, a sister, who was a stranger visiting in the place, said she thought some one present was grieving the Spirit. I felt that I was the one—that my unbelief was keeping me from entering *fully* into rest. My eyes were opened. I began to give myself to the Lord—to make the surrender—to present

my body—my all—for time and for eternity a "living sacrifice." I arose and told what I felt God required of me, and what he had enabled me to do in his strength. I was emptied of sin. Nothing remained contrary to love to God and man. I felt that God was *able* to save, and that he *did* save me to the *uttermost*. I cried from the depths of my soul "Praise the Lord for salvation, free and full, for freedom from the carnal mind." I could say and feel it all through my heart, "I am crucified with Christ." I live not, yet Christ liveth in me.

Here my soul rested about two months before I knew that I was filled with God, when the Lord, whose I was and whom I sought, came suddenly to his temple and took up his abode, and has been reigning there without a *rival* ever since. When I received the full baptism of the Holy Ghost, I was attending a camp meeting which was held near my father's. One day and evening I had been laboring to bring lost souls to Christ, and had besought them with tears to seek salvation, and was greatly blessed in so doing. It was late before I retired; but the Lord began to bless, and I was so filled with God that I shouted aloud. This I continued to do until the family felt disturbed and asked me to desist. I tried to be still; but it was like fire shut up in my bones, and before I was aware of it I was again shouting. I felt that I now had fulfilled in me the promise of the Father. The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, came unto me and I was lost to self, lost to the world, and swallowed up in God. I had no more doubt of my oneness with Christ than of my existence.

I have had many, *very many*, sore trials since then. The enemy of my soul has followed me by night and by day to rob me if possible of my enjoyment. *But he has not been able*. God is a wall of fire about me, and in his strength I am able to ward off all his fiery darts; and, although I am become as the filth and off-scouring

of the earth, I can say this hour, to the praise of his grace, that He is *faithfulness* and truth; and to *Him* be all praise ascribed who hath loved me, and given himself for me, that he might present me before his Father's throne without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.

Gainsville, April, 1858.

Another Voice from the South.

BY J. M. B.

It was my high privilege through the goodness of God to have religious parents, who pointed my youthful thoughts and tender heart to him who died for me. But, in the providence of God, it fell to my lot at an early age to be deprived of parental care, and thrown upon the broad ocean of life. Time and again my little barque was tossed and driven nearly to destruction; no one seeming to care what became of it. But, thank God, it was followed by a mother's prayers. I drifted on, as time sped away, until the storms of life began to beat more heavily upon me; I found that I was among the breakers; thick darkness was gathering around me, and I was ploughing into a darker night at every plunge. Then it was I thought of him to whom I had been pointed in early life. Those fireside lectures, that had been imprinted in indelible characters upon my young heart by a mother's love and a mother's tears, came back to my mind in all their original freshness, stirring the emotions and faculties of my soul to their utmost depths. While in this forlorn condition I attended a camp meeting where the Lord was doing great things for his people. There I bowed with weeping penitents and praying Christians; and there, as the light of truth beamed in upon my soul, my sins like a mountain rose—every prop gave way; and as I was sinking down beneath God's righteous frown I looked up and saw the cross—the blessed cross, and felt that he who died thereon was my only Savior; faith took hold and, suspending all my hopes upon that

dear cross, I fell adoringly at its foot. Do you ask was I happy? O yes! But

“Tongue cannot tell the sweet comfort
and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.”

Many and various have been the scenes through which I have passed since then. “*The Lord has led me by a way which I knew not.*” Not having any one to give me sweet counsel, I made my Bible my daily companion. Proceeding thus, I soon saw that there was a fulness in the gospel to which I was a stranger. Nor did I contend long with the world before I felt that I needed and must have that fulness imparted ere my heart and will could conform to God's in everything. But I hardly knew how to commence this work, and had no one to tell me who knew the way by experience. I prayed for light; and now and then a ray would break in upon my vision, showing me some secret bosom-sin with which I ought to part. And in this way I believe the Lord would have led me to *full salvation* if he had not had other means; but, blessed be the God of all grace, He has ever had true witnesses on earth, and among some of these my lot was cast. By combining their instructions (given at a weekly meeting held for that purpose) with the teaching of the word of God, I soon saw my difficulty—I was *trying to keep back part of the price!* The way was made plain,—the sacrifice must be made. Then I saw in the gospel mirror the deep-rooted corruption of inbred sin,—how deceitful and desperately wicked was the human heart; all must be laid on the altar. Oh! the agony of soul thus to yield; but, being aided by grace, all *was* laid on the altar; and now, not walking by faith, and failing to claim the promise and appropriate the blessing, hope began to recede and darkness to come over my spirit. Then I felt, deeply felt, my need of One “*mighty to save.*” And then in my extremity these questions were suggested: Did not Jesus die to save us from *sin*?

Yes. Then cannot his blood save from *all* sin? Yes. Then, if he can save from *all* sin, can he not save *now*? Then was the struggle! For a moment all was calm, all was silent,—*God was there*; the truth flashed upon my darkened spirit, and in an instant—yes, a joyful *yes*, was the cry of faith; the promised blessing was claimed, and then I, even I, plunged beneath the copious streams of blood divine, and shouted back to the friends of darkness and of doubt—*Victory! Victory!! Halleluiah!!*

Thus, by the goodness of God, I am permitted to testify to the power of the gospel to save from sin. Thank God this is no "cunningly devised fable," but a conscious, moving *reality*. The unbelieving will still scoff, it may be; but of this I am fully persuaded, that through the death of Christ sinners can be admitted into heaven; but if admitted there, they must first be *cleansed from all sin*; and if the blood of Christ can ever save them thus, *it can do it now!*

Summerfield, Ala.

THE GOLDEN ALTAR.—"God hath prepared a golden altar for thee to offer thy prayers and tears upon, coming sinner. A golden altar! It is called a *golden altar* to show what worth it is of in God's account; for this golden altar is Jesus Christ; this altar sanctifies thy gift and makes thy sacrifice acceptable. This altar, then, makes thy groans golden groans, thy tears golden tears, and thy prayers golden prayers in the eye of that God thou comest to."—[BUNYAN.

LOSS OF VIRTUE.—"A man who has spotted and soiled his garments in youth though he may seek to make them white again can never wholly do it even were he to wash them with his tears. It is a stain of blood which no one can wash white save in the blood of Christ."—[BEECHER.

BIGOTRY.—"He, who begins by loving Christianity better than truth, will proceed by loving his own sect or church better than Christianity, and end in loving himself better than all."—[COLERIDGE'S AIDS.

To-night and To-morrow.

BY ANNIE.

My Lord beloved is resting here;
And yet the word which he has spoken
Tells me that his release is near,
That these cold bands will soon be broken!
Then watching will I here remain
Until I see my Lord again.

Drive from me all sleep and weariness,
So that I watch till early morning,
And in the tomb then quickly press
To meet him on the light's first dawning;
For, though to-night he be concealed,
To-morrow he will be revealed.

Revealed to me! Oh, thou most sweet!
Then watch I through this night of sadness,
For soon again before his feet,
My broken heart will rise in gladness;
His voice beloved again I'll hear,
Then watch I, for my Lord is near.

'Tis so,—I see that sacred brow,
Once on the cross despised and gory;
Rabboni! My own Lord, 'tis thou,
And yet in such surpassing glory.
Alas, in this thy victory
Canst thou look down on such as me?

Oh bliss beyond all earthly bliss!
My own poor name by him is spoken;
The King of glory calls me his,
And on his hands I see the token
Of that same love which on the tree
Bore all the weight of sin for me.

And now from hence I go again
In peace, the world's coarse tumult breasting;
What care I for its surging main,
While calmly on my Lord I'm resting?
And what to me its praise or blame
When Christ my Lord hath named my name?

Then glory to my Lord most dear,
Who thus the gates of hell has riven,—
Who thus on earth my sins did bear,
And opened thus the way to heaven.
Rabboni!—Master!—King divine!
His glory, as his cross, be mine.

INGRATITUDE.—"A spirit of discontent and repining amidst trials, a spirit of rebellion because God takes away our mercies, is likely at any time, if indulged, to lead the soul into despair."—[CHEEVER.

Honoring God.

BY REV. S. L. LEONARD.

"HE that honoreth me, him will I honor," says God, and the service of the Creator is represented in many places in the scriptures as conferring honor upon those who are engaged in it. But what is it to honor God? It is to respect his laws; for all rebellion against a government dishonors him by whom that government is administered, while obedience honors him. To honor God as we ought, our intellect, our will, and our affections, must be brought into subjection to his law.

It is evident that the human intellect is by nature enlisted in the cause of vice, and calls that wisdom which God designates folly, and that folly which God calls wisdom. "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," says God; but worldly wisdom says, seek earthly good first, and, if after you have gained it you have time, you can attend to the interests of your soul. God tells us that religion is the one thing needful; but worldly wisdom teaches that every thing else is of greater value than the knowledge of sins forgiven. But this is not the way he reasons who knows God. He feels that man's mental powers were conferred upon him to be employed in the service of his Creator, and his are so employed. If he has eloquence, that eloquence is used in persuading men to turn to God. If he has learning, it is employed in making others wise unto eternal life. Can he weave the poet's song, that song breathes love to God and man. All the powers of his mind are entirely given up to the promotion of the glory of God.

But, if we would honor God, our wills must be brought into submission to his will. The will of man naturally rises up in opposition to that of God; for the pride of his heart rebels against that law which lays restraint upon the gratification of his evil propensities. It is not to be expected

that men will learn to say, "not my will but thine be done," until their hearts are changed by grace. But we must reach this point in Christian experience before we can be fully fitted to honor God. All rising up of our will against his commands dishonors him.

When the intellect and the will are properly regulated, God will be honored by the affections being placed upon Him. Every man is naturally an idolater, and worships some false god. These gods are as numerous as the various dispositions of men. Thousands worship fame; in their estimation, ease, friends, and even life itself, are of but little value in comparison to

"A life in others' breath."

Hundreds have waded through seas of blood for the attainment of their prize. Others fall down in adoration before mammon. They toil day and night to increase their heap of yellow dust; and all the comforts of life are disregarded in their chase after wealth. They value every gift of heaven according to its market price; and think a dollar of greater value than their souls. Others bow at the shrine of pleasure. These often care but little for wealth or fame, and heartily despise the miser and the ambitious man. Their midnights are spent where the gay dance goes round; and they have come to the conclusion that the chief end of man is the indulgence of his basest appetites. But no one that has any just conceptions of spiritual things will for a moment suspect any of these characters of honoring God. They are in his sight gross idolaters. Earthly ambition can never be made to agree with that deep humility without which there can be no submission to the will of God. And it is impossible for a covetous man to be a Christian, for the love of God and that of gold cannot exist in the same heart. It is folly to attempt to make the sinful pleasures of the world coalesce with the service of Him who utterly abhors all impurity.

He, who earnestly desires to honor God, does not fall down before the altars of any of these false gods. He regards the command, "Give me thy heart," and places his affections supremely upon his Creator. His love of the creature is subjected to his love of his Heavenly Father. He can say with the Psalmist, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee; and there is none on earth that I desire beside Thee."

And are there not strong reasons why we should thus honor God? He has promised that, if we thus honor Him, He will honor us. Are we not honored even in being permitted to be engaged in His service? Who would not think it an honor to be engaged in the service of such a man as Washington? Had the reader enjoyed this privilege, would he not have thought that it conferred great honor upon him? Were an angel to visit earth, would it not be thought an enviable distinction to be permitted to wait upon him? The humblest of our race may have the honor of serving the Sovereign of the Universe. He may engage in the service of Him before whose throne angels bow in humblest adoration. But he shall have the esteem of his fellow-men as far as it will be beneficial to him. However much men naturally fall short of obeying the law of God themselves, and however much they may hate those whose conduct is a constant reproach to them, they very seldom really respect a person because he lives in disregard of the commands of God. The swearer does not respect his associate because he is addicted to profanity; or the drunkard think any better of his boon companion for his love of the wine cup. While earth's conquerors have gained an immortality of infamy, in how many lands are the memories of the reformers fondly cherished. Will Judson cease to be mentioned with respect as long as there are those who feel a sympathy for the heathen? Will the name of Asbury fade from the memories of men while there are those who can sing,

"The love of Christ doth us constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears to save,—
To snatch them from the gaping grave."

This honor fadeth not away. How fleeting is earthly honor! How many who have flattered themselves in the prime of life that they had gained an imperishable fame, and that future generations should help to swell their praise, have out-lived that fame and died in obscurity. And how many have been borne to the tomb, the favorites of their own generation, only to be forgotten by the next. Old time, as he passes along blotted out all traces that served to show that they had ever been on earth. And the fame of those who shall be remembered through all coming time shall have an end; the archangel's trumpet shall sound a funeral dirge. But the honor that God bestows upon those that honor him lasts forever. The crown that he shall confer at the last day shall sparkle

"While life, or thought, or being lasts,
Or immortality endures."

Here, then, is a prize worthy to be sought after by immortal beings. Reader, are you ambitious? Nurse that ambition; but let it take hold of the proper object. Earth's fame, and wealth, and pleasures, are not worthy to be the object of your highest ambition. There is a palace, more graced than any that earthly monarch ever built, that shall be thy future home if thou wilt only serve God in this life. There is a crown, brighter than any that earthly conqueror ever wore, that shall deck thy brow if thou wilt obey thy Heavenly Father. Give all diligence to secure that palace and that crown. Honor God here, and He will honor you by bestowing upon you the joys of eternal life.

PRACTISE what you learn of spiritual truth, or the light communicated will be withdrawn. If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness.

Christ's Love.

BY A STUDENT.

"As the Father hath loved me so have I loved you; continue ye in my love."—JOHN xv. 9.

WHAT shall we understand? Does this declaration from our blessed Lord of his love to his disciples refer to degree or kind of love? Does he say that he loves us as much as his Father loves him? O that cannot be! We cannot get such a thought into our minds. He could not, should we be the best we can be, he could not have reason to love us as the Father loves his Son. But he loves us without reasons, or, more correctly, he loves us for reasons which we cannot understand—which are beyond our conception; and he loves us for some reasons which are not beyond our conception, but which are not connected with nor based upon individual value. He loves his image, defaced as it has been; he loves it because it is his image in its outlines, if not in its expression. And, when he sees his image in expression, too, as well as in lineaments, only with some evidences of the constitution having suffered from former malady, he loves it with a heart that we have little ability to estimate. O that we had more ability to estimate divine love! We can have more of this ability by coming into the divine element more fully, and inspiring it more deeply for the support of our natures. Jesus Christ in loving us loves those of his own begetting, as the Father loves his begotten Son. Sanctified humanity is the child of the Lord Jesus, as he himself is the Son of the Father; or rather, redeemed humanity is his child, and sanctified humanity his peculiarly endeared child,—the child that can never be separated from his presence. But he loved us before he redeemed us; and he says that his Father loved him because he was willing to lay down his life for us. And what does this mean? That the Father loved his Son the more because of the great degree of the Son's love for us? What a lifting of the curtain is this to give us a glimpse of

the fountain of love held in the heart of the Father of our spirits! I wondered not as I heard a minister of Christ say in public that there was no passage of holy Scripture which assisted his faith like this declaration of the Savior: "Therefore my Father loveth me because I lay down my life for the sheep."

There is nothing which makes me feel so greatly dissatisfied with the ordinary state of the human mind as our contracted views of the love of the blessed Trinity. We remember that justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne, but forget that God himself is love. And if we do not forget it, how small a measure of love do we have our eye upon when we think or speak of the love of God. My heart is pained at the conception of the discrepancy between our thoughts and the object thought of—Eternal Love. O Infinite Being! thou pitiest us for our contractedness; this narrow vision is a defect which thou art making applications to relieve us from. May we not lament when thou art tearing away our limitations as if thou wert taking away our reliances; may we always remember that our reliance is truly in itself invisible, and while thou art taking away only the visible thou art only expanding our vision by removing our dear objects to a point more distant that we may learn to extend our vision farther from ourselves; and may we feel that thy love fills the space between us and our removed objects?

The finishing clause says, "continue ye in my love." This must be a love of union; that which leads to a union between himself and us, individually, which he exhorts us to continue in. If we break the conditions of this union we tear ourselves away from him. He remains unchanged so far as the outgoings of his love are on the same conditions one time as another. When we meet those conditions we feel that love; when we do not meet the conditions of allegiance how can we feel it? The union is broken; and though we are still loved

with a pity which would seem enough to melt a heart of stone, yet it is not the kind which satisfies the longings of the soul. Our hearts cannot rest perfectly short of that union with Christ which he has with his Father. And if we have that union with the Son we have it with the Father also; for the love in them both is one love,—“I and my Father are one.” And again, “For the Father himself loveth you because ye have loved me.” How perfect the circle of love unless poor weak man falls out of it. The Father loves the Son because the Son loves us; and He loves us because, or when, we love the Son; and we love the Father because he gave us his Son to be our elder brother; and we love the Son because he was willing to take part in our nature with us. There is a unitive—an electric element in this circle of love which has no given reasons in our language; and there is a reason for the Father’s loving us, and for his loving the Son because the Son loved us, too high for us to get a glimpse of,—too divine to be recorded in any place below the highest archives kept in the centre of the habitation of God; and perhaps it is kept only in the heart of God,—no intelligence which he has yet created being able to understand it.

In these views we ought not to forget that, if Christ, the Son, loves us as the Father loved him in his human life below, his love can permit suffering to come upon us as the Father’s love permitted suffering to come upon his Son; and he permitted him to suffer not only outwardly, but inwardly. In his extremity he cried, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” and that, just before his humanity was glorified. If we should be left to cry out, as he did, in some hour of unexplainable darkness, it should not be judged of us that we have torn ourselves from the divine love in any degree; neither let us fear of ourselves that it is not for a high purpose that we suffer. Our Infinite Friend would not let a pang reach our hearts but for an adequate reason.

Sept., 1858.

How to regain the Lost Blessing.

BY REV. A. KENT.

I SUPPOSE there are thousands of our members, who once enjoyed the witness of perfect love, who have lost that witness and have sunk down into a painful state of despondency, and seriously doubt if they ever regain the blessing they have lost. At times, perhaps, under a powerful sermon, or hearing the testimony of one who stands in perfect liberty, their souls awake to feel their loss, and with an agony of desire they strive to regain the forfeited blessing; but their exercises become inconstant, and are too soon succeeded by a fear that they shall sink into sloth again, as they have often done. The ordinary means of grace do not seem to reach their cases; and they conclude they have sinned against so much light and love that they are in a worse condition than though they had never experienced the cleansing blood upon their hearts. It seems plain, therefore, that as their cases are *exceptions* to the general rule, something *extra* must be *performed* or *suffered* before their cases will be as hopeful as others; but they are at a loss to know how they can get into a place where the promises would be as free for them as for those who had not sinned against so much mercy. Fasting may be added to prayer; but it seems to avail nothing while they have a full persuasion that they ought to feel an agonizing conviction in some degree corresponding with the magnitude of their sin. This they cannot feel, and are waiting with a faint hope that something may yet take place that will open their way before them and give them power and understanding that they may finally be able to gain the victory.

The apostle directs, “Cast not away your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward.” Had they obeyed this injunction it would have prevented all this calamity. God will not take this confidence away, and Satan cannot wrest it from us; but we, in the hurry of temptation, or in the midst of

"fiery darts," *cast it away*,—then sighing and tears will not restore it. Before we knew the love of God we placed confidence in worldly things—then we renounced them as our chief good, and fixed our confidence in God for time and eternity. But alas! we cast away this confidence; and now there is nothing left for the mind to rest upon, and darkness shuts us in on every side. "If the light that is in thee become darkness how great is that darkness!" The idea is, that the degrees of darkness are great in proportion to the light they have lost. The contrast is so great, it is nothing strange that such a soul should sink into despair. Then "the heart knoweth its own bitterness;" but who can sympathize with them? None but those who have tasted the like "wormwood and gall." Their despair is not perpetual; for there are seasons when there is a gleam of hope, and the soul cries out, "Oh, that I had a friend who knew my case, and could advise me in this critical moment; but alas! I seem alone,—forsaken of God and man."

Gloomy as the prospect seems, the poor soul need not despair for a ransom is provided; and I assure you, by the authority of heaven, that a way is open for you to come to Christ as freely and on the same conditions as all others who come to him for salvation.

First, then, know the *cause* of your loss. Perhaps a neglected duty brought you into bondage? On this point we should learn a great lesson. When we walk in the light we see our duty and have power to do it; but if we grieve the Spirit by neglect, we lose the light and the power to obey, and yet a conscious sense of duty lays heavily on our souls.

If by any means your minds are stirred up to pray, that neglected duty stares you in the face; but you feel no power to do it—and want to get into liberty first and then you would go to work. Here you are holding a controversy with God. He will have you know that his grace is not to be

trifled with. You had strength but refused to use it, and lost it; and now he requires you to go to work as you are, and does not tell you what help he will afford when he sees you struggling under the burden; but you are waiting to get the blessing first.

So here the matter rests, and must so remain unless God or you change your purposes. You may excuse yourselves in this way, "My feelings are such that I dare not absolutely resolve that I will take up that cross, and yet I desire it above all things." Here is the difficulty,—your *feelings* have formed the pivot on which your eternal interests are suspended. These *feelings* must be crucified,—they can never go to heaven. What if it be a painful death—the healing balm is near and a physician to apply it, and the soul shall exult in the God of our salvation.

We should understand that faith embracing the truth makes us *free*; but unbelief *binds* us in error. Jesus said, "the truth shall make you free—sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth." Truth is an attribute of God, revealed to us in his word, and when we receive it into our hearts by faith, the effects are glorious; we may give our assent to it and remain as we are; but when we believe it with an act of *trust*—resting our whole soul in it,—then we feel the transforming energy which makes us free from the yoke of bondage.

Let us consider faith connected with light and truth, and unbelief with darkness and error, and see how differently the troubled mind is exercised under these two influences. Unbelief and Satan may suggest, "There is no mercy for you; you have sinned away your day of grace." Here is error and darkness. Truth says, "Who-soever will, let him come, etc." This frees the soul from despair and opens the way for him to come. Error says, "Your case is *peculiar*, and the ordinary means will not suffice." Here is darkness and bondage. Truth says, "He is no respecter of persons—he giveth to all liberally." This opens the dungeon of error. But Error says, "You

cannot be blessed yet, you must pray, and fast, and weep, and suffer, and be very different from what you now are, before you need hope for his mercy." This error binds, and he cannot take one step. Faith claims the truth, "Behold, now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation." This revives his hope as darkness recedes.

There are five truths to be received and acted upon; or we may say, five steps to be taken to bring the soul into perfect liberty. Unbelief will try to hinder every step; but a firm faith will overcome all. We shall see how each step brings the soul nearer and nearer to Christ. The humble penitent should believe: First. God is *able* to fill my soul with salvation. Second. He is willing to do it. Third. To do it as I am. Fourth. To do it *now*. Fifth. I *cast* my all upon him; and he does *accept* a poor worm of the dust, and my spirit rejoices in God my Savior.

I have often seen the weeping penitent at the altar, desiring ministers and people to pray the Lord to restore to them the witness of perfect love, and yet all seemed in vain. In order to describe the situation of many of them I have used the following illustration:

A benevolent father makes a repast for his large family, and invites them all to attend. They gather round the well-spread table and are richly supplied. Peter has been playing truant, and knows his father understands all about it; and thinks he holds a grudge against him, and that *his* is a *peculiar* case; thinks the invitation was not designed for him, but for all the rest. Poor Peter gets behind the door and gives vent to a flood of tears; says he is hungry,—is willing to do anything if he could only share with the children. He doubts if his prayers would move the heart of his father; but requests of his brothers and sisters to intercede in his behalf; perhaps he may hear them. All the children are grieved for Peter, and beseech their father to send him a portion from their overflowing table. After a while the father says, "No, not a mor-

sel will I send him; and I want you all to understand the order of my house. Peter has transgressed, and is ashamed to come to this table. I have assured him, again and again, if he will come and confess his wrong I will receive him, and treat him as if he had never sinned; but *he will not believe my word*,—talks of his case being peculiar, and not included in the invitation. He must come to the table or remain hungry. Would you have me feed him while he *insults me to my face*; and calls in question my sincerity in giving him the invitation? You do well to feel for your brother; but tell him your prayers will not avail while he retains this *enmity in his heart*, and seeks to get along without a confession."

The children are surprised, and reply, "We see the condition of our brother, and will do what we can to correct his errors; but, if love will not draw him, we pray that thou wilt not cast him off, but use the *rod* until he submits to thy authority; then we shall all rejoice together."

It is a grievous task to walk in darkness for such as have once walked in the light of God's reconciled countenance. They can do but very little to honor God, or benefit those around them; and they sigh as they exclaim, "My leanness, my leanness." I have known such sorrow; and my heart goes out in sympathy for my disconsolate brother or sister, and I may, perhaps, address them another letter.

New Bedford, July 8th, 1858.

THE CHURCH.

"All human combinations change and die,
Whatever their origin, name, form, design.
But firmer than the pillars of the sky
Thou standest ever by the power divine;
Thou art endowed with immortality,
And canst not perish; *God's own life is thine.*"
—[GARRISON.]

All other houses are widest downward and have the largest heart for earthly things; the church only is widest upwards and has its greatest enlargement towards heaven."—[BUNYAN.]

Chastening, a Discipline for the promotion of Holiness.

BY J.

"HE chastens us for our profit,—that we might be partakers of his holiness." "For without holiness no man shall see the Lord." "Ye have forgotten the exhortation that speaketh to you as children: My son despise not thou the chastenings of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him." "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." (Heb. xii: 5, 6, 10, 14.) Here we have a most comforting view of parental discipline; and, if properly appreciated, sufficient to make "chastening" from such a source "seem to be joyous,"—even when "present" with us, unless we should forget in the period of suffering "the exhortation that speaketh to us as children." And there is one view of this parental chastening that must make it even welcome to every Christian. "If ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then ye are not sons." (Heb. xii: 8.) Who, then, would refuse to be partakers of this, if it is the badge of sonship? And, if we are not sons "without," who would not rather welcome it? And this is most reasonable; for to deprive God of the office of chastening would be to deprive him of the privilege of a parent. "For what son is he whom the Father chasteneth not?" "If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons." If the church in Paul's day needed to be reminded of this truth, how much more need have we, who seem both practically and theoretically to have "forgotten the exhortation that speaketh to us as children," and who are ready to "faint" at the most trivial rebukes. It is those who faint at small trials, and turn aside from the narrow path when they find a cross in it, that have most need of the discipline of chastening; and they will have it according to their need. For it is anything but a submissive will that faints under the cross; and it will not

be removed until a state of willing obedience is established. "Men ought always to pray and not to faint." (Luke xviii: 1.) "For if in the land of peace they wearied thee, how will they do in the swelling of Jordan." (Jer. xii: 5.)

If we have been restive under our small trials of patience, and have been wearied in the common duties of Christianity, and have had hard thoughts when called upon to practice self-denial for the gospel's sake, we may expect, (if we are not aliens to grace,) greater chastisements; for this evinces a spirit of selfishness that is at variance with "the mind that was in Christ Jesus."

The gospel proposes to restore man to the image of God, lost at the fall. (Rom. viii: 29.) It is thus that "all things become new." (2 Cor. v: 15, 17.) And it was for this that his exceeding great and precious promises were given, "that by these we might be partakers of the divine nature." (2 Peter i: 4.) "Then let this mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus." What mind? Now notice the following texts; and after strict self-examination let us ascertain whether we can consent, not with the lips only but with the heart, to this especial quality of the mind of Christ: "He made himself of no reputation," and took upon him the form of a servant. "Though, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God." Consider well the height of honor and glory expressed in the last text, and then we can form some conception of his condescension. Can we do this? Are we willing, really and truly, without a single feeling of rising pride or mortified vanity, "to be made of no reputation among men?" We may be able to say with truth, "I receive not honor from men." But can we say, "I have no desire for it?" Upon examination do we find a spirit in us alien to this humble mind that was in Christ? Would we not prefer a high seat in the synagogue among our brethren; and would it not cause us a severe trial to "be made of no reputation among our own?"

Would we be willing for the truth's sake to share the fate of him "who came to his own, and his own received him not?" For the time is come when all the churches must take a higher stand. Absolute holiness must be more urged both in preaching and in practice. Nothing less will arouse the church from its Laodicean state of lukewarmness, and cause those who have the form of godliness to put on the power of "that faith that overcometh the world." (2 Timothy iii: 5, and 1 John v: 4.) The apostle Paul declares that the object of his preaching, teaching and warning, was that he "might present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." (Coloss. i: 28.)

Is it not wonderful, in view of this and many other texts to the same purport, that whosoever preaches this doctrine in any of the churches, except the Methodist Church alone, is liable to opposition,—I had almost said persecution; for to some natures the persecution of opinion is not a slight thing. But we want more of the mind of Christ Jesus to enable us not only to endure, but even to rejoice in this or any other form of persecution for righteousness sake. For, if Paul made perfection the object and end of his preaching, we must see how the preaching of the present day differs from his, when those who preach it are subject to reproach on that account. If, then, we suffer reproach in returning to the apostolic doctrine, is it not suffering for righteousness sake? Ought we not, therefore, to rejoice in obedience to the Savior's injunction, and the exceeding great and precious promises attached to it. (Matt. v: 12.) If we can measure our teaching by the gospel, then what we encounter for it is surely for righteousness sake; and this point once established we surely ought to rejoice. And if we have not got the grace to do it, we ought to get it. "For every one that asketh receiveth." Receiveth what? "The Holy Spirit." (Luke xi: 13.) God is represented as being more willing to give us the Holy Spirit than we are to give our children bread. And if we have the Spirit of Christ,

of course we have "this mind that was in Christ Jesus." And we are not only commanded to have it, with the promise that "whosoever," (not some favored ones,) "asketh receiveth, and whosoever seeketh findeth;" but we are assured "that if any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his." (Rom. viii: 9.) He never turned aside from true testimony because it was unacceptable to men, but encountered persecution "unto death, even the death of the cross," and said, "let this mind also be in you." (Phillip ii: 5, 8.) Are those who oppose this doctrine aware of the fact that they are chastened for the purpose of being made partakers of his holiness. Not their standard of holiness, but "his holiness." Here again the parental privilege of chastening is contrasted with that of an earthly parent. "We have had fathers of our flesh, and they have corrected us and we gave them reverence; shall we not much rather be in subjection to the Father of spirits and live? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but he for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness." And the reason why we are chastened to be made partakers of his holiness is sufficient to reconcile every soul to this loving discipline. "For without holiness shall no man see the Lord." (Heb. xii: 10, 14.) We here see why "he chastens whom he loveth, and scourges every son whom he receiveth." For we must indeed "be made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints of light." Fitness is as much a part of the work of redemption as justification; and holiness is the only fitness the gospel recognizes. For it is written, "Be ye holy, for I am holy." (1 Peter i: 15, 16.) "That ye may grow up into a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." Some, to avoid the inevitable meaning of the text, will limit this required perfection to particular graces; but this will not answer, for the injunction is, "to grow up into him in all things." They will then suggest, "It is not here, but at death, that we attain this

perfection." But this is immediately contradicted by the sense of the text following: "For we are to grow unto a perfect man; that we henceforth be no more tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine,—by the sleight of men whereby they lay in wait to deceive." This perfection, that is enjoined as being necessary to shield us against erroneous doctrines, cannot be hereafter; for there are no windy doctrines, nor men that lie in wait to deceive, in heaven. And, that it may not be limited to doctrine, we have in the next text an injunction to "grow up into him in all things." "That ye put on the new man which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." (Ephes. iv: 13, 14, 15, 24.) Some think they can do without it, notwithstanding the oft-repeated mandate, "Be ye holy," accompanied with the assurance, "For without holiness shall no man see the Lord." It is this thought that we can be saved with less than the gospel demands that causes the necessity for chastening. Even those who do believe this doctrine defer the preparation of holiness until they create a necessity for it. Oh we should beware how we "grieve the Holy Spirit, whereby we were sealed unto redemption."

"In all our afflictions he is afflicted." (Isaiah lxiii: 9.) Will we compel him then to use the rod of chastening, whereby he is grieved by the afflictions which our remissness necessitates. "For if we would judge ourselves we should not be judged; but when we are judged we are chastened of the Lord that we should not be condemned with the world." (1 Cor. xi: 31, 32.) This is mentioned in reference to a particular sin, it is true; but, if the principle is established that we are necessarily chastened for one sin that we may not be condemned with the world, we must admit that we are liable to correction for all sins except, perhaps, the wilful sin in Heb. x: 26, for which there is no provision. And if we are liable to the discipline of chastening for sins of commission, are we not also liable to the same correction for the sins of

omission,—for what we have left undone as well as what we have done? We see from Heb. xii: 10, it is so, "For we are chastened that we might be partakers of his holiness." We have left undone the command, "Be ye holy." "Therefore, to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." (James iv: 17.) "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." (James i: 22.) "For the work of righteousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness, and assurance forever." (Isaiah xxxii: 17.) "Therefore be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." (1 Cor. xv: 58.) Neither for yourselves, nor others, is this work in vain. "For the word shall not return unto me void, but shall prosper." (Isaiah lv: 11.) "And he that watereth shall also himself be watered." (Prov. xi: 25.) "And shall receive manifold more in the present time, and in the world to come life everlasting." Luke xviii: 30.) "While the unprofitable servant shall be cast into outer darkness, where there is weeping and wailing, when his Lord cometh to reckon with him." (Matt. xix: 30.)

It is not a little remarkable that the first sermon our Savior ever preached was on the subject of Christian perfection. Let any unprejudiced mind take the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of Matthew, containing the *sermon* on the mount, and see if it is not a complete transcript of Christian perfection, accompanied with the express command, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." (Matt. v: 48.) And ending with the assurance, "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." (Matt. vii: 21.) As being connected with the will expressed in this sermon, we may infer that it has an especial reference to the truths contained in it. And, if these directions were strictly followed, they would of them-

selves comprise a perfect rule of Christian conduct, and make a perfect Christian life. And every man, that is born of the Spirit, has a power within him by which he may attain unto "the high mark of our calling." (Phillip iii: 7, 14.) "For this the Spirit was given, that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us," (Rom. viii: 4;) and not to obviate the necessity of these high attainments, as some erroneously suppose. We should beware, then, how we commit the sin of impunity, by resting in low attainments, or thinking it a slight sin to leave undone that which is commanded to be done. "For he became the author of salvation unto them that obey him." (Heb. v: 9.) What measure of obedience? The Savior himself answers the question: "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command." (John xv: 14.) He gave his life to prove his love for us. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." (John xv: 13, 14.) We should also give our lives for him; not unto death, unless it should be required, but unto life. "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable will of God." (Rom. xii: 1, 2.) With this difference in the sacrifice: his was a sacrifice for sins, ours is a sacrifice for service; he suffered himself to be destroyed that his law might be established; we must suffer self to be destroyed before his law of love can be perfectly established in us. We must crucify every selfish principle and motive before we can "be filled with all the fullness of God,"—the blessing on the church, for which St. Paul prayed, (Ephes. iii: 19.) This would seem to us, in some low state of grace, a presumptuous prayer if it was not an inspired one, and as such recorded for our example. If we ask little things we will receive little. "Ask and expect great things," was the motto of Dr. CAREY, the missionary; and he lived

to verify the truth of his own motto. But his labor was commensurate with his prayers. "Labor for the meat which endureth unto life everlasting." (John vi: 27.)

Lines addressed to Mrs. Palmer,

ON HEARING SHE WAS ABOUT TO VISIT
ENGLAND.

BY ANNA.

DEAR Christian stranger, let me be
One who will gladly welcome thee;
Here in our happy homes we stand,
And wait to join thee to our band.

Stranger sister! and yet not such,
For thou hast made us love thee much;
For all thy "works"—they show us how
True holiness is ours "just now."

They point us to the "shorter way,"
To make us meet for realms of day;
The heart and life they let us see,—
How pure and holy we can be.

And then the "simple way of faith,"
"Believing" what the Savior saith;
"Effects" of holiness to show,
By dying to all sin below.

Thy many "voices" from afar
True witnesses for Jesus are;
And all thy "Illustrations" prove
The value of the cause we love.

This blessed "way" thou long hast known,
Then come and point us pilgrims on;
That we may "whole burnt offerings" be,
So others may Christ's image see.

And though we ne'er can thee repay,
By aught that we can do or say,
Thy God will show'r his blessings down,
And give thee an immortal crown.

Then speed and haste, beloved friend,
For oft our prayers for thee ascend;
Until we thee in England greet,
We'll meet thee at the mercy-seat.

Yet still it better far will be
When we our Savior's face shall see;
We'll meet to praise redeeming love,
And sing in nobler strains above.

LONDON, July 30, 1858.

“Am I Right?”

BY M. V.

I HAVE heard two or three persons of late, who profess the blessing of holiness, speak of the want of spiritual food in our pulpit ministrations; and I have felt this want myself, and have a most keen relish for such spiritual nourishment as I once received for several months from the preaching of brother Finney; but I have questioned whether I ought to indulge in dissatisfaction with any evangelical preaching. Ought I not to go to that sanctuary—to which, in the providence of God, I seem called—in submission to his holy will; listening with meekness to the exhortations that I may hear from any Christian pulpit, to faith, love, charity, and all the Christian virtues, and which I need to have constantly in exercise; joining in the prayers of the church, and using my influence for the promotion of gospel liberty in it? It seems to me so; indeed, since I entered the rest of faith, I have been much better able to bear with cold and formal services than I was previously. Having that union with my Master which ensures me spiritual vitality and warmth, I am not, as formerly, affected by them. My prayer is, that this precious doctrine, the power and blessedness of which I know from rich daily experience, may be embraced in every Christian church in our land. The only objection that I hear made to it is, that it is presumptuous in persons to profess to live without sin. Is it presumptuous to take God at his word, when he says, “The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin?” Is it presumptuous to pray every morning for grace to live without sin, *moment by moment* during the day, and to expect to receive it? Is it presumptuous to believe God when he says, “My grace shall be sufficient for you?” Is it presumptuous for those who are all weakness to lean upon Almighty strength, and to expect it to avail for them? Oh no; it is presumption to rely upon ourselves,—our own strength, our own wisdom, our

own good works. It is presumptuous to doubt the word of God. It is presumptuous to confess sin day after day, week after week, and year after year, rather than to have done with it,—to renounce it at once; and, consecrating all to God unconditionally, to look up to him for grace,—to reckon ourselves dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto him.

A Christian Letter.

DEAR BROTHER DEGEN:—I have been a constant reader of the *Guide* for nearly two years, and have not found any other reading (except the Scriptures) so uniformly useful and satisfactory. I should rejoice to be in any way a Caleb or a Joshua, to encourage some one to go forward and take possession of the Christian inheritance. With this view I herewith send you a copy of a letter, written to a friend on the subject of holiness, to be inserted in the *Guide* if you deem it suitable. R. Y.

DEAR BROTHER:—Having a little leisure, I improve it in writing a few lines on the subject which lies nearest my heart. I have had you much on my mind of late, and ardently desire to help you to the exercise of that faith which bringeth salvation from all sin. •The chief point of difference between us I think is this: I maintain that full deliverance from sin is attainable *now*, by you or any other person in the reach of mercy; while *you* say there must be a previous preparation,—tantamount to waiting till you are ready to receive it at some future, indefinite time. And this is what has kept you and a host of others away from the blessing so long. This is not, however, the teaching of Mr. Wesley and numerous others of superior attainments in the divine life. He says: “Look for it every day, every hour, every moment! Why not this hour, this moment? Certainly you may look for it *now*, if you believe it is by faith. And by this token you may surely know whether you seek it by faith or by works. If by works, you want something to be done *first* before you are sanctified. You think, I must first

be or do thus or thus. Then you are seeking it by works unto this day. If you seek it by faith, you may expect it *as you are*; and if as you are, then expect it *now*. It is of importance to observe that there is an inseparable connection between these three points: Expect it by *faith*, expect it *as you are*, and expect it *now*! To deny one of them is to deny them all."—Vol. I., p. 391.

O how many have come to the very borders of the Canaan of perfect love, and have been urged by the Holy Spirit to enter in and be at rest; but they have either rashly refused to enter, or have put it off,—and continued to put it off so often and so long as to be nearly equivalent to an absolute refusal to obey the Lord. Thus the Spirit has been grieved, and they left in the wilderness to perish. But why did they not enter in? "Because of unbelief." They saw so much impotence in themselves, and such giants and fortifications of inbred sin to overcome, that they were discouraged. But how few Calebs there are to say: "We are well able to go up." "If the Lord delight in us he will bring us in and give us possession." O be not faithless but believing. Our Joshua is able to bring you into your purchased inheritance; only, as was said to the Hebrews of old, "Do not rebel against the Lord and refuse to enter in."

God has done much for you; how can you doubt his ability and willingness to "finish now his great salvation?" This is the great aim of the gospel: "Receiving the end of your faith,—even the salvation of your souls." This is the grand central idea of the religion of Jesus Christ. "For this purpose was the Son of God manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." He "gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." O, my dear brother, do become another Caleb; receive this fullness yourself, and then encourage others. How shall we answer to God, if we have

been a hindrance to others instead of a help? O come to Jesus with the faith of the leper, and say, "Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean."

"This is the dear redeeming grace,
For every sinner free;
Surely it shall on me take place,
The chief of sinners,—me.

From all iniquity, from all
He shall my soul redeem;
In Jesus I believe, and shall
Believe myself to him."

Your affectionate brother,
R. Y.
Picton, July 19, 1858.

GOD ALL-SUFFICIENT.—"There is no harm can happen to a man who has God for his friend; but there is no good can happen to a man abandoned of God. No philosophy can stand out against God's departure."—[CHEEVER.

CHRISTIANITY AT DEATH.—"If ever Christianity appears in its power it is when it erects its trophies on the tomb; when it takes up its votaries when the world leaves them, and fills the breast with immortal hope in dying moments."—[ROBERT HALL.

THE CHURCH HEAVENWARD.—"The lowest parts of the temple were the narrowest, so those in the church who are nearest or most concerned with earth are the most narrow-spirited as to the things of God.

THE HEART IN LITERATURE.—Bunyan pithily says in regard to the Pilgrim, which some affirmed that he had plagiarized:

"It came from my own heart to my head,
And thence into my fingers trickled,
Then to my pen, from whence immediately
On paper I did dribble it daintily."

INFIDELITY.—"Nothing can be plainer than that ignorance and vice are two ingredients absolutely necessary in the composition of Free Thinkers; who, in propriety of speech, are no thinkers at all."—[DEAN SWIFT.

Coming of Christ.

THOUGHTS FOUNDED ON SEVERAL PASSAGES IN
THE FIRST TWELVE CHAPTERS OF THE
APOCALYPSE.

BY P. L. U.

THE great truth set forth in the Apocalypse, underlying its varied symbolic imagery, is the destruction of sin in the heart, and the coming of Christ interiorly. It is inward states of the soul, rather than cycles and long periods of the world's outward history, which particularly demands the attention of the Christian in the study of this book. When the eye is looking for visible signs, and great external manifestations, the soul does not make that inward progress it would otherwise. We must look *within* to find the fulfillment of these prophecies,—to find the coming of Christ's kingdom on earth.

The letters addressed to the churches of Asia, are addressed to all the churches of our Lord, or rather to each individual member of the Church of Christ. To *thee*, O my soul, are these letters addressed, or such portions of them as are adapted to thy state. They come from heaven from thy Lord; sent by his angel through his servant John. "Blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of this book, for the time (of their fulfillment) is at hand."

"To the angel of the church at Ephesus;" that is, to the pastor or leader; and through him, as representative, to each one individually. One is addressed who is very active and laborious,—enduring many trials, meeting much opposition, and is still willing to labor on and suffer for the cause of Christ, yet is *lacking in love*. Christ warns such an one that his light may soon become extinct, for love only is the life of the soul.

To the angel of the church in Smyrna is addressed a letter, full of consolation and *without reproof*. This soul, greatly persecuted by Satan, and by those who call themselves Christians, and her labors much crippled, is exhorted to continue faithful

and receive a crown of life. "*Remember the word I said unto you, the servant is not greater than his Lord.*"

To the churches at Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis; to such among you as zealously maintain my name and faith, and many good works, and yet "have not known the depths of Satan," and are more or less under his power,—who suffer the pride and selfishness of the natural man to prevail over the spiritual; and to those among you who have only a name to live, He saith, "*who trieth the reins and the heart, repent, or else I will fight against thee with the sword of my mouth.*" *My word condemns all sin.* "I require truth in the inward parts."

To the angel of the church at Philadelphia, as also to the church at Smyrna, is addressed a letter of commendation: The way of life is open before thee, and thou walkest therein. Thou hast kept my word and not denied my Name. I will keep thee in the hour of trial which shall come upon all the world. Thine enemies shall know I have loved thee. Hold fast and let no man take thy crown.

To the angel of the church at Laodicea,—to the lukewarm indifferent soul,—thou art an offence to me. Poor, and blind, and naked, I counsel thee to come to me and receive white raiment that thou mayest be clothed. Those I love I chasten. Be zealous and repent. Behold, I stand at the door waiting to come in.

At the close of each separate address to the seven churches, a promise is given "to him that overcometh." Overcometh what? Overcometh the evils and sins for which the church is reproved. And what are the results of overcoming all sin? What are the promises specified? As disciples of the Lord Jesus let us read them, and notice that after each promise are these words:—"He that hath an ear let him hear what the Spirit saith to the churches." Read these promises as follows: Chap. ii: 7, 11, 17, 26, 27, 28; and chap. iii: 5, 12, 24.

The one great truth of the Apocalypse

is the downfall of Satan's kingdom and the coming of Christ's kingdom. This was the mission of the incarnate Word, "to destroy the works of the devil,"—"to cast out Satan." Satan is a general term denoting every evil. The casting out of devils by our Lord denotes the liberation of man from the evils of his selfish nature.

There are as many Satans or evil spirits in man as there are positive sins; and, alas, many Satans are in one personality, as there were seven devils in Mary Magdalene. And Mary Magdalene was made *whole*, as her subsequent life evinces. Christ gave to his disciples power to cast out devils. "And the disciples returned to Jesus, saying, Lord, even the devils are subject to us in Thy name." It is thus Satan is to be dethroned and condemned by *saints*,—by those who resist and overcome him in themselves and in others. Let each one condemn sin in himself, where *his* evil originates, and Satan will be thus cast out of man. Whatever may be man's tendency to sin, he would not be a moral agent, and accountable, if he were destitute of will-power to resist sin; help being always granted him according to his desire. Sin is in the apple; not because the apple in itself is sin, or that there is any positive evil in the universe, but because man eats the apple—the *forbidden fruit*.

Sin lies in the consent of the will, and not in the thought or suggestion of the tempter. This is an important distinction, which we do well to consider, lest Satan gain an advantage over us, and accuse us when our Lord does not. He is called in Revelations, "the accuser of the brethren."

Find the origin of *thy sin* in thyself, O man! He, who exalts self above God, worships Satan or the satanic principle of evil. Man, in this state of discipline, is suspended as it were between the two spirit worlds,—heaven and hell; and attracts spirits according to his own state or ruling desire. Thus man determines his own sphere. Some substances in nature attract,—others repel. This illustrates a great law

of the spiritual world. When man is holy the devils or *satanic evils* flee before him. Thus holiness is protected by its own inherent law. As man becomes Christ-like he will be able to detect the sphere or state of the individual into whose society he comes; and to impart spirituality as each one has need or is receptive. "The discerning of spirits" was a gift or power of the apostolic days, and will be also of the coming glorious era of the church. We do not find any limitation of the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit,—of "the baptism of the Holy Ghost" to the primitive disciples. The same faith will produce the same results. "According to your faith be it unto you." What progress can one make in science without study? No more can one expect to advance in holiness, and receive the gifts of the Holy Ghost, without the means requisite,—without faith. These are the words of Christ to his disciples, "Go and teach all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, *teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you*; and lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world. (Matt. xxviii: 19, 20.) And what is his commission to his disciples? "And as ye go, preach, saying, the *kingdom of heaven is at hand*; heal the sick, raise the dead, cast out devils, etc. (Matt. x: 7, 8.

We read in (Rev. ix: 16,) of "an army of 200,000 horsemen, and out of the mouths of the horses proceeded fire, and smoke, and brimstone; and by these was the third part of men killed." Thus man destroys man. Sin is its own exterminator, and is punishing itself through every cycle, or, through continuous cycles of the world's history. The judgments which are, have been, and will continue to be until sin is no more. Judgments take place simultaneously with men and in the world of spirits. The kingdom of Satan is one, as the kingdom of holiness is one. Each sin condemned by man is a judgment against that sin, and produces results in heaven and

hell; heaven rejoices, and hell trembles. Who can doubt that judgments are now taking place on the earth and in the world of spirits? We read (xi: 18,) "And the nations were angry, and thy wrath is come, and the time of the dead that they should be judged and reward be given unto thy servants the prophets, * * * and shouldst destroy them that destroy the earth."

"Hell from beneath is moved to meet thee at thy coming," says the prophet. What commotions, what outbreaks of evil do we witness! The apostle, speaking of the bright day of the Lord's appearing, says, "*Then shall that wicked be revealed,*"—his evil doings be made manifest. Sin is exposed that it may be judged and condemned. Is it not thus, "saints shall judge the world?" Who will cry aloud and spare not; and show not only the world, but God's people their transgressions, that thus *all* sin may be condemned and the church become a holy church? Then will the world believe.

"Grace be unto you, and peace from Him which is, and was, and is to come; * * * and *from the seven spirits which are before his throne.*" (i: 4.) The angels stand openly revealed to us in the Apocalypse. These Revelations were transmitted to John by an angel; by one who says, "I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them who keep the sayings of this book," (xxii: 9.) The songs of the angels, as rehearsed in Revelations, express the same affinity with man. "Thou art worthy * * for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by *thy blood,*" (v: 8, 9.) "And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, heard I, John, saying, blessing, and glory, and honor be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever," (v: 13.) John hears the songs of the angels, and the angels listen to his song, and it is one and the same song. Thus are the heavens and the earth united, or rather the spiritual world is one. There is no separating link in love. God dwells

alike with the holy man and angel. The fellowship of the holy angels is a stream of life issuing from the heart of God. In the several distinct periods of conquest over sin, mentioned in Revelations, we listen at the same time to the rejoicings of the angels. And it is equally so when any one soul conquers sin in himself. Each soul united to Christ is in companionship with angels. They minister to us as to our Lord. What is father Abraham doing, we might ask, if not nourishing his seed,—innumerable as stars? And Anna, what is her employment, who was night and day in the temple speaking of Jesus to all who entered its gates? Is she less interested in the world's redemption now than when on earth? Does she not often come forth and whisper to our hearts some lesson of truth? Yes, these holy ones are with us. It is the combined agency of men and angels, under the directing power of the great Head of the church, which is to overthrow all the evils existing in the world. In the Revelations, "the angels are reapers,—they sound the trumpets,—pour out the vials of wrath,—seal the servants of God,—present before the throne the prayers of the saints.

[Concluded in our next.]

SALVATION BY JESUS.—"Christ is Jacob's ladder, that reacheth up to heaven; and he that refuseth to go up by this ladder thither, will scarcely go up so high. And, sinner, if thou wouldst be saved by him, his benefits are thine; yea, though thou art a great transgressor."—[BUNYAN.

WORK.—"The period of relaxation and diversion is always one of comparative exposure. Occupation precludes in many cases the successful approaches of the tempter. Labor is a great exorcist. Nothing beside prayer casts out so many devils as work."—[A. C. G.

DUTIES.—"Observed duties maintain our credit; but secret duties maintain our life."

The Guide to Holiness.

OCTOBER, 1858.

EDITORIAL PAPERS.

A BRIEF TOUR.—Since our last issue we have been privileged with another short trip through Canada. Everywhere we were met with the cry of "hard times;" but we have had the most cheering evidence that this visitation has worked out precious spiritual results. God forbid that with the return of prosperity, (which from indications cannot be far distant,) we should forget these salutary lessons. Besides Hamilton, we visited for the first time the cities of Toronto and Montreal. Our stay at the former place was too short to admit of our visiting "the lions," unless a brief call at the Wesleyan Book Rooms, and a friendly chat with the Book Steward, Rev. G. R. SANDERSON, may be considered such. At Montreal, however, we were more fortunate. Though our stay was necessarily short, we visited the principal points of interest, such as the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the Gray Nunnery, the Barracks, etc. We met here our friend and agent, Mr. PICKUP; to whom, with the Rev. Mr. SANDERSON, a Wesleyan minister whom we met at Brother Pickup's, we feel greatly indebted for many kind attentions. On our way home we spent a very pleasant Sabbath at Bradford, Vermont, where we had the privilege of addressing an attentive and eager congregation on the great salvation. The hungering and thirsting after a clean heart among that dear people augurs well for their future prosperity. God bless them abundantly!

MRS. PALMER STILL ABSENT.—The following note from Sister Palmer will explain the reason of her protracted absence from our city, where we have been expecting her to superintend the issue of her new work:

HALIFAX, N. S., Aug. 30, 1858.

DEAR BROTHER DEGEN:

I fear we are a trial to you in consequence of not being answerable to your expectations in relation to our anticipated volume, which you have encouraged the public to expect as early as September. We are not without solicitude in relation to this matter, as you were authorized in making this announcement in view of our speedy return to Boston. When we left you, in July, we surely anticipated returning with the MS. in a few days. But so marked have been the orderings of the Head of the church in our

detention, that we think neither yourself nor any other lover of the precious work of God would question whether our stay has not been divinely imposed if the facts were known.

Dr. Palmer wrote you of the blessed work which so suddenly commenced, as we paused at St. John's on our way from Fredricton. We were then expecting to be in Boston in a few days; but the work continued to increase in power, so that in about three weeks we have reason to believe that over two hundred received the witness of entire sanctification, and between three and four hundred names were recorded as having been newly justified. Meetings were held day and evening,—hundreds coming out daily to the afternoon meetings. Here the church put on her strength. Class leaders, both male and female, and others holding official positions in the churches, and persons of various denominations, were seen kneeling at the penitent form earnestly pleading for the

"Inward baptism of pure fire."

And many received it, and came up clothed in strength for the evening meetings. And here increasing multitudes night after night assembled. So truly did the cloud of the divine presence rest upon the place, that saint and sinner were constrained to feel its overwhelming influences. Truly did the Holy Spirit cause truth to be felt in its deep spirituality, while every pious heart seemed to feel the deep significance of the words, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." Each successive meeting seemed to be accompanied with an increasing accumulation of unction and power; and the last day and evening appeared to exceed all others. But we were constrained to tear ourselves away.

In answer to the importunities of the church in Halifax, we are now here for a few days. And here, to the glory of grace alone, we will say that the Spirit of all grace is being poured out upon the people. From twenty to thirty are nightly presenting themselves at the altar of prayer as seekers of purity or pardon. Many have been blest.

We expect to return soon, and be answerable to our engagement. You will probably see us at least in a few days. Dr. P. unites in love. Adieu, dear brother in Jesus.

Yours in gospel bonds,
 PHOEBE PALMER.

THE SHELL AND THE KERNEL.—It is really painful to see how many will throw away the kernel of truth, because of some real or supposed objection to the *shell* or garb in which it is presented. How many, for instance, discard the precious doctrines of holiness because the terms by which the thing is expressed are obnoxious to them; as though every one could express their ideas in the same form. Others again will, perhaps, make allowance for this, but justify themselves in rejecting it on the ground that many of its advocates belie their profession; while a great majority, if they

would but confess to the truth, are repelled from it by its unpopularity, or the comparative insignificance of its advocates, or fear of its removing some denominational land-mark, or other objection equally trivial. Perhaps it may be a bold assertion; but it seems to us that there are thousands of intelligent persons, in the ministry and laity, who are more than half persuaded that the doctrine of entire sanctification is true, who nevertheless decline to identify themselves with it in any form on some of the grounds just stated. Now, beloved, can such a course be pleasing to high heaven? If an error, should you not meet and strive to overthrow it. If the truth, are you not under obligation to embrace, irrespective of everything? Left to yourself, we know your answer. Let not the cry, then, of New Divinity, or Calvinism, or Methodism, or Perfectionism, or any other offensive epithet that may be used to sway you, drive you from a hearty, conscientious, thorough search after truth.—Dig for it as for hid treasure; and, our word for it, you shall be rewarded with a revelation that will force you to exclaim, with the queen of Sheba, "the half hath never been told me." When will the church wake up to her privilege?

CAMP MEETINGS.—Rev. A. C. Rose, of Vermont, thus writes of the camp meetings held this year in his section. Equally encouraging are reports from other quarters:

"I would just say a word about our camp meetings, the last one now just closing. The last I did not attend, nor have I heard from it; but the first two were characterized by glorious manifestations of divine power in awakenings, conversions, and baptisms. At the first, as near as can be ascertained, more than thirty were converted; and at the second, more than fifty. They were both of them also marked by this special peculiarity, viz: by a constantly guarded and well defined distinction, both in the preaching and in the testimonies given in relation to experience between justification and entire sanctification. The result of this was, the happy transition from the glory of justification, to the higher glory of full salvation, of more than one hundred believers. In other words, backslidden professors did not profess holiness when restored and reclaimed from their backslidings; but I think there was scarcely an exception where entire sanctification was only professed by those who previously stood in the clear light of justification. This is as it should be of course.

There is also a more remote result of which I may speak; and that is, the whole country around seems to be stirred and roused to religious interest and inquiry; and already souls are being converted as the fruits of the camp meeting.

Yours,

A. C. R.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE WAYWARD PUPIL.

A LITTLE boy once expressed a wish that his pastor would preach to children once every Sabbath. He said he did not believe it would hurt older people to hear the beginning of things very often.

This remark is often recalled to memory; and I would offer the suggestion, that those who fear the Lord would speak often, one to another, in relation to the beginning of things in their Christian experience. The writer has hitherto confined her instructions to very youthful readers of the Guide, and it is with much diffidence that she now attempts to address those that are a little older.

The words justification and sanctification are very familiar words to all readers of the Bible. But have not many real Christians very vague and indistinct ideas in connection with these doctrines? And yet, if we knew anything of the beginning of good things in our hearts, we have been "justified by faith in Christ Jesus," and are in precisely the same circumstances as those for whom the apostle prayed,— "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of the Lord Jesus."—1 Thes. v: 23.

Our Father in Heaven has given us the precious assurance that, "as far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." And now the believing soul may sweetly come and cry Abba! Father! for he hears the loving words, "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." The following illustration may aid the youthful Christian to a clearer perception of this precious doctrine of justification by faith:

A young girl, twelve years of age, was placed with her sister in a Female Seminary, at a great distance from her parents. She was very winning in her manners, and unexceptionable in her deportment for a long time. But, one day, she spoke rudely to her teacher, and was sent to her room to remain until she was penitent. A note was received, in which she requested leave to remove to the house of a friend, stating at the same time that she was not sorry that she had offended, and that she would never ask to be forgiven. Every effort made to soften her only increased her spirit of rebellion.—

Through an entire day she refused to take any food; and the next morning complained of indisposition and requested to see the family physician.

In agony of spirit that teacher sought the Great Physician for this sin-sick soul. In answer to prayer He appeared; and soon this wayward pupil was shedding tears of penitence in the arms of her friend. She was ready in the presence of the school to acknowledge her fault,—to bear whatever penalty might be imposed, if she could but be forgiven. And tears of joy mingled with ingenuous sorrow for the past as she was received once more to the warm heart of her loving teacher. The past was fully and freely forgiven; and she was never again reminded of that scene except on one occasion,—when urged to yield her heart to the Savior. It was understood by the whole school that, since her deportment was afterwards unexceptionable, she held the same place in the affections of her teacher as if she had never offended.

And how could it be otherwise? That teacher saw in her wayward pupil a counterpart to her own history before conversion;

“For, when a wandering sheep,
She would not be controlled.”

She had been unwilling to submit to the only conditions on which she could be a disciple of Christ; and preferred to spend her time with any worldly friends, virtually saying to herself, “I will not have the Great Teacher to rule over me!” And O, how had her poor hungry soul been starving while the servants of Christ were announcing

“Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetite
The rich provision taste.”

At length she had sought the Great Physician, and He had undertaken the cure. With unutterable tenderness she was welcomed into the school of Christ, and heard these loving words, “Be of good cheer, thy sins though many are all forgiven thee!” Amazing, wonderful love! She was henceforth to enjoy the sweet companionship of the Great Teacher, and to be treated with the confiding affection of one who had never sinned. The “gladness of that happy day,” in which she was assured of adoption and justification, can never be effaced from the memory of that penitent. The emotion of her heart was continually flowing out in sacred song,—

“No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my Heavenly Father’s voice,
I love, I love His home.”

“Being justified freely by His grace.” What a precious truth! When the lady first entered the school of Christ, being a mere babe in knowledge, she had a very inadequate idea of justification. She did not understand that this was only a starting point in the Christian course. She desired “to fight the good fight of faith and lay hold on eternal life.” But in attempting to gird on the whole armor of God she was not entirely guided by the Captain of her Salvation. She did not know how to use the shield of faith, and she was often wounded by the fiery darts of the wicked one.

But of the progressive work in the heart of that Teacher we will speak hereafter.

THE JUST SHALL LIVE BY FAITH.

BY L. L.

How sweet it is, my child,
To live by simple faith;
Just to believe that God will do
Exactly what he saith.

Does Faith mean to believe
That God will surely do
Exactly what he says, mamma;
Just as I know that you

Will give me what I ask,
Because you love me well
And listen patiently to hear
Whatever I may tell?

Yes, you may trust in God
Just as you trust in me;
Believe, dear child, he loves you well,
And will your Father be;

For, when you sought his love,
Your Father up in heaven
Looked kindly down, for Jesus’ sake,
And has your sins forgiven.

And now to pray in faith
Is simply to believe
That what you ask in Jesus’ name
You surely shall receive.

Go with your simple wants;
Go tell him all you need;
Go put your trust in Christ alone;
Such faith is sweet indeed.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

A VALUABLE TRACT.—Through the politeness of the author, Rev. D. A. Whedon, we have been furnished with a tract, embodying the views of Mr. Wesley on entire sanctification. It is carefully culled from his published works, and arranged so as to form a harmonious whole.

Those who have plodded through the seven large volumes of Wesley's Works, and attempted to collate all his published thoughts on this subject, and arrange them chronologically, (for as Mr. Wesley received his light gradually, the order of time is of great importance,) will appreciate the value of this compact form. The Tract is No. 500 of the publications of the Tract Society of the M. E. Church, 200 Mulberry Street; and as its expense is merely nominal, about one cent, it should be bought up in large quantities, and scattered broadcast wherever the name of Wesley has influence.

READING FOR WINTER EVENINGS.—The reading season is approaching. Let not the children of this world be wiser than the children of light, in preparing for its wants. We recently saw an exhibit of the amount of light and infidel literature, published by the English and American Press. The figures have escaped us, but they were perfectly appalling. Who can estimate the immense evil that this flood of corruption will produce? If we would withstand its influence, we must sow the good seed of the kingdom. We fear that the importance of this department of Christian effort is not properly appreciated. Will our dear brethren and sisters make it a subject of thought and prayer? Especially would we appeal to our ministering brethren who read and circulate the Guide. Can you not do something in circulating our books as well as periodicals? Recollect we are your fellow-laborers. Were money our object, we should pander to the vitiated popular taste; but, like you, we have a call to those things which will minister to human salvation. Scatter the books which we publish among the people. Depend upon it they will do good. Send us your orders before the cold season sets in. We will endeavor to make the terms and conditions satisfactory.

SINGING BOOK FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.—We are now publishing *THE FAMILY CHORAL*, a choice collection of hymns and tunes for family

worship. It is prepared by Rev. A. C. Rose, of the Troy Conference; and is destined, in our humble judgment, to contribute much to a taste for family psalmody. We reserve a more extended notice till our next issue, by which time we hope to have the book ready for the market.

OUR NEW YORK DEPOSITORY.—For reasons which we could not foresee, we fear we shall be under the necessity of discontinuing the Depository in New York; but hope to make arrangements with some house there to keep our publications on hand.

BOOK NOTICES.

CHRIST AND ADORNMENTS: A Prize Essay, in answer to the enquiry, "*What is the mind of Christ with respect to Christians adorning their persons with jewelry, and gay and costly attire; and what is the effect of such adornment upon the individual, the church, and the world?*" By Rev. S. H. PLATT, author of *The Gift of Power*, etc.

We like the form in which the above interrogatory is propounded. It allows no scope for human opinions on the point at issue, but brings its tests to "the mind of Christ." A satisfactory reply, then, must be an end to all controversy; and this we think the author has done in a forcible manner. If the *Gift of Power* has given him a favorable introduction to the public, his reputation will not suffer by the present work. We are free to own it is, in our judgment, the best thing we have read on this subject. The book is published by the American Reform Tract and Book Society, of Cincinnati, Ohio. But the author informs us that he will be at the pains of sending a copy to the address of any one remitting him, free of expense, twenty-five cents, the amount of cost. Address Rev. S. H. PLATT, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

UNION HYMNS AND MUSIC. By a Sabbath School minister. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. Philadelphia: Gant and Volkmar.

We hail with pleasure every effort that is being made to cultivate a love for singing hymns among children. The little work before us contains many popular tunes, set to appropriate hymns. pp. 24. Price 5 cents.

We have also received from HORACE WATERS, Publisher, New York, a piece of music entitled, *THE ANGELS TOLD ME SO*. The words are founded on a beautiful incident, related at the beginning of the piece. The music is very pretty, with a sweet accompaniment.

THERE IS REST FOR THE WEARY.

ARRANGED AND HARMONIZED BY REV. W. McDONALD.

With Spirit.

1. In the Christian's home in glory, There remains a land of rest, There my Saviour's gone be-

CHORUS.

fore me, To fulfil my soul's request: There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the

weary, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you,—On the oth-er side of

Jordan, In the sweet fields of Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, &c.

3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear.
There is rest, &c.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn!
There is rest, &c.

5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest, &c.

Sold by H. V. DEGEN, 22 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

A Voice from the Land of Promise.

BY E. R.

"I WILL tell you my experience, and you shall send it to the 'Guide to Holiness,'" said a Christian friend with whom we were lately taking sweet counsel. Do so, was the reply, and she began her narration:

"I call it my second conversion. And we Methodists call it 'entire sanctification.' The relative accuracy of the terms must depend in a great measure upon your spiritual state previously."

"You were a Christian?"

"Oh yes, I considered myself a child of God; and was thought by other people more than ordinarily pious. I had love to Christ; was spiritually minded; delighted in prayer and reading the word of God; and diligently employed myself in Christian labors."

"Had there been any diminution of your love or zeal, prior to this time?"

"Not the least. On the contrary, I had been latterly increasing in zeal; just because, having become so bitterly conscious of the inbred evils of my nature, I thought to be 'in labors more abundant' was the best way of keeping down the evil."

"What troubled you most at that time?"

"My besetting sin was irritability of temper. This wanted to break out on all occasions; and then the self-seeking which was mixed up with all my works for God distressed me greatly; so that, in fact, the more I labored the more of vileness became apparent. But I must tell you of one gleam of faith which a little brightened my path. It occurred to me, 'I will look to Jesus to help me to overcome one evil at a time.' And so it was, that when I really did look to Jesus in faith, at the time of temptation, the help was given; and I was victorious for the time being."

"This was faith in fragments,—a sort of preliminary exercise for you before you were initiated into the glorious life of faith."

VOL. XXXIV.—233.

Of this you seem still to have been strangely ignorant, although you were so speedily brought into its enjoyment. Did you receive no human help in finding it? You were a member of the Church of England; but did no Methodist friend ever talk to you on the subject, nor any Wesleyan literature direct you to the path of entire sanctification?"

"I had then never met with either the one or the other. Why do you ask?"

"Because no experience can be equally valuable, as proof of the scripturalness of the doctrine, with that which threads its path through the sophisms of Satan and men into the highways of holiness by the clue of the Bible, and that only. Tell, now, how you became a partaker of this great salvation."

"It was in the week of the jubilee of the Church Missionary Society, 1849. On Wednesday of that week I went out to give tracts, visit the sick, and plead the cause of Christ. I came home and entered into my closet. There, upon self-examination, I found self had been mixed with everything I had done. My soul felt in an agony on account of my sinfulness and selfishness. I fell on my knees and said, Oh, I will pray now as I have never prayed before! As I said this, it seemed as if a voice in my soul said to me, 'Even thy very prayers must be analysed from self. I am a Spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. Thou hast had faith to look to me to conquer one sin at a time, but thou hast never given me thy whole heart.' Feeling that Christ spoke to my soul, I said, 'O Lord, I will give thee my whole heart!' Then, again, it was spoken to me, 'Thou art not able of thyself to give me thy whole heart, but must call upon me to enable thee. I must dwell in thee; not only I, but my Father also.' I replied, 'O Lord, I am such a sinner!' for, just at this time, such a sense of my sinfulness was shewn me as words cannot well express. I *saw myself*; and oh, I shall never forget the sight!—as it were a

pool, full of every venomous and loathsome serpents, was just before me! Such seemed my heart. The Lord then said, 'Give thyself to me, and see what I will make thee.' In a moment it was done! I woke up a perfect infant in my Father's arms,—utterly helpless; my heart purged and cleansed from sin,—from all its vileness and uncleanness. The Lord again spoke to my soul, 'This is a free gift; not given thee for thy tears, nor for anything thou hast done. I will have mercy upon whom I will have mercy.' Feeling the power of God on my soul, I said, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?' The reply was, 'I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me.'

"Then the main-spring of that unwearied round of charitable activity, which I heard associated with your name before I met you, is found in the direction given you by the Holy Spirit on that memorable day?"

"Yes; since that period I have devoted myself to teaching the ignorant, and succoring the destitute, for Christ's sake."

"Was your joy very great when you received the gift of righteousness?"

"Very; so great that I could not sleep for nights after."

"Did you not fear to lose this great blessing?"

"Satan tempted me to fear; but a sight of all the promises, suited to sustain one who depends on God, quite strengthened me again."

"In addition to the course of usefulness already prescribed for you, did you feel any special call to labor, that might enlighten others on the possibility of living above sin?"

"A few days after I received the gift, I said with longing desire, 'O, Father, that the earthly house of this tabernacle might dissolve!' Then it was shewn me that this was selfish,—that I must stay to teach

others this salvation; and these precious promises were given me: 'I will strengthen thee; I will keep thee; greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world.'"

"And from that day to this,—a period of nine years, you have been kept by the power of God through faith unto this salvation?"

"Yes; ever since then I have enjoyed perfect peace,—even while passing through heavy trials; for I have lost three children during this period. So filled with joy I have been at times, that it has been too much for me almost to bear. I am quite delivered from the fear of death; and have felt my heart purged from the rising of evil passions and feelings, so that they do not trouble me. All this I do not ascribe to myself, but entirely to the power and goodness of God and His Holy Spirit; giving all the glory to him who gave it."

"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father,—to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

"Yes; why should Christians wait for the millenium to be kings and priests? I am one now!"

It has been aptly remarked, that a satisfactory experience of the grace of God is to religion what a successful experiment is to natural science. This is true of every operation of Divine power on the human heart; but true especially of that higher working which, because often considered too exalted for common apprehension, stands in need of a demonstration so intelligible to every capacity, as "Come and hear all ye that fear God; I will tell you what he hath done for my soul."

It was under this conviction that the foregoing experience was related; and another seal, that God is true, affixed to the testimony: "He is faithful and just to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

"I am one now; and," added the speaker, "tell the readers of the 'Guide to

Holiness' that what I have felt all may feel; the free gift is free to all. It is because the Lord's people will not live in the power of their religion that they cannot walk 'in the liberty wherewith He makes them free.'"

"This witness is true." Oh, that semi-believers would lay it to heart. Partial devotion may soothe the conscience amid the din and bustle of the world, or even side by side with the too shallow piety of the church; but a day of just judgment comes to all men; and then, when the glare of time is shaded from the soul, and the light of eternity pours in upon it; when the Divine life, paid a ransom for man, is fairly weighed against the fragments of human life given back to God; when the Blood that can cleanse from all sin bears its witness against the heart uncleansed still, and the Spirit that can sanctify wholly urges his reproach against the soul unsanctified still; will not less than entire devotion,—less than unblameable holiness, appear a spiritual infatuation? Yet, even here, one caution may be necessary, lest the upright heart be discouraged. God has assured His seeking, believing people of the gift; but He has reserved in His own sovereignty the manner of giving. An unusual degree of joy marked, in the above instance, the reception and the retention of the grace of sanctification. This was its cheering accompaniment; but it was not the grace itself. "Ye have never read in your Bibles," said Fletcher, "let this glory be on you which was on Stephen, when 'he looked up steadfastly into heaven and said: Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God'; but ye have often read there: 'let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus, who made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant.'" Holiness is sympathy with the mind of Christ,—not with the rapture of angels. It is the repose of the human spirit on the heart of the God-man,—one with Him in thought, and affections, and

purpose; not a tabernacle on the Mount of Transfiguration. "There is a suffering love as well as a triumphant love," said one whose inner life was more deeply pervaded by what she distinguished as the latter. Hester Ann Rogers was scarcely enough of a spiritual sufferer to know that love is never so triumphant as when it suffers; and the "kings and priests unto God" are none the less royal and sacred because, like "Him that loved" them, they are called to exchange Tabor's radiant height for the shade of "lovely, mournful Calvary."

One distinctive value of this narration, as attesting Bible truth on the subject, has been already intimated. No friendly hand pointed the sojourner in the wilderness to the fair land of promise, or exhibited its fruits to her doubting eyes. Alone, as to human guidance, she travelled thither; heard in her own song of praise the first note of the victory of faith; and read in her own purified heart the first uninspired voucher that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. This speaks eloquently,—shall we say reproachfully, to some. O friends! instructed, followed, prayed for, yearned after, on this matter, lay one word of warning on your conscience. "To whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required; and to whom men have committed much, of him they will ask the more."

London.

"THE more a man praises God, the more quiet does his soul become."

THERE is frequently more love in a frown than there could be in a smile. "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten."

"STRONGER by weakness wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal 'home.'"

"GIVE me the eye that can see God in all, the hand that can serve him with all, and the heart that can bless him for all."

"Of what advantage is it to be cried up on earth by those about us, and be cried down in heaven by those above us?"

Jehovah Jireh.

"The Lord will provide."

BY M. J. B.

Oh sweet, in the hour of danger and fear,
That promise that wipeth so gently the tear;
Yes, sweet as the burden of angelic lay,
The beautiful promise,—*"Jehovah Jireh."*

Go tell the meek widow, so lonely and sad,
The tidings which once made Moriah's Mount
glad;

And write on her home with a heavenly ray,—
Fear not, weeping mourner,—*"Jehovah Jireh."*

Oh write with thy love, my Redeemer and Lord,
On Memory's tablet the heavenly word.

No sorrows can sadden,—no dangers dismay,
While my Lord speaks from heaven,—*"Jehovah Jireh."*

Memoir of Rev. William C. Kendall, A. M.

BY REV. A. A. PHELPS.

[Continued.]

In 1854 he was removed from Covington, to Albion, Orleans Co., N. Y. Here he found a wealthy church,—old and numerous, but low in spirituality. It was predicted by the fearful, that his plain, close work would prove its ruin. But God chose to show his people the power of *truth*. Brother Kendall began at once, without fear, to raise the fallen standard of *justification by faith*; showing them *why* they *could not* believe, insisting on the witness of the Spirit, and urging them to both inward and outward holiness. The effects were soon apparent. Slumbering consciences were aroused; the light began to reveal the chains by which they had been bound to earth; and, bursting them off, they flew to Christ again for a *living faith*. Some even found they had *never known* the true and living way. A few resisted the truth,—raised every barrier in the way,—strove to bring him to such measures as they judged best for carrying on the work, and vexed his soul with their endless disputations. But he asserted the authority of his commission with calm and holy bold-

ness; wept over their blindness, and told them he must go forward. The Lord made bare his arm in the reclaiming and conversion of over two hundred souls, in and out of the church. One hundred and thirty joined on probation, while scores were brought into the clear light of entire holiness. His labors were much assisted by that man of God, Dr. J. W. R. The revival flame continued all the year; and meetings were held in nearly every surrounding neighborhood. Again and again did the people witness such pentecostal scenes as will be remembered for ever. Multitudes will praise God in eternity for sending brother Kendall to Albion. The church has assumed a new attitude ever since. Near twenty of those precious converts are already safely garnered in heaven; and have hailed to that immortal shore their now *sainted pastor*! Many more are on the way, with courage to face every foe, power to labor for souls, and a love that rejoices evermore.

After all the prosperity of this glorious year, such as had *looked on*, and held the reins of *power*, protested against his return, with the assurance that they should not open the church doors to receive him. They were *obeyed*; and he was removed to Brockport in 1855. He found himself introduced to the people as a "troubler in Israel"; reports having been falsely circulated against his course,—and even moral character. But he determined to know nothing among them, save Christ and him crucified. He preached the searching truths of the gospel; though most of the year it seemed like beating the air. The word entered some hearts, however, and souls were converted and reclaimed, both in and out of the church. Some, who for many years had been given up as hopelessly backslidden, were powerfully reclaimed, and became living, efficient members. He established a regular meeting for holiness; and saw a little band raised up to sustain it, who became mightier than ever to withstand the gathering forces of a formal re-

ligion. Eternity may reveal that this little company of living witnesses, already augmented to scores, shall do as much for the church as many more made nominal members. God has kept them through storms of opposition; and, though "fiery darts" have been hurled against them, they yet

"Can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world."

Chili was brother Kendall's next charge. He went to it with a heart full of hope for an abundant harvest of souls. It had been the scene of many displays of Divine power,—the home of many holy, zealous souls, now lodged in the paradise of God. But the blinding spirit of this world had crept in, and caused some of former zeal and power to forget the *simplicity of holy living*. Here, also, secret prejudice was instilled by busy men against his method of labor; so that at one time,—on the eve, apparently, of a sweeping work, he was obliged to leave the hungry multitudes for the sake of those who urged nothing but groundless fears of "fanaticism;" for which he was afterwards sorry. Yet, as a faithful minister of the New Testament, he dared not conceal the truth that was able to make them free. He shrunk not from the cross,—though it cost him such struggles as he had never known before; but dealt out, fearlessly, pointed arrows at their bosom sins. Praise Jesus! there were those who *welcomed* them, and lifted up his hands by mighty faith. They also became witnesses of Jesus' all-cleansing blood; and some were converted, reclaimed, and added to the church. Still he toiled on,—wasting his energies and hoping for visible and complete victory, while he only kept his head above the waves of deadly opposition. Often was he prostrated, in private and public, with the weight of souls, and the crushing thought that men, who sought to ruin *him*, were only ruining *souls* by scores and hundreds! To God, the just judge, shall every man render his own account.

During the year he established a stated

meeting for seekers of holiness, and all who desired to seek not only the form but the *power* of godliness. It was honored with fruit,—and many seasons of pentecostal power, such as our fathers all understood. His unremitting labors for years began to wear upon him so much, that at one time he suspected a speedy release from earthly toils. He remarked, after performing the funeral services of brother S. Rumsey, of blessed memory, "I almost coveted his place as I saw him *at rest* in his coffin." But God had *one more* victory for him on mortal shores.

He left this field of conflict for Conference, in September, 1857, saying to a friend before starting, "I go bound in the spirit, not knowing what shall befall me there." True enough. He took his seat among his brethren (?) only to learn that skillful hands had prepared his death-warrant; that he who had so faithfully and cheerfully toiled on through nine years of calm and storm, with many hundreds of souls as seals to his ministry, was now to be pronounced by a few designing men "no longer *useful* as a travelling preacher!" and for the grave charge of "promoting" what the wicked world call "fanaticism!" He read over the long "bill of charges" handed to him, and calmly resolved, like his Master at a similar tribunal, to "open not his mouth." Friends, however, advised otherwise; and he prepared himself to refute falsehoods and prove the truth. Meanwhile, as though fearing defeat, the accuser added able counsel to the committee; and a second "bill" was prepared, reaching back through his most successful career as a minister. Now, verily, he proved the truth of Christ's words, "Yea, the time cometh that whosoever killeth you will think he doeth God service." But a similar case, preceding, consumed the time; and brother Kendall was "passed," with the assurance that another year he should be dealt by as he deserved; and again he was sent out to spread terror and death wherever the gospel sword should

enter in. A remote corner was selected for him among a church too feeble to be destroyed; but, thank God, he did not falter at this last blow, but received his appointment with joy, believing that God had answered his prayer to be sent to a people that would receive the truth in its simplicity and power. As a loyal itinerant, therefore, he hied away to his distant post, singing to his weeping friends,

"I've got a home up yonder,
In a few days,"

so joyfully, that those who knew not the source of his strength, said, "He is surely out of his senses!" Mistaken souls! they knew not the inner workings of his heart; nor how his sensitive spirit writhed as it was made certain that men were bent on his overthrow. It was not a dread of personal want or persecution that pressed upon him; but a deep consciousness that *Jesus and spiritual religion* were to be put down by the course of proscription adopted. A touching incident is related by his devoted wife, as having occurred before he left the seat of Conference. It shows a trial of his faith; but he gained the *victory* in Jesus' name. She says, "on Saturday, after the Conference, I went into his room and found him on the bed groaning, and weeping violently,—something he never did before. I tenderly begged him to tell me what was the cause. He at first refused; but at length said, 'O, it is not because they have sent me to a poor appointment, or an obscure place; but to look back and think how they have hunted me from one post to another, *because* I have conscientiously toiled to the extent of my powers to keep my ordination vows, and bring the church to the *discipline and holy living!* *They know* this is all I have *tried* to do, and I have not *half done that*. Why is it? O! it makes me wish I was in *heaven*; and I believe I shall be soon.'" But he triumphed in God; and went out like a true warrior, listed, as he wrote in his last letter soon after, "to the end of the war or to

death!" West Falls was the scene of his last labors, and his triumphant exit from the field of conflict to the realms of ineffable light.

[To be concluded.]

[The writer, in a private note, holds himself responsible for statements here made. They are painful enough. Let us learn from them a lesson of patient endurance in suffering affliction, but forget the source from whence these trials emanated.—[Eds.]

The Comforter.

BY GARRIN.

SAY, Christian, didst thou ever feel
A fearful trembling o'er thee steal?
What was it spoke of coming wrath
While you pursued the downward path?
The Comforter.

When penitent by sin distressed,
Thy weary spirit found no rest,
What whispered words of accent sweet
That led thee to the Savior's feet?
The Comforter.

While at the cross with rapturous song
Thou didst the note of praise prolong;
Who sealed the witness on thy heart
That thou hadst gained "that better part?"
The Comforter.

While marching in thy heavenward way
The tempter came in dread array;
What nerved thee for the conflict sore,
And made thee mightier than before?
The Comforter.

When called to shed the bitter tear
Over some friend's untimely bier,
Who bade thee dry thy tearful eyes
And meet thy dear ones in the skies?
The Comforter.

When languishing and constant pain
Did almost crush thy feeble frame,
What spoke, in accents soft and kind,
To soothe and cheer thy anxious mind?
The Comforter.

And, when the monster came in sight,
With fearful mien thy soul to fright,
What then thy sinking heart sustained,
And bade thee shout the victory gained?
The Comforter.

Blest Comforter, thou heavenly guest,
Forever reign within my breast;
I've felt thy power, I own thy sway,—
O! with me *ever, ever* stay,
Blest Comforter.

Acknowledging God.

BY MRS. RHODE H. LEONARD.

THE Word of God clearly teaches the importance of acknowledging him. But perhaps the Christian will ask, How shall I acknowledge him? There are various ways in which we may acknowledge him.

We should be careful to acknowledge him in our deportment. The daily walk of the follower of Christ is the most significant profession of his religion that he can make. If consistency in this respect be wanting, the farther he keeps from making high professions the better. A gloomy or a frivolous manner are neither of them consistent with a very high state of grace. Either of these besetments are destructive to the spirit of devotion; and must be brought under immediate and complete control, if we would make advancement in the Christian life. Would it not be beneficial for one of a melancholy disposition to dwell much in his thoughts and conversation upon the goodness of God? He should not suffer his mind to dwell too much upon the evils that are in the world; but cast these, with every circumstance of his own life, upon Him who careth for us. On the other hand, a trifling spirit might be overcome by frequent communion with God, and maintaining at all times a sense of his presence. This will prove a sure cure for this evil spirit, which is sometimes mistaken for cheerfulness.

We should acknowledge God in our conversation. While the opinion ought to be discarded that the Christian should converse exclusively upon religious subjects, care should be taken that we do not go too far to the other extreme. Here lies the great danger. St. James says, "He that offendeth not in word, the same is a perfect man." Talking about little nothings, permitting ourselves to indulge in gossip, and speaking evil of others, are all contrary to the spirit of Christianity. Christ was in earnest when he said, "For every idle word

that men shall speak, they shall give account in the Day of Judgment."

We may acknowledge God in our apparel. It is no sign of deep piety to dress in an uncouth manner ourselves, and to condemn everything like taste and neatness in others. Neither is it right to depart from the Bible-rule, by putting on "gold, pearls, and costly array." How can persons, making high professions of love to God, indulge in this, contrary to the plain teachings of his Word? No doubt this inconsistency has done great injury to the cause of God. The apparel of the Christian should be plain, neat, and simple. He can conform to the requirements of the gospel without violating the rules of good taste.

Direct efforts for the salvation of souls is another method of acknowledging God. Various are the ways in which we may labor to bring our fellow beings to a knowledge of the truth. Earnest, effective prayer is one means. Improving suitable opportunities to urge upon individuals the necessity of acquiring a personal interest in Christ, is another. These are means of which the humblest Christian may avail himself, and which God honors with great success. The same object may often be accomplished by the use of the pen. Many professors write upon almost all other subjects except those that are directly calculated to lead men to Christ. Is this right? Is it acknowledging God in all our ways? Much good may be accomplished by the proper use of this talent; and surely there can be no good reason why the Christian author should not devote himself to the diffusion of holiness. No other subjects are so elevating in their nature, or so truly sublime, as those embraced in Christianity. What higher motive can actuate us than that of being the instrument, in the hands of God, of bringing men into the service of their heavenly Father and conducting them to eternal life?

"THERE is a way to *keep* a man out of hell, but no way to *get* a man out of hell."

The Effect of Personal Adorning on the Individual.

IT SQUANDERS THE MEANS WHICH GOD HAS GIVEN FOR BETTER PURPOSES, AND FOR WHICH HE HOLDS EVERY ONE TO THE STRICTEST ACCOUNTABILITY.

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof." "The silver and the gold are his." We poor mortals have nothing, *absolutely nothing*, in our own right. We are stewards of the Lord's treasures; and that which we possess is only loaned us for a time, that we may "make to ourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that we may be received at last into everlasting habitations."

Statistics show that, for every eighteen dollars expended in the M. E. Church in her benevolent enterprises, and the support of the ministry, one soul is converted. If any thing near the same ratio exists in other churches, with what accusing voices do our empty missionary treasuries plead, as their mighty claims, freighted with immortal destinies, are turned aside by the gift of the silver dime, when tens or hundreds of golden dollars might be substituted by casting the useless and forbidden adornments at the foot of the cross.

Many Christian women bear constantly upon their persons useless ornaments enough to sustain a missionary and his family in the most distant portions of the work. To such the example of the ancient Israelites is worthy of all imitation. "And Aaron said unto them, Break off the golden earrings which are in the ears of your wives, of your sons, and of your daughters, and bring them unto me." (Exodus, xxxii: 2.) "And they came, both men and women, as many as were willing hearted, and brought bracelets, and earrings, and rings, and tablets, all jewels of gold; and every man that offered, offered an offering of gold unto the Lord." (Exodus, xxxv: 22.) "We have therefore brought an oblation for the Lord, what every man

bath gotten, of jewels of gold, chains, and bracelets, rings, earrings, and tablets, to make an atonement for our souls before the Lord." (Num., xxxi: 50.)

For ourself, we can but question the piety or the education of that person who habitually expends double or treble the amount really needed for personal adornments and dress, while objects of charity throng on every side.

God has not so arranged the affairs of life, that our expenditures must seek the distributing energies of extravagance in default of the opportunities implied in Prov., xi: 25: "The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself;" or in Isaiah, lviii: 10: "And if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday." No, no. The lap of want is spread beside the pathway of the most favored daughter of luxury, and she need not even step aside to cast her offerings upon it. From every one who has a heart to feel for human woe, and a hand able to give a "silver lining" to the dark clouds of sorrowing destitution, God has a right to expect a hearty response to his suggestive injunction, "Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it. Say not unto thy neighbor, Go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give, when thou hast it by thee." (Prov., iii: 27, 28.) He does require it, and the recording angel writes against every dollar expended for mere ornament, or to procure costlier apparel than is actually needed, the bitter condemnation, it was *squandered*.

Squandered, though pity wept; squandered, though benevolence remonstrated; squandered, though religion frowned; squandered, though responsibility trembled; squandered, though sympathy chilled within; *squandered*, because Pride and Fashion bade. O, cursed Pride! O, Fashion!—gay enchanters, wiling to the

pit,—ye handmaids of perdition! God save his children from your snares.

Another effect of such adornment upon the individual is, that—

IT MISPENDS HIS TIME.

"A minister, calling to visit a lady, was detained a long time while she was dressing. At length she made her appearance, be-dizened in all the frippery of fashion and folly. The minister was in tears. She asked the cause of his grief; when he replied, 'I weep, madam, to think that an immortal being should spend so much of that precious time, which was given her to prepare for eternity, in thus vainly adorning that body which must soon become a prey to worms.'"

The reproof, in this instance, was blessed to the conversion of the lady. But, alas! how many pass on to the dying hour without the rebuke, and destitute of its benefits. One such exclaimed to several ministers who came to comfort her, "Call back time again. If you can call back time again, then there may be hope for me. But time is gone." How bitter must be the reflections which the strange excitements of the departing hour force upon the spirit that has allowed time to run away in the gay pursuits of fashion, or in decking the perishing body with the emblazoned heraldries of the kingdom of darkness. How scathing such a retrospect of life. Time's sands run out and time's work all undone! How appalling the visions that gather in dim shadowy outline just beyond the portals of the grave!

When we remember that time is given to us for the noblest of purposes, and that, at the best, it is fearfully curtailed by a thousand nameless circumstances that occupy the mind for the passing instant, it becomes a question of serious moment how best to improve what remains to us. We may scarcely be said to begin to live the real responsible life of the world until the age of fifteen. Supposing, then, that we survive the average length of human

life, we have but fifteen more in which to work out the mighty problem of future destiny.

But when we subtract from this the time consumed in sleeping, eating, domestic duties, and the necessary socialities of life, we are narrowed down to three or four hours a day for the most favored, and scarcely a single one for those not so well situated, as the utmost that can be devoted to the concerns of the soul. Now, if from that single hour three-fourths be separated for a painfully precise and finical toilet, which might just as well have been accomplished in other hours, how fearfully does it abridge the Bible lesson, and private prayer, and the self-examination necessary to a holy life. And is there no wrong in this? Behold ye have robbed God; this whole people have robbed God. "But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings."

Another consequence of this practice is, that—

IT PERVERTS THE JUDGMENT.

There can be no right judgment, except there be exemption from the bias of prejudice. But prejudice is a necessary consequence of a corrupted will and a selfish nature, both of which are more or less involved in the habit of adornment. The well-known lines,—

"A man, convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still,"

express a truth in the phenomena of mind against which we cannot close our eyes, and form a fitting preface to the declaration of Holy Writ, "There is a way that seemeth right unto man, but the end thereof *are* the ways of death." A person may be sincere in a wrong belief at the time of avowing it, but there has previously been the basest treachery to his moral nature to produce the blindness. Innocence in the possession of a belief, and sincerity in that belief, are not necessarily conjoined. Pride, and selfishness, and corrupt will, may have educated the judgment

into the way which it now approves, but from which it may once have shrunk in deepest abhorrence. Nor is this so laborious a work as may be supposed. The path of moral deterioration is a down-hill road, and may have little to prevent the smoothness of its progress.

The soil, which has been carefully cultivated and weeded, needs only a little neglect to cause a perverted growth of thistles to spring up. So it is with man. Perversion is a growth of man's fallen nature, and needs the exterminating hand of holy purposes and divine affections to supplant it, while selfishness would only foster its development. Perhaps some who read this essay will not be convinced, after all the evidence that has been adduced, that habits of adornment are wrong. If so, we point to their own position as proof of what we have just affirmed.

Another result of this habit, is this,—

IT ESTABLISHES A FALSE STANDARD OF TASTE.

The perversion, in this case, consists in an erroneous judgment of the beautiful. All true beauty is the result of a nice adaptation of the means used to produce it to the nature and circumstances of the object to be adorned. When angels are depicted, they always appear in modest female loveliness, or in the noble beauty of manhood in its purity; but are never adorned with the glittering tinsel of fashion's drapery.

The intuitive perception of our reason, in reference to them, at least, supports the sentiment,—

"Beauty, when unadorned, adorned the most."

For we feel that that which constitutes their beauty inheres within,—belongs to their essential spirituality. How strangely do we forget that the same rule applies to ourselves. And the perversion lies, not in over-estimating the inherent value of beauty, or the good which it confers, but in transferring it from the essential spirituality to a mere accident of its existence;

or, in other words, from mind to matter.

We would not teach the young to despise either beauty or its adventitious aids; but we would have them learn that its highest forms in man, as in angels, consists in the adornments of the mind and the spirit. Whenever, then, the outward form is made to assume the rights and privileges of mind, in this respect, it is a perversion of judgment, lamentable not only in itself, but because of its evil influence upon every other interest connected with this subject. To illustrate: The mind thus perverted can not readily be made to feel the sinfulness of such indulgence, because it has fortified itself behind a supposed necessity for adornment, assuming that the body, and not the mind, is the fit subject of its efforts. For the same reason, the claims of benevolence cannot be honored. Thus we might pass over all the moral virtues, and show that the warping power of this perverted judgment, by erecting a false standard of truth, falls with crushing influence upon each.

But the standard which is recognized is not merely false, it is also degrading. The statuary which arrests and enchains a world's admiration is never adorned in the glittering gewgaws of worldly pride. But the figures in those paintings, which are hung up in certain places on purpose to degrade and inflame the imagination, and excite the passions of the unwary, as well as their living originals as they walk forth to lure their victims to "the way that takes hold on hell;" these are, as is well known, invested with the adornments needful for their work. A word to the wise is sufficient.—[Christ and Adornments.

A GRAIN OF MUSK.

I DROPPED a single grain of musk
A moment in my room;
When years rolled by, the chamber still
Retained the same perfume.
So every deed approved of God,
Where'er its lot be cast,
Leaves some good influence behind
That shall forever last.

"The Lord hath Taken Away."

BY M. J. D.

THERE are many who, when the bright sun of earthly prosperity glances through the casement of a happy life, can exclaim in the language of the Patriarch, "Blessed be the name of the Lord." They can see the rich mercy which makes a hallowed setting around the sentence, "The Lord gave"; but they cannot equally discern that mercy in the words, "The Lord hath taken away." Yet the Christian can lift his eye to where blessed spirits hover on waiting wing to do the will of the Lord of angels; and thy heart may imagine that, (bursting through clouds of glory that veil the brow of his King, and darting forth on a pinion of light through musical blessings that roll in a wave of silver from his path as he flies,) some eagle-eyed archangel plunges from heaven's bright battlement, missioned with many a mercy for the world below.

Christian! follow the glorious stranger as he enters the dwelling where parents' hearts beat quick around the cradle of their darling; and the fragile form, exhausted in the battle with fierce fever, is about giving up the contest. See! the angel bends above him with a look so loving that the infant answers with a smile, and stretches out its little arms to meet him; and, as the mother's heart bounds with the grateful thought that her child is *better*, the seraph gently *kisses* him,—and he is *gone*!

And now, as sorrowing affection is gazing through a veil of tears on the delicate and chiselled features,—sculptured in the marble of death, the spirit with a smile contemplates what might have been the earthly pathway of that little one, had not death arrested its progress.

There the furnace-fires of affliction might burn so hotly that none but a *Shadrach's* zeal could withstand the flame, and the Lord would not suffer that fire to touch him. There *trials* crowd in serried ranks the wilderness path of life; and the Lord,

ere they pressed upon the heart of his redeemed one, led him by the ready road from Egypt to Canaan, and would not suffer him to pass the dreary defile.

And where the pious father has labored, year after year, to train a youthful band for heaven with holy precept; and the ground of the heart, unbroken by adversity, scarce receives the holy seed; yet now, as they bend for the first time in all the agony of grief over his death-bed, his past admonitions brighten upon the spirit with a vivid, burning power, and begin to ring an echo in the ear which never will cease to murmur until they join him in heaven.

As his revered brow is bleaching faster and faster into the whiteness of death, it seems to them beset with the halo of his life-long goodness. As his closing eye beams its mild farewell to them, they bend to catch one more word of holy counsel and of love, and can almost fancy they hear the whispered converse he is holding even *now* with the blessed; and as they listen, the death-angel touches him,—O how softly!—with his wing, and while they cry, "My father, my father!" the mantle of his piety, and faith, and zeal, drops upon the mourner band, and ministering seraphs whisper to the widowed and orphaned spirits there, "*The Lord hath taken away.*"

Providence.

BY M. J. D.

How deep, how soft, how sweet arises the music of life upon the ear that bends in listening attitude to catch its undertones of mercy! It is as if an organ, deep and solemn, were touched by the finger of Omnipotence; and the low, prolonged, wailing note of *sorrow*, is often that which first makes the heart listen to the harmony of Divine Providence. And then, sweeter and higher ring the dealings of our God upon the grateful spirit, until, lost in speechless rapture, it rises to join the harmonies above the stars.

Yes, it is sublime to listen to the voice of

the Lord, as it echoes from the temple of his providence,—as real and as loving as when it rung in tones of majestic mercy from the burning bush; and to see that lofty temple, which once lay in shattered columns around an unbelieving heart, rising in the various events of life,—pedestal and column and capitol of more than Corinthian richness, to support the dome of the over-reaching goodness and wisdom of him who planned it so fair; of him who, enthroned upon the wing of the mighty cherub, and canopied with enfolding fire, deigns to stoop from his high eminence to regard the minutest affairs of men.

Faith cannot dwell in the peaceful vale alone,—there Hope may sing a siren song, and Gratitude sound her silver cymbal; but Faith, like the polar eagle charmed to the cottage door, would beat the wing, and struggle even *against* the cloud of earthly blessings which hold her down, until, severed by adversities, she soars away to the sun of her Lord's high favor, and plumes her pinions on the highest Alps of his unsearchable goodness.

"Stand up for Jesus."

BY ANNA M. HUNTLEY.

SERVANTS of Jesus,
Awake and arise,—
Gird on your sandals,
Equip for the skies;
Boldly stand up
For the Friend of our race,—
Fearlessly speak
Of his goodness and grace;
Ye are his chosen ones,
Called among men;
Ye are his witnesses,—
Falter not, then.

"Stand up for Jesus,"
Amid friends or foes,—
Stand, though all hell
Should rise to oppose.
Stand amid dangers
On every side,
Bearing the banner
Of Christ crucified;

Over all nations,
And tribes among men,
Wave it in triumph,—
Falter not, then.

"Stand up for Jesus,"
Erect in his might,—
Firm as a pillar
Or stern, rocky height;
He is a *tower*
In which you may rest,—
He is a *solace*
Whenever distressed;
He is your Leader
And Guide among men,—
Follow his footsteps,—
Falter not, then.

"Stand up for Jesus,"
Undauntedly stand;
Heed when he giveth
The word of command;
March at his bidding,
Despising the shame,—
March in the strength
Of Emmanuel's name;
He was despised,—
Cast out among men;
Follow through peril,—
Falter not, then.

"Stand up for Jesus,"—
Be valiant and true,—
He patiently bore
Contradictions for you;
A thorn-crown encircled
His glorious head,
That you might inherit
A life-crown instead.
His life he gave freely
For all our lost race,
That they might enjoy
"The riches of grace."
Oh herald his name
To the children of men;
Publish salvation,—
Falter not, then.

WAVERLY, Aug. 13th, 1858.

"IN all his dispensations, God is at work for our good. In prosperity, he tries our gratitude; in mediocrity, our contentment; in misfortune, our submission; in seasons of darkness, our faith; under temptation, our steadfastness; and at all times, our obedience and trust in him."

Must We Profess It?

"IF GOD FULLY SANCTIFY US, MUST WE PROFESS IT, IN ORDER TO RETAIN IT?"

BY REV. A. KENT.

DEAR BROTHER DEGEN:—This question has been answered so differently by different teachers, that many have been thrown into deep perplexity, and have imbibed what has been called a "scrupulous conscience." They scruple whether they ought to profess perfect love with their present feelings, and yet fear if they do not they will suffer loss; so that if they do, or do not, their minds are painfully exercised. I knew a sincere sister who thought she had obtained an *evidence* that a brother was sanctified; and urged him to profess it, and he would doubtless get the evidence of it. He did so; but, alas, it had a melancholy effect upon him. This point often proves a hindrance to those who are seeking for clean hearts; and it is supposed to be one of the greatest difficulties in the way of enjoying the blessing; for if we neglect to profess it, we are told we shall lose it. This is one of the fiery darts of the enemy which I think may be destroyed.

I have often been pained by hearing this subject urged upon people without proper *instruction*, as it seemed plain their tender minds would gain more perplexity than profit. I have greatly admired Mr. Wesley's views on this point; and wish to give some extracts from him, and then offer some thoughts upon them. All our people ought to be acquainted with Mr. Wesley's "Plain account of Christian Perfection"; it is one of our Tracts,—and for a few cents a treasure may be obtained. I give questions and answers:

"But how do you know that you are sanctified,—saved from your inbred corruption?"

"I can know it no otherwise than I know that I am justified. Hereby know we that we are of God, in either sense, by the spirit he hath given us. First by the

witness. As, when we were justified, the Spirit bore witness with our spirit, that our sins were forgiven; so, when we were sanctified, He bore witness that they were taken away. Indeed the witness of sanctification is not always clear at first, (as neither is that of justification); neither is it afterwards always the same; but like that of justification, sometimes stronger, sometimes fainter; yea, and sometimes it is withdrawn. Yet, in general, the latter testimony of the Spirit is both as clear and as steady as the former."

"Suppose one had attained to this, would you advise him to speak of it?"

"At first, perhaps, he would scarce be able to refrain, the fire would be so hot within him; his desire to declare the loving kindness of the Lord carrying him away like a torrent. But, afterwards, he might; and then it would be advisable not to speak of it to them that know not God, (it is most likely it would only provoke them to contradict and blaspheme); nor to others, without some particular reason,—without some good in view. And then he should have special care to avoid all appearance of boasting; to speak with the deepest humility and reverence, giving all the glory to God."—*Works*, Vol. vi, pp. 516 and 503.

Here we learn that Mr. Wesley did not believe the evidence of justification was always clear at first; but some have taught that all Christians must know the time and place of their conversion. I could never admit this doctrine, and think that many have been involved in needless perplexity in consequence of it. The true penitent, who is seeking for pardon, experiences seasons in which his views are more clear and distinct on the greatness of mercy, and a drawing out of the soul in prayer to God,—and find much encouragement, and even comfort; yet it may be only a foretaste to what the Lord will give him. He may be thus exercised various times before he has a witness by which he cries, Abba, Father; and then he may be at a loss to

determine at which of those seasons the act of pardon was wrought. It is desirable to know the time when the act of adoption takes place; and yet I am not aware that such persons generally endure better than those who begin with much weakness, fear, and trembling.

Mr. Wesley believed the witness of sanctification was not always clear at first. Others have taught differently; which may have proved a great temptation to give up the blessing itself, because they had not a distinct witness of it. The soul, that is hungering and thirsting for a clean heart, often finds near access to the mercy-seat, and claims special blessings,—as far as his faith takes hold of the great and precious promises. It may be that sin, in its effects, is suspended in the heart; or, sin may be excluded from the heart. He has no witness of the extent of the work. He knows he is happy,—that he has received a great blessing; but is at a loss to give it a name. He don't feel as he had supposed those did who were perfected in love; and yet his soul may seem full of glory. I have known many exercised after this manner; and it is nothing strange if they are at times brought into a strait, and at a loss what to say if questioned about sanctification. This is a critical state of Christian experience; and, as Mr. Wesley had just such cases to advise and instruct, etc., I cannot do better than to give extracts of his letters for the benefit of all concerned.

He writes to Mrs. Bennis: "There is no doubt but what you at first experienced, was a real foretaste of the blessing; although you were not properly possessed of it till the Whitsunday following." Again: "Your present business is not to reason whether you should call your experience thus or thus; but to go straight to Him that loves you with all your wants,—how great or how many soever they are. Then all things are ready,—help, while you ask, is given. You have only to receive it by simple faith."

To another he writes thus: "I still say to you, as to an almost new born babe, 'Dare to believe; on Christ lay hold;' without being solicitous about the name of what you have, ask and expect all you want! Is it not nigh, even at the door?" Again: "Do not perplex yourself at all about what you shall call it. You are a child of God,—a member of Christ,—an heir of the kingdom. What you have, hold fast, (whatsoever name is given to it,) and you shall have all that God has prepared for them that love him." *Wesley's works, Vol. vi: pp. 770, and 765. Vol. vii: pp. 50 and 51.*

The Lord would have us acknowledge the truth at all times; and surely he would not have us profess our hearts perfected in love if we had not the evidence of it.

Suppose a brother should speak of his experience, in meekness and truth, in substance as follows: "I have longed for full salvation,—that every power of my soul and body should be devoted to God. For this I have panted as the hart for the water-brooks, and God has blessed with his abounding mercy. I feel nothing but love in my heart, and I am sure my affections are more fully set on things above; and yet I feel more unworthy than ever of his grace. My will seems to be lost in his will, for I never before felt such a sweetness in saying, 'Thy will be done.' Here my soul rests in the will of God, without attempting to give any particular name to the blessing I have received."

If the brother feels a consciousness of the facts spoken of, I think he has made a proper profession of the grace received; but, if he goes forward with a single eye, God will give him the witness of what is done in his heart,—then he should speak of this witness. But I am making my letter too long; and must, if able to do so, in another letter express my views of the duty of those who enjoy the witness of a clean heart.

New Bedford, Aug. 25, 1858.

More Testimony.

BY REV. W. H. OWEN.

BROTHER DEGEN:—As many have borne testimony to the fact,—that Jesus can save from all sin, and that God's love has been perfected in their hearts,—I desire, also, to record, with my own hand, my testimony in favor of the doctrine of Sanctification or Holiness.

About nine years ago, I was truly converted,—being then in my sixteenth year. Some three years after my conversion I became awakened on the subject of holiness; though I had before been striving for victory, and very much desired to be such a Christian as is described in "Kempis' Christian Pattern." My faith was much increased, in regard to the possibility of living holy in this sinful world, from some public remarks made on this subject by the Rev. William Holman, an aged minister of Kentucky. What he said, in substance, was this: "There is no reason why we cannot live as holy as any people who have ever lived in this world, seeing we have all the means of grace, and a good opportunity to use them." I thought he was correct, and began anew to strive for the victory over the world and myself. Soon after this I felt it to be my duty to give up all for the sake of the gospel. I did not long confer with flesh and blood, but said, "Here I am, Lord, send me."

On the twelfth of August, 1854, I was licensed to preach, and recommended to the Annual Conference. I now felt more than ever my need of holiness. Oh, how I panted after a pure heart. I could not answer the following question in the affirmative, which was sufficient proof to me that the fountain was not entirely pure: "Are you holy in *all manner* of conversation?" I read Fletcher on Perfection, some back numbers of the Guide, and my Bible daily on my knees. I read, I prayed, and struggled against the depravity of my heart. I found I must be very humble and patient

in order to obtain that which I was seeking. In the bonds of an everlasting covenant I consecrated all to the cause of Christianity. I gave my "body, soul, and spirit,"—my time and talents, to Jesus, to be used as he should direct, forever. He accepted the poor offering, and sent down upon me the sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost on the night of the seventh of September, 1854. All glory to his great and glorious name! "Thou shalt call his name *Jesus*; for he shall save his people from their sins."

Cockrum, Miss.

Letter from Dr. J. T. Peck.

DEAR BROTHER DEGEN:—Distant from you and many of my former readers, near six thousand miles, I beg to assure you of my affectionate remembrance. I write from the preachers' tent, behind the stand, at the Petaluma Camp Meeting. I have just concluded a sermon,—the sixth I have preached at this meeting. A large number of precious young men are praying for mercy at the altar. The dear brethren are singing most sweetly and powerfully,—

"Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay."

This has been a most remarkable day. It is election day for the State. Our numbers were comparatively small, and I took the opportunity to preach to the church on holiness. The Lord did graciously help me. The influence attending it was tender and melting. Convictions of the need of full salvation were deep and general. I felt sustained in an effort to secure a full consecration upon the part of the whole present church, and we fell down all through the congregation. O, such yieldings of heart, such outgoings of soul, such taking hold of Christ, I have seldom seen. The meeting closed; and some gathered in groups to weep and rejoice together,—others slipped away to weep, and pray, and praise alone.

The afternoon came, and we felt that we must waive the preaching. The time was given up to the church; and it was a scene of deep and thrilling interest. To the joy of our hearts, many arose and gave a clear testimony of full salvation. Some had received it "at home," and retained the witness ever since. Some had been unfaithful and had now reconsecrated themselves to God,—had thrown their souls upon the merits of Christ alone, and the Holy Spirit had brought them into perfect liberty again. Others had this day given all to Christ, and received his fullness. And yet others were resolved never to rest until they had found the blessing of entire salvation. For two hours, in rapid succession, one after another rose, and, from a full heart, described the pantings and the triumphs of their spirits. The influence passed out among backsliders and other wicked persons. One rose, and, in an agony, confessed her sins; and, for the first time in her life, spoke publicly of her religious convictions. A young man went to a tent, and bursting into tears said he would immediately seek the Lord. Others said, "I'll go forward to-night." And there they now are, as I doubt not, calling for mercy at the altar.

Join with me, my dear brother, to praise the Lord for this outpouring of the Spirit of holiness in this far off land. You will doubtless be greatly thankful to learn that the subject of holiness is freely introduced into the preaching of our brethren in this Conference. I have heard a considerable number of the leading members of the Conference preach; all of whom have, with more or less distinctness, recognized the true Wesleyan doctrine on this subject, and urged its importance. I have heard it boldly, clearly, and affectingly preached; and have not heard, in public or private, a single unsound opinion on the subject expressed or intimated from preacher or layman! O, I thank the Lord for this. Will it please God to give us this vast and splendid field for the propagation of a

sound scriptural Christianity, without the embarrassment of divided opinions upon the great doctrine of entire sanctification as a distinct work? I trust so; I earnestly pray that it may be so. Indeed I devoutly ask the same blessing for the church everywhere; and I ask it with much stronger faith than I could have done two years ago. Our controversies have very much subsided. We are happily finding ourselves much more agreed than before. Old definitions, and well established principles, are more than ever satisfactory to the church; and I trust we may henceforth depend upon much greater unanimity in feeling and action upon this great subject. O, that we may now be thoroughly aroused and energized in the work of "spreading scriptural holiness over these lands."

I am thankful to God to be allowed to say that, after a most delightful voyage of some twenty-two days, we were most joyfully welcomed by dear friends here to the land of our future home and labors. We have now been here seven weeks. I have travelled extensively; preached thirty-two sermons; visited the churches in the valleys,—upon the mountains,—in the mining districts; and felt myself greatly blessed. We have all been entirely well, up to this time; and feel that many prayers have been answered in our behalf. Continue to pray for your brother,

J. T. PECK.

San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 1, 1858.

"For once I sought a time and place
For solitude and prayer;
But now where'er I meet thy face
I find a closet there."

This verse contains a very beautiful sentiment, well understood by the deeply devoted; but it must not lead to the abandonment of special times and places for earnest pleading in secret before God.
—[Sub-Ed.]

Entire Sanctification.

BY REV. D. A. WHEDON.

HOW TO ATTAIN IT.

MR. WESLEY'S views on this point exhibit no inconsistency, though they become more clearly defined after the commencement of the great revival. They may be stated briefly: 1. A deep conviction of depravity is necessary. 2. An entire devotion of the whole man to God's service, and a hearty obedience to his whole will. 3. Simple and direct faith, expecting it every moment.

The conviction "implies no guilt, no sense of condemnation, no consciousness of the wrath of God. It does not suppose any doubt of the favor of God, or any 'fear that hath torment.' It is a conviction, wrought by the Holy Ghost, of the *sin* which still remains in our heart; of the *carnal mind*, which 'does still remain even in them that are regenerate'; although it does no longer *reign*; it has not now dominion over them. It is a conviction of our proneness to evil, of a heart bent to backsliding; of the still continuing tendency of the flesh to lust against the Spirit; of the tendency of our heart to self-will, to atheism, or idolatry, and, above all, to unbelief; of the sin still *cleaving* to all our words and actions; of our helplessness, of our utter inability to think one good thought, or to form one good desire."—Vol. i. p. 389.

When thus convinced, we must give ourselves unreservedly to the whole will of God, and at *once* and *constantly* hold ourselves "a living sacrifice." We must look for the sanctifying Spirit, "not in careless indifference or indolent inactivity, but in vigorous, universal obedience; in denying ourselves, and taking up our cross daily, as well as in earnest prayer and fasting, and a close attendance on all the ordinances of God."—Vol. vi, p. 505. That is, in the path of duty we shall find it. But "all who expect to be sanctified at all, expect to be sanctified by faith. But, meantime, they know that faith will not be given but

to them that obey. Remotely, therefore, the blessing depends on our works, although, immediately, on simple faith."—Vol. vi, p. 716. Like justification, "it is not of works, lest any man should boast. It is the gift of God, and is to be received by plain, simple faith. Suppose you are now laboring to 'abstain from all appearance of evil,' 'zealous of good works,' and walking diligently and carefully in all the ordinances of God; there is, then, only one point remaining. The voice of God to your soul is, 'Believe and be saved.'"—Vol. ii, p. 224.

His enemies would have it that he taught that holiness was to be obtained by works. But he replies: "I have continually testified, (for these five and twenty years,) in private and in public, that we are sanctified as well as justified by faith. And, indeed, the one of those great truths does exceedingly illustrate the other. Exactly as we are justified by faith, so are we sanctified by faith. Faith is the condition, and the only condition of sanctification, exactly as it is of justification. No man is sanctified till he believes: every man when he believes is sanctified."—Vol. i, p. 388. "But what is that faith whereby we are sanctified? It is a Divine evidence and conviction: First, that God hath promised it in the Holy Scripture. Till we are thoroughly satisfied of this, there is no moving one step further. Secondly, that what God hath promised he is able to perform. Thirdly, that he is able and willing to do it now. To this confidence, that God is both able and willing to sanctify us now, there needs to be added one thing more: a Divine evidence and conviction that he doeth it. In that hour it is done. God says to the inmost soul, 'According to thy faith be it unto thee!' Then the soul is pure from every spot of sin; it is clean 'from all unrighteousness.'"—Vol. i, p. 390.

We find many illustrative facts. "Inquiring (in 1761) how it was that in all these parts we had so few witnesses of full salvation, I constantly received one and the same answer: 'We see now we sought it

by our works: we thought it was to come gradually: we never expected it to come in a moment, by simple faith, in the very same manner as we received justification? What wonder is it, then, that you have been fighting all these years as one that beateth the air."—Vol. vii, p. 377.

He strongly urges all believers to look for full salvation *now*, without regard to the time that has elapsed since conversion. "Every one, though born of God in an instant, yea, and sanctified in an instant, yet undoubtedly grows, by slow degrees, both after the former and the latter change. But it does not follow from thence, that there must be a considerable tract of time between the one and the other. A year or a month is the same with God as a thousand. It is, therefore, our duty to pray and look for full salvation every day, every hour, every moment, without waiting till we have either done or suffered more. Why should not this be the accepted time?"—Vol. vi, p. 764. In the Journal we read: "Many (at Macclesfield) believed that the blood of Christ had cleansed them from all sin. I spoke to these (forty in all) one by one. Some of them said they received that blessing ten days, some seven, some four, some three days after they found peace with God, and two of them the next day."—Vol. iv, p. 135. A remarkable instance is that of Grace Paddy, who was "convinced of sin, converted to God, and renewed in love, within twelve hours."—Vol. iv, p. 219. Once more: "With God one day is as a thousand years. It plainly follows that the quantity of time is nothing to him. Centuries, years, months, days, hours, and moments are exactly the same. Consequently, he can as well sanctify in a day after we are justified as a hundred years. There is no difference at all, unless we suppose him to be such a one as ourselves. Accordingly we see, in fact, that some of the most unquestionable witnesses of sanctifying grace were sanctified within a few days after they were justified."—Vol. vii, p. 14. No wonder that he exclaims, "O,

why do we not encourage all to expect this blessing every hour from the moment they are justified!"—Vol. iv, p. 451.

The question of its *instantaneousness* Mr. W. meets with clearness. Speaking of the large numbers who entered into "the rest of perfect love" about 1760, he says:—"Not trusting to the testimony of others, I carefully examined most of these myself; and every one (after the most careful inquiry, I have not found one exception either in Great Britain or Ireland) has declared that his deliverance from sin was *instantaneous*; that the change was wrought in a moment."—Vol. ii, p. 223. But, "be the change instantaneous or gradual, see that you never rest till it is wrought in your own soul, if you desire to dwell with God in glory."—*Ib.* "As to the manner, I believe this perfection is always wrought in the soul by a simple act of faith; consequently, in an instant."—Vol. vi, p. 532, in 1767. At another time he says: "Perhaps it may be gradually wrought in some; I mean in this sense: they do not advert to the particular moment wherein sin ceases to be. But it is infinitely desirable, were it the will of God, that it should be done instantaneously; that the Lord should destroy sin by the breath of his mouth, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. And so he generally does; a plain fact, of which there is evidence enough to satisfy any unprejudiced person. *Thou*, therefore, look for it every moment! Look for it in the way above described; in all those *good works* whereunto thou art created anew in Christ Jesus. Look for it every day, every hour, every moment! Why not this hour, this moment? Certainly you may look for it *now*, if you believe it is by faith. And by this token you may surely know whether you seek it by faith or by works. If by works, you want something to be done *first*, before you are sanctified. You think, I must first *be or do* thus or thus. Then you are seeking it by works unto this day. If you seek it by faith, you may expect it *as you are* ;

and if as you are, then expect it *now*. It is of importance to observe that there is an inseparable connection between these three points: Expect it by *faith*, expect it *as you are*, and expect it *now*! To deny one of them is to deny them all."—Vol. i., p. 391.

COUNSELS TO THOSE WHO HAVE
ATTAINED IT.

About 1758, Mr. Wesley became convinced that this blessing could be lost. He came to think it an "exceeding common thing for persons to lose it more than once before they are established therein."—Vol. vi, p. 520. "It is a miracle if they do not, seeing all earth and hell are so enraged against them: while, meantime, so very few, even of the children of God, skillfully endeavor to strengthen their hands."—Vol. iv, p. 419. "Two things are certain: the one, that it is possible to lose even the pure love of God; the other, that it is not necessary: it may be lost, but it may be kept. You must continue to grow if you continue to stand; for no one can stand still."—Vol. vii, p. 43. "To retain this grace is much more than to gain it."—Vol. vii, p. 206. His letters abound in counsels on this point.

Expect trials. "You were enabled to give him all your heart, to rejoice evermore, and to pray without ceasing. Afterward he permitted his work to be tried; and sometimes as by fire."—Vol. vii, p. 45. "As soon as you had your armor on, it was fit that it should be proved: so God prepared for you the occasions of fighting that you might conquer, and might know both your own weakness and his strength. Each day will bring just temptation enough, and power enough to conquer it."—Vol. vii, p. 102. "Temptations, indeed, you are to expect. But you may tread them all under your feet; his grace is sufficient for you."—Vol. vii, p. 124. Go forward. "You seem to be only a babe in that state, and have therefore need to go forward continually. It is by doing and suffering the whole will of our Lord."

—Vol. vii, p. 221. "It is so far from being incapable of increase, that one perfected in love may grow in grace far swifter than he did before."—Vol. vi, p. 529. He helps one in searching her heart thus: "Is your eye altogether single? Is your heart entirely pure? I know you gave up the whole to God once; but do you stand to the gift."—Vol. vi, p. 728.

"There is nothing more sure than that God is able and willing to give always what he gives once. And it is most certainly his design, that whatever he has given you should abide with you forever. But this can only be by simple faith."—Vol. vi, p. 761. To another: "Hold fast the beginning of your confidence steadfast unto the end. You are continually apt to throw away what you have for what you want."—Vol. vi, p. 718. To another: "We find there is very frequently a kind of wilderness state, not only after justification, but even after deliverance from sin. The most frequent cause of this second darkness or distress, I believe, is evil reasoning. If this be the cause, is there any way to regain that deliverance but by resuming your confidence?"—Vol. vi, p. 767. "O, be all Christ's, and admit no rival into your heart; but, above all, beware of unbelief. Beware of the reasoning devil. In every cloud or shadow of doubt look up, and help, while yet you ask, is given. All you want is ready! Only believe!"—Vol. vii, p. 39. In 1765, he says: "A general temptation now is, the denying what God had wrought. Guard all whom you converse with from this, and from fancying great grace can be preserved without great watchfulness and self-denial."—Vol. vii, p. 28. "If these lose what they have received, nothing will be more easy than to think they never had it; it is so ready a way of excusing themselves for throwing away the blessed gift of God."—Vol. vi, p. 768.

Labor for others is useful. So he writes to Miss Ritchie: "One means of retaining the pure love of God is, the exhorting others to press earnestly after it." "If

you use the whole power which is then given, he will not only continue that power, but increase it day by day. Meantime, Satan will assault you on every side; but you shall be more than conqueror."—Vol. vii, p. 174. To Miss Bolton: "Encourage all that know him to aspire after full salvation, salvation into the whole image of God. Beware you do not decline in your zeal for this; let no *prudence* hinder you. Let *prudence* guide, not cool its fires."—Vol. vii, p. 117. Again: "While you help others God will help you. You must not bury your talent in the earth."—Vol. vii, p. 118. To another: "One reason why those who are saved from sin should freely declare it to believers is, because nothing is a stronger incitement to them to seek after the same blessing. And we ought, by every possible means, to press every serious believer to forget the things which are behind, and with all earnestness go on to perfection. Indeed, if they are not thirsting after this, it is scarcely possible to keep what they have; they can hardly retain any power of faith, if they are not panting after holiness."—Vol. vii, p. 50. To Miss Chapman: "You can never speak too strongly or explicitly upon the head of Christian perfection. If you speak only faintly and indirectly, none will be offended and none profited. But if you speak out, although some will probably be angry, yet others will soon find the power of God unto salvation."—Vol. vii, p. 254.

As to declaring it, he says: "It requires a great degree of watchfulness to retain the perfect love of God; and one great means of retaining it is, frankly to declare what God has given you, and earnestly to exhort all the believers you meet with to follow after full salvation."—Vol. vii, p. 13. At a love feast, Mr. C. "related the manner how God perfected him in love, a testimony which is always attended with a peculiar blessing."—Vol. iv, p. 458. To Miss Briggs, who was "but a little child, just a babe in the pure love of Christ," he writes: "Undoubtedly it would be a cross

to declare what God has done for your soul; nay, and afterward Satan would accuse you on the account, telling you, 'You did it out of pride.' Yea, and some of your sisters would blame you, and perhaps put the same construction upon it. Nevertheless, if you do it with a single eye, it will be well-pleasing to God."—Vol. vii, p. 103. In the "Plain Account" he states it thus: "It would be advisable not to speak of it to them that know not God, (it is most likely it would only provoke them to contradict and blaspheme,) nor to others, without some particular reason,—without some good in view. And then he should have especial care to avoid all appearance of boasting, to speak with the deepest humility and reverence, giving all the glory to God. By silence he might avoid many crosses which will naturally and necessarily ensue, if he simply declare, even among believers, what God has wrought in his soul. If, therefore, such a one were to confer with flesh and blood, he would be entirely silent. But this could not be done with a clear conscience, for undoubtedly he ought to speak. Men do not light a candle to put it under a bushel, much less does the all-wise God. He does not raise such a monument of his power and love to hide it from all mankind. Rather, he intends it as a general blessing to those who are simple of heart. He designs thereby not barely the happiness of that individual person, but the animating and encouraging others to follow after the same blessing. His will is, 'that many shall see it' and rejoice, 'and put their trust in the Lord.' Nor does anything under heaven more quicken the desires of those who are justified, than to converse with those whom they believe to have experienced a still higher salvation. This places that salvation full in their view, and increases their hunger and thirst after it; an advantage which must have been entirely lost had the person so saved buried himself in silence."—Vol. vi, p. 502. —[Wesley's view of Entire Sanctification.

Christ All to the Believer.

ALL intelligent Christians are aware, that without Christ—separate from him—the soul becomes a withered branch. They may know also, by experience, that the union with Him may be so close, so true, as to free the soul from conscious guilt, and thus from all condemnation. While the soul abides in Christ it does not sin. If it takes itself away voluntarily, knowingly from the keeping of Christ, and establishes for a moment its own will, it begins to sink into self and wither. The soul is holy, or in the right state, only when given to Christ and possessed by him.

We consider the present the dawning of a New Era—the coming of Christ to redeem his people from all sin. It is a commonly received opinion, that Christ will ultimately reign on earth, and subjugate all hearts to Himself. Happy are the souls who now look for His appearing in the inner temple of the heart. "Behold," says Christ, "The Kingdom of God is within you." Look within to find Christ.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." *Self must die.* The right hand must be cut off, the right eye plucked out, if it causeth us to sin! When we die to all but Christ, then He becomes the life of the soul.

Who will take the responsibility of retarding the world's conversion by rejecting the present office-work of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, to reveal Christ to the inward consciousness of the believer? Who can say that this is not *the sin* which hath no forgiveness—the sin against the Holy Ghost?

"By whom shall Jacob now arise?" By him who points the soul to Christ as a Deliverer from all sin,—as a present and all-sufficient Savior.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you," says Christ, "he that believeth on me hath everlasting life." It is this *reliance* on Christ,

as a *present* Savior, which brings life, liberty, and rest to the soul.

How does the soul exercise this faith? In other words, what are the conditions of this salvation? We answer, *consecration* and *faith*,—giving up ourselves to Christ to be His, and believing on the authority of *His word*, that while we give ourselves to Him, He *now* accepts us, and will, and *does*, guide us into all truth and duty,—believing that we shall and *do receive* grace, according to our necessities, from day to day. The manna which fell in the wilderness is a symbol of this grace,—there was "an homer each,—he that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack." Christ in the soul is the bread of life.

"Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" *Since ye believed.* Believe first, and then look for "the promise of the Father,"—the baptism of the Holy Ghost, which descended on the early disciples, and will also descend on us in the best time and manner. Christ baptiseth with the Holy Ghost.

"Whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them." What does the believer desire but "the fruits of the Spirit, which are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith?" And may he not ask in faith, expecting to receive these promised graces of the Spirit? What does the heart in union with Christ desire but the will of God accomplished in his own soul?—the will of God done on earth as it is in heaven?

"O Lord, I know not what I should ask of Thee. Thou only knowest what I need, and Thou lovest me far better than I love myself. O Lord, give to me, thy child, what I most need, whatsoever it may be. I dare not ask either crosses or comforts. I only present myself before Thee. I open my heart to Thee. Smite or heal! Depress or raise me up! I adore all thy purposes without knowing them. I am silent I offer myself in sacrifice to Thee."

How to be a Christian.

A LETTER TO YOUNG GIRLS.

BY E. L. E.

I WAS thinking, last night, what I could write for the Guide that should be a true heart-expression on my own part, and should also reach, by the blessing of our Father, the hearts of a few of his "little ones." And my thoughts turned, dear friends, to such as you—the young and hopeful disciples of Jesus. I know something of your trials, your weakness, and your wants, and I long in some manner to help you on a step in that path of noble goodness which will lead you up to a strong and beautiful Christian womanhood. O, in many a young girl's heart the seeds of precious truth have been sown, and then the slender, tender plant left to die for want of cherishing; and many a worldly woman's heart goes pining and wasting for this spiritual life,—this living growth of piety, which she allowed the little weeds and thorns of her girlhood to destroy. It is sad to see a life that might have been so useful, so happy in better things, thus lost to its highest interests and uses, while the church and the world need, more than all things else, the example and influence of consistent, godly mothers and daughters.

But it is to you, dear young sisters, in whom the germ of Christian goodness is really developing, I write to-day. You have been convinced of the deep sinfulness of your hearts, and been led to ask Jesus the Redeemer to apply to you his great atonement; you have pledged yourselves in solemn consecration to be the Lord's, and you are looking for help to aid you in obeying all his commands. It is this attitude of your souls towards God that makes you Christians; this which was brought about by the infinite mercy of God in Christ Jesus. Ah, there is no wonder that glad tears will come in thinking of that marvellous love, and that your lips in secret whisper, "I wish I knew how to do right in

all things; how shall I live a true Christian every day?"

Now, beloved of our Savior, that is what he wants you to desire, just what he wishes you most earnestly to inquire. And more than that, he wants your conscience, your reason, and your love for him to answer the inquiry every day.

To some of you the life of holiness seems very bright and clear,—its much-talked-of enjoyments, its precious opportunities of usefulness, and its blessed close. To others, equally sincere in their choice of the Christian life, the way of duty is less plain; there are unexpected difficulties and crosses where the first warm love of Jesus looked for only joys. The young Christian has always a tender conscience, a dread of doing wrong; but, perhaps, it is not uncommon for the convert, whose heart is so subdued as to be ready to act upon any conviction of right, to be yet so unenlightened as to real truth and duty that she is liable in her judgment of right and wrong to many and painful mistakes.

Let me tell you of one with whose experience the writer has been made familiar. She was converted, as she thought, at about the age of thirteen. She can well remember her first intelligent conviction for sin, and her blind seeking for peace with God. And she well recollects, when her heart's resistance had given place to humble submission, and new thoughts, hopes, and wishes had come into her soul, her earliest questionings of right and duty. Her mind was open to the reception of truth; her whole being seemed waiting to receive impressions which should lead her to act in a sphere wholly new, and beautiful, and good. But her mind was almost constantly in darkness, and some of the simplest, sweetest truths of piety never opened to her understanding. She believed in Jesus, and her active conscience made her seek to please him in her life; but, in truth, it was with little peace and happiness, for she had not the faith which, saying, "Lord, I believe," is confident of divine acceptance.

Conscience was often a tyrant, forcing her to duties in which she found no delight, and obliging her to relinquish pleasures which would have been not only harmless but profitable. In all this she had the best intentions, trying to be a Christian; but, her judgment of what constituted right and wrong was so much at fault, she made frequent and discouraging mistakes, and brought forth little fruit unto God.

It may seem strange that one, educated in a Christian family, and with the kindest of religious friends about her, should be so ignorant of the real requirements of a sensible religion; but, her nature was so sensitive and reserved, she never confided to another the difficulties in which she most needed assistance. And so she went on in blindness and error, condemning herself for wrong which was so only in that she considered its indulgence wrong, until the heart-struggle grew weaker, and she gave up for a time to inclination and ambition unhallowed by a Christian aim. "O, why," she has often exclaimed, "did not some one discern the mistake under which I suffered, and suggest a truer way of living the Christian life? It would have saved much time, and influence, and heart to the service of God, which have been wasted on the world. I should certainly have accepted any aid, though I never dared to breathe my soul-wants to a mortal ear."

Is there any one of you, dear sisters, like this poor girl,—seeking God in darkness, this fearful continually of wrong, driven by conscience daily to do or not to do, and feeling often that Christ's burden is not light? It is to such, if there is one, I speak. Have you not, like her, made a mistake about your duty in the beginning? Are you not expecting that of yourself which you can never perform, at least in the manner you have prescribed? and do you not overlook some of the most precious promises of the Redeemer to your individual heart, just because you have not a just apprehension of his character as your Savior? O, while his law is as stern as

Mount Sinai's thunders, his bosom is infinitely compassionate to your weakness, infinitely loving over all your imperfections.

It is true that, when your soul was converted by the the renewing influences of the Holy Spirit, you was changed,—so altered that the Bible calls it passing from death unto life. No stronger language could be used; but the wonderful change signified does not imply the creation of a new being, or of any new faculties; great as it may be, it consists simply in the new direction of your former faculties, the new uses to which you apply your being. To be a Christian is just to employ those faculties of being which the Creator at first bestowed upon you; not, as before, to serve and please a selfish purpose, but for the honor and glory of your Maker and Redeemer. You are, henceforth, to live as if you were in no sense your own; but every power and grace of intellect and heart, you may possess, is to be carefully cultivated and especially trained for the service of God. This period of your life is peculiarly the season for mental and social development; piety will promote rather than hinder such development; but it should be your earnest care that all is in the direction of real duty, of holiness, of Christ.

Becoming a Christian will not so much change the work you have to do as the spirit in which you do it. You have the same lessons to learn in the school-room, the same simple duties in the family at home, the same pleasant courtesies in the circle of your associates; only that, over all and through all, there is a deeper earnestness of purpose, a greater love, a more perfect forgetfulness of self for the good and the pleasure of others. You have talents to be brought out, not to make you accomplished merely, or to procure for you position, reputation, or wealth, but to give you more power in influencing others, and in accomplishing a definite good. You need to learn everything, you would otherwise wish to know, to strengthen and beautify mind or person, or rather everything

that can be used by a Christian in the service of her Master. You should seek perfect healthfulness of development in every respect: taking every care of your physical system, and learning as a special duty the laws of your being, which God has ordained, and which cannot be broken without sin. We should remember that we are as accountable for bringing ourselves into a state where we must necessarily suffer from weakness, or illness, or irritability of temper, as for the specific acts of wrong over which we mourn and pray. You should learn something, also, of those laws which govern your mental and moral being; a supposed wrong may be often justly attributed to some peculiarity of mental organization of which the youthful convert is not aware.

Poor L—— did not understand this at all, in her childish efforts to do right; she had heard much talk among Christians about giving up the vanities of the world, about sobriety and consistency of conduct, and especially had she heard condemned the favorite amusements of the young. It is probable those sentiments were mostly correct, had she interpreted them aright. But she supposed that to renounce those vanities, and escape the dangers of worldliness of spirit, she must crush out the native gayety of her disposition,—no longer laugh, and sing, and play, as childhood and girlhood will spontaneously do; indeed she imagined that religion must make her grave, sober, and always serious in deportment and conversation. The consequence of this was, her conscience and dispositions were constantly at war; she condemned herself for what, in her nature, she could not help doing, and she came at last to consider the yoke of Christ a hard yoke to bear. Conscience persisted in its claims on the one hand, and inclination led her away on the other. A little common sense would have remedied all this, and shown her that to crucify sin did not imply a crucifixion of the tastes and impulses of her natural being.

Our God is not unreasonable in his requirements; he does not give to his creatures any faculties to be crushed down by neglect or disuse; he bestows no talent to be laid up in a napkin. God wants you, dear young sisters, to use every talent you may possess, to become all you can be,—wise, accomplished, and agreeable; for the more you know, the more lovely in mind and person you are, the more power will you hold to do good, the more influence will you wield as a Christian. You cannot watch your heart too closely, cannot become too conscientious towards God, but you may need to have some care lest you forget, in looking inward upon your present consciousness, to look out upon the wants of others with sympathy and aid; you will, of course, pray much, and seek above all human knowledge the great truths which pertain to eternal life; but if you would grow in grace, as well as wisdom, you will often forget all about yourself in acting the helpful friend or the missionary of Christ to your neighbor.

Above all, let the light of your piety shine in the family of which you are a member. It is there, probably, you can do more good or harm than in all the world beside; the tone and temper of your character there will be contagious; as you are, so, in some degree at least, the rest will be. Seek to love every one in your home relations, whatever that may be, as well as yourself. You will have abundant opportunities for forbearance and kindness; and remember that Jesus especially approves that gentleness of spirit which would not wound a brother or sister by an unkind word, or irritate a fretful temper by a hasty one. Try to be what a sweet girl in a home of sorrow was called, "the sunshine of the house." Have you a mother? There is nothing more lovely than a daughter's filial obedience. Whatever may be your circumstances, nothing can excuse neglect or coldness to her; make her the confidant of your thoughts and feelings; try to bear with her the toils and burdens which often fall

so heavily upon her heart, and seek in every possible manner to prove the sincerity of your love to Christ by the perfectness of your tenderness to her. And remember, dear friends, that Jesus sympathizes with every sorrow of your bosoms; no trial is so trivial that he does not note its effect upon your happiness, no perplexity is so slight that he does not feel it all. It is this which makes him to you such a *perfect* Savior. O do not grieve him by distrust- ing his interest in your little affairs. Does the hard lesson try you? Tell Jesus, in your thoughts at least, the petty trouble, and ask him to help your courage to conquer the weakness of your mind. Is the sister or friend unkind, or the demand of a superior an unjust one? Without one word of retort, endeavor to reason and persuade, if you cannot submit, and look to Jesus meekly in a prayer. Are you ill, or nervous, or fretful? Think over all you have done that would make you so; and resolve to give yourself no more such cause of temptation by indulging in anything, so far as you can control the circumstances, that affect your health,—that tends to injure it. Are you in doubt or anxiety respecting your emotions or experience? Go to some Christian friend, and frankly confess the perplexity; the advice of a maturer mind will often help you much; but do not forget to cast the trouble in humble faith upon Jesus, and your heart will often go singing on its way, the victor through Christ. Are you fascinated by some pleasure you believe to be wrong? Ask yourself, or some good adviser, what makes it so. If it leads you to pride or levity, or to give others occasion to speak lightly of your Christian profession, then, indeed, should you shun it as you would that thing which God hates. Sometimes one's stronger tastes are a source of temptation—the novel, the game of chance and skill, or even the gay music which charms you too many hours from a more serious employment. Go and tell Jesus all about it, and turn resolutely away to a purer and less harmful amusement.

Much may be done to weaken the power of any temptation by turning from the thought of it to another occupation. If the thoughts are filled with something good and useful, there will be no room for other things. Cherish a genuine love for nature always pure and beautiful, she will be a helper to the purity of your souls. Nurture her flowers, sing with her birds, copy her loveliest forms, and let the full free joyousness of your spirits find expression and companionship with her loveliness. Talk in your thoughts with God and nature, and you will never feel a rebuking conscience for such a recreation. And imitate, also, in your being the example of sweet nature, in that she answers in all her ways the design of her Creator.

You wish to be loved,—every young girl does, and so she should. But a true Christian will not wish to be esteemed for qualities she does not possess; so you must seek, by cultivating sweetness of temper, and gracefulness of manner, to make yourselves worthy of being loved. Jesus well approves that beauty whose influence and power are used to win his enemies to love his children.

Now, when your heart whispers in secret "I want to be a real disciple of Christ," let your conscience, your reason, and your will answer back to your heart and say, "I will try every day to make my character and my life just what Jesus would wish them to be. I will learn as much that is useful as I can, that I may employ that knowledge for Jesus. I will make myself just as lovely as I can, that I may win those who know me to love Jesus. I will do all for the good of those who come near me that I can, so Jesus shall be glorified in all my life."

Thus, dear friends, you will grow up true, sensible, vigorous Christians; the world will be better for your having lived; the enemies of Christ, and strangers to the religion you profess, will see in you such noble examples of its power as shall force them to acknowledge both its beauty and its truth. Our country and our Savior's

cause want just such women,—brave, loving, and beautiful, as a truly Christian girlhood will develope; and Jesus waits to shed upon your hearts that peace and joy which the full consecration of your being to his service can alone ensure.

That you may make it the holy ambition of your lives to attain the dignity, the sweetness, and the worth of a noble Christian womanhood, is the prayer of your friend in Jesus,

E. L. E.

Satan's Devices.

BY REV. E. L. LEONARD.

THE plain teaching of both revelation and experience is, that the Christian has to contend with invisible foes. Many deny the influence of evil spirits upon the human heart because they cannot fully understand the manner in which this intercourse is conducted. But do they not believe many things which they cannot understand? Do they fully understand anything? Can they explain the operations of nature? Can they tell us how the spear of grass springs up, or explain to us the growth of the sturdy oak? Let them tell us the character of that mysterious power which holds the heavenly bodies in their places, and causes a stone to fall towards the centre of the earth. Or, to come nearer our subject, can they understand how one human mind operates upon another? How is it that the popular author inscribes his thoughts upon paper, and sends them abroad to be imbibed by thousands of persons in different parts of the world? How is it that the orator sways the multitude at his will? Are not these things above our comprehension? Our opponents ought either to give up this objection to the doctrine that we advocate, or refuse to believe anything that they cannot fully understand. If they pursue the latter course they will have a very short creed. With the Christian this is not a matter of speculation, but of experience; and he realizes that the leader of these spirits is powerful, and that his attacks

are conducted with the greatest skill. He has been engaged for thousands of years in studying the human heart, and during that time he has been becoming more and more skilful in his assaults upon mankind.

This fallen spirit is the great author of errors in doctrine. From his machinations, in conjunction with the depravity of the human heart, have emanated all the errors of this character that have overspread the world. He commenced teaching false doctrines in the Garden of Eden, and he has been diligent in this work ever since that period. One of his most successful efforts, in this line, was when he taught men to deny his existence, and to ascribe the evil that he produces in the world to another cause. Hardly less has his empire been advanced by the propagation of the doctrine of the final salvation of all men, irrespective of their moral characters. How many has he led, through the influence of this doctrine, to a vicious life here, and to endless woe beyond the grave. And is he not the author of Spiritualism? Would so many have been deceived, by embracing this error, had it not been for his influence upon the human heart? And does not this evil spirit sometimes attempt to wrest the belief of the truth from the grasp of the child of God? Does he not often harass them with the most tormenting doubts? The writer is acquainted with a person who was never troubled with doubts in regard to the Divine authority of the Scriptures until he began to take them as the rule of his conduct; but who, as soon as he commenced to pay a practical regard to their precepts, was beset with temptations to doubt their inspiration. His struggles with these temptations deprived him of all enjoyment, and his soul was the abode of conflicting hopes and fears. And how often does Satan strive to inject into the mind of the Christian doubts of his Heavenly Father's love for him. He tries to lead the afflicted child of God to compare his own state with the apparent prosperity of the wicked, until he is tempted to conclude that God has

ceased to watch over his interests. If he can succeed here, how much injury will he accomplish; for there is no more efficient way of keeping the Christian weak than by filling his mind with cankering care. If our enemy can only lead us to be constantly fearing that God will fail to take care of us, he has gone very far towards unfitting us for the discharge of our duties. But, if we escape this rock, he will probably attempt to wreck us upon the shoals of presumption. For this purpose he sometimes quotes Scripture to the follower of Christ, as he once did to his Master. And how successful is he often in this game. How many professors of religion are there who, it is to be feared, are presuming to a ruinous degree upon the goodness of God. Are they not living as if they expected to gain heaven without walking in the foot-steps of Christ?

But Satan does not confine his efforts to destroy man to the darkening of his intellect, but is unceasing in administering to the corrupt propensities of his heart. He is well skilled in stirring up the evil passions of our nature; and his temptations are often peculiarly suited to the character of those whom he would ruin. Every man has his besetting sin. With one it is the love of fame, with another covetousness, while with a third it is the love of sensual pleasure. Sometimes one sin stands in antagonism to another; but there is no man who has not a constitutional propensity to some particular sin. And Satan generally attacks men at the most vulnerable point. He presents to the ambitious man visions of earthly honor. Already, in imagination, he wreathes the chaplets around his brow, and listens to the plaudits of his fellow worms as they utter his praise. And shall he, who is the idol of the world, become the follower of the despised Nazarene. To the covetous man he holds out the prospect of amassing wealth, and bids him remember that Christ has forbidden his followers from laying up treasures upon earth. And shall he give up his beloved gold in exchange for a life of self-denial? And does

he not often stir up the remains of the carnal mind, that are so frequently found in the hearts of real Christians? How painfully does the saint sometimes realize that the temptations are well calculated to arouse the besetting sin that once ruled over him.

It is worthy of notice, that the violence of Satan's assaults upon us will frequently be in proportion to the diligence with which we serve God. Some of those, that the world numbers among Christians, know little or nothing about this matter, and they have but few if any conflicts with powers of darkness. And is not this often owing to their want of diligence in the service of God. Let them but bestir themselves, and they will soon learn that the devil will not be slow in his attacks upon them. Let them put forth efforts that are likely to bring defeat into his ranks, and they will have war in all their borders. Satan will oppose those most strongly who are most likely to do injury to his cause.

Our Relationship to Christ.

"My God and your God; My Father and your Father."—JOHN XX: 17.

BY A STUDENT.

WHY did not the risen Jesus simply say to Mary, to tell his brethren that he was about to ascend to *his* Father and *his* God? Because he had another idea to express, and to impress upon their hearts. How touching is it to see the pains he takes at that susceptible moment to awaken in his disciples a sense of relationship common to himself and them. He knew where that cord lies, in the heart of humanity, which vibrates so truly to the breath which speaks of oneness of parentage, and communion of interests and affections.

The fact, which he so delicately expresses in this early message after his resurrection, is almost too overwhelming for realization,—that the Father of the glorified Jesus is our

mines. When he arrived in New York he took all his books out, fearing his trunk would be too small. After his return home, his sister's faithfulness was the means of his conversion. Would to God that to all such wanderers from the right way would come a gentle admonition like Minnie's, 'Where is your Bible, brother? Are you not afraid that God will forget you?'"

—[*Am. Messenger.*

MINNIE'S FAITHFULNESS.

"Brother, may I unpack your trunk?" said little Minnie Bell.

"O yes, my dear; how glad I am to get home safe and well; I've been in California for more than three long years, But I'm safely home at last, in spite of mother's fears."

"Yes, Alfred, it has seemed, to dear mamma and me, A long, long time, and we are glad your happy face to see; Morning and evening, do you know? when we knelt down to pray, Mamma has asked that God would bless and guard you while away."

"And God has kindly heard her prayer, and kept you safe and well."

She worked awhile,—at length she said, "Dear Alfred, please to tell Where you have put your Bible? I've unpacked the trunk with care, And I have laid upon the bed most all the clothes you wear."

"I've looked at every article, and yet I have not seen

A Bible or a Testament; brother, what can it mean? I fear that you have been without a Bible all the way; Is it in California, or have you lost it,—say?"

"You little chatter-box, do see the presents I have brought; This for mamma, and that for you; Why! really I had thought The beautiful new dress I bought would please my sister well; How do you like this India fan, I ask you, Minnie Bell?"

"O, it is very beautiful! I thank you, Alfred, dear; But yet you have not told me what most I wish to hear."

"Well, Minnie," said her brother, "if really you must know, When I sailed for California my Bible did not go."

"I know 't was wrong to leave it out, for never have I seen A Bible or a Testament in any place I've been;

We did not often think of God when we were digging gold; That is the truth, now, Minnie dear, pray don't begin to scold."

"Forgotten God for three long years! Alfred, can this be true?"

Dear brother, were you not afraid of God's forgetting you?"

He took the dear child in his arms, and bursting into tears,

"My conduct has been wrong," he said, "how sinful it appears!"

Just then his mother entered, with her heart quite full of joy

And gratitude to God above, who had kept her darling boy;

She had been alone to thank him, and offer up a prayer

That God, who had preserved her son, would keep him in his care.

"Dear mother, will you pray," said he, "and read in God's own Word

That story of the Prodigal, which I have often heard; For I have wandered far away, but now desire to come

And love and serve that Being who hath safely brought me home?"

Her prayer was heard; and Alfred Bell is now a Christian man,

Serving his God with faithfulness, and doing all he can

That those who go to distant lands to search for mines of gold

May find within God's holy Word a mine of wealth untold.

L. L.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

BURNING OF THE AUSTRIA.—The tidings of this sad calamity, by which five hundred and thirty lives perished, have already been before the public. We clip the following from the account published in one of our exchanges, as descriptive of the fearful scene that preceded the last struggle. The agony and fear of some of that company was in painful contrast with the calmness and serenity of others. How touchingly beautiful is the account given of the Hungarian's family! Blessed is that servant who, when his Lord cometh, shall be found waiting:

"At this time the scene on the quarter-deck was indescribable and truly heart-rending. Passengers were rushing frantically to and fro;

husbands seeking their wives, wives in search of their husbands, relatives looking after relatives, mothers lamenting the loss of their children, some wholly paralyzed by fear, others madly crying to be saved; but a few perfectly calm and collected. The flames pressed so closely upon them that many jumped into the sea; relatives, clasped in each other's arms, leaped over and met a watery grave. Two girls, supposed to be sisters, jumped over, and sank kissing each other. A missionary and wife leaped into the sea together, and the stewardess and assistant steward, arm in arm, followed. One Hungarian gentleman, with seven fine children, four of them girls, made his wife jump in, then blessed his six eldest children, made them jump in one after the other, and followed them with an infant in his own arms."

THE BIBLE IN RUSSIA.—The present Czar of Russia has reconstituted the Bible Society, which was suspended during his father's reign, making it a donation of 25,000 roubles, (about \$20,000,) and promising it an annual subscription of 10,000 roubles. There is a new edition of thirty thousand of the New Testament in Finnish and Esthonian, and many religious books and tracts are circulated.

MISSING AT THE PRAYER MEETING.—The following is a copy of No. 1 of a series of little handbills, published under the auspices of the New Orleans Young Men's Christian Association:

"NOT FORSAKING THE ASSEMBLING OF OURSELVES TOGETHER."—[Heb. x: 25.]

Ah! and who missed me there? My Savior, my pastor, and my brethren and sisters in Christ.

And what did they miss? They missed my figure in its usual place, my voice in the sacred song, and the voice of heart in prayer.

And what did I miss by my absence? I missed the blessing of God, the approbation of my conscience, and the love of Christ's friends.

And why was I missing at the prayer meeting? I forgot the hour, and was too far away in body and heart to reach there.

My dear reader, if we love the communion of the saints, if we love the souls of sinners, if we love our own souls, let us never be missing at the prayer meeting again.

AN INCIDENT.—A touching case was presented lately to the consideration and charity of one of the Good Samaritans who now take care of the sick, relieve the destitute, and feed the starving. A boy was discovered in the morning lying in the grass of Claiborne street, evidently bright and intelligent, but sick. A man, who has the feelings of kindness strongly developed, went to him, shook him by the shoulder and asked him what he was doing there. "Waiting for God to come for me," said he. "What do you mean?" said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tone of the answer and the condition of the boy, in whose eye and flushed face he saw the evidences of the fever. "God sent for father and mother and little brother," said he, "and took them away to his home up in the sky, and mother told me, when she was sick, that God would take care of me. I have no home, nobody to give me anything, and so I came out here and have been looking so long up in the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mother said he would. He will come, won't he? Mother never told me a lie." "Yes, my lad," said the man, overcome with emotion, "he has sent me to take care of you." You should have seen his eyes flash and the smile of triumph break over his face as he said, "Mother never told me a lie, sir; but you've been so long on the way." What a lesson of trust! and how this incident shows the effect of rever deceiving children with idle tales. As the poor mother expected, when she told her son "God would take care of him," he did, by touching the heart of this benevolent man with compassion and love to the little stranger. —[New Orleans Delta.]

EXHORTATION.—If there is anything which I dread and abhor in a prayer meeting, it is the professional rattle of exhortation. The church should preach better than the pulpit; but it must be through the narration of heart-experiences; through the unfolding of Christian living. This alone benefits those who speak, and edifies those who hear.—[H. W. Beecher.]

LONGFELLOW says that "Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week."

RELIGION begins with a knowledge of man's self, and is perfected with the knowledge of God.

THE MERCY SEAT.

ARRANGED BY REV. W. MC DONALD.

1. From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a

2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads, A place than all be -

The musical score consists of two systems, each with four staves. The first system contains the first two verses. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The music is written in a grand staff format with treble and bass clefs.

sure retreat, 'Tis found beneath the mercy seat, 'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

- sides more sweet, It is the blood-bought mercy-seat, It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

The musical score continues with two more systems, each with four staves. The key signature remains one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The music is written in a grand staff format with treble and bass clefs.

3

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sundered far — by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.

4

Ah ! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed —
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy seat ?

5

There — *there*, on eagle-wing's we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy seat.

Memoir of
Rev. William C. Kendall, A. M.

BY REV. A. A. PHELPS.

[Concluded.]

At West Falls he found a warm-hearted people, though greatly backslidden from the power of godliness. They had sunk down in discouragement to endure a formal worship, the idol of which was a well-drilled *exclusive choir*, that for years had been a fruitful source of jealousies and divisions,—eating out the life of the church. With his accustomed energy and good nature, he set himself at once to restore congregational singing. To those who had witnessed former defeats, the prospect was gloomy; but he did not once doubt. He told them if they would not tie his hands, God would help. There was a desperate resistance by a few, but so violent and outspoken was it, that he said it augured good, “for there were no dumb devils to cast out.” Calmly, and with a sweet spirit, he insisted on the disciplinary rule, when his brethren relieved him by taking a vote of the people, who by a large majority decided that all might sing. The root of all their troubles was struck, and there was once more freedom to worship God. As usual, he held closed-door love-feasts; and the first one was acknowledged to be the best they had enjoyed for fourteen years. Old members welcomed those old truths and usages that forever bring freedom, purity, and joy, wherever they come. Those who were panting to be fully renewed in the image of Jesus, hailed with gratitude his teachings and *personal experience*, by which their doubts were dissipated, and they were encouraged to become “partakers of like precious faith.” The class and prayer-meetings increased in interest, and the church began to “prepare the way of the Lord.” On New Year’s eve, a deep heart-searching commenced in some souls. They saw themselves far from God, began to throw off the world’s stolen livery, and call on God for pardon. It came in power,

and the fire spread. Sinners started to the altar, uninvited,—cried out in agony for mercy, and soon rose, shouting hallelujahs! The Spirit pervaded the whole region, and cries went up from almost every house, mingled with shouts of gladness. The church had confessed herself backslidden in heart, but it did not hinder the work; it only removed every barrier by restoring confidence in her honesty. Stout-hearted sinners fell like dead men at their work in the fields, crying out, “It is the Lord.” In two weeks the class was crowded with the seeking and the saved. While a brother minister rendered efficient pulpit service, brother Kendall went from house to house to help the inquiring and stir up the undecided. His heart was melted at the goodness of God in giving him one more year of such prosperity; and so anxious did he feel for the circuit that he could scarcely sleep nights. He said he could “not be satisfied with less than a thousand souls!” Blessed man! he knew not that his work was *so nearly* done up for eternity.

His sermons about this time were clothed with unusual power, and developed more than his usual depth and clearness of thought. His countenance often lit up with unearthly lustre while on his favorite theme of holiness. His singing, always sweet and heavenly, now became more so. He sang and prayed almost beyond measure, as though in haste to do up his work. In view of his unceasing toil, his esteemed companion remarks, “I looked at him and trembled, every day. At length his body began to fail. He was attacked by former catarrhal difficulties, and threatened with fever, owing principally to exposure and toil. He lay by a few days, and again rallied, unwilling to leave his people without *any* help, while so many were serious in every direction. The labor was endured for a few days, when disease returned with a violence baffling subjection. On Sabbath morning, January 17th, he felt better, and said he must go to his appoint-

ment; but expressed a belief that some one ought to have come to his help that day. I doubted the prudence of this day's labor; but I saw that I could not dissuade him, for it was his rule to go if he could sit up. I went with him to Abbott's Corner, where he preached with great clearness and liberty; but, coming out of the desk, he had a severe chill, and I urged him to return home at once; but he replied, 'Let me preach at least twenty minutes; I want to say something to the people at Potter's Corner, which they will always remember. I have not done my whole duty there, on conformity to the world.' I accompanied him, and heard him speak some thirty minutes, in his close searching manner, from 'Be not conformed to this world.' He sang and prayed, though near fainting. On starting homeward his chills and fever came on, and increased so much, that he entered his house with difficulty, to go out no more! Next day the disease seemed some abated, but he spoke in doubt of his recovery. To me he said, 'For your sake I would like to live;' and soon after, 'I have no fear of death, but this conflict in the conference I want to see ended. Well, Jesus can do without any of us. I will give it all up.'

At times, during the week, he appeared so much better as to inspire hope of his recovery; but, before the week ended, he grew rapidly worse, and on Friday, a more skillful physician was called. On Saturday the doctor expressed much alarm. He resorted to powerful medicines; and as they began to take effect, producing the greatest distress of body, the sufferer exclaimed, with heaven beaming in his uplifted gaze, "I shall go through, doctor, to health here, or health up yonder." He revived on Sabbath, and was very happy all day; exclaiming, with a face all radiant with glory, "This is the most blessed Sabbath I ever knew." On Monday he had a severe conflict with Satan, but gaining a glorious victory, shouted, "Jesus the mighty Conqueror reigns!" He talked much of

spiritual things,—especially of those ministers who are leading souls down to death, because they dare not deal faithfully, but seek the honor of this world. He seemed favored with visions of eternal things, and blessed with the occasional society of angel guests. On Tuesday and following, he sang much; sometimes waving his hands in triumph, exclaiming, "Why, heaven has come down to earth! I see the angels,—they are flying all through the house!" One morning, after having for once got a little sleep, he said, on waking, "I have seen the King of glory, and have slept in his palace. I was intimate—Oh! so intimate with the angels!" He sung many hymns during his illness, all expressive of deep spirituality and great nearness to God. On Wednesday evening, the 25th, water began to collect upon his brain; and after this he was more or less bereft of his reason. Distressing spasms now came on, of which he had forewarned his friends. Every means used for relief proved vain. Thursday he was so absorbed in heavenly contemplations that his attention could not be directed to his affairs, except to designate who should preach his funeral sermon. Friday he seemed pressed with a view of immortal souls unsaved, and the judgment day. On Saturday he had another conflict with the powers of darkness, but quickly triumphing, exclaimed with a smile, "I can grapple with the grim monster, Death!" On Sabbath morning he was thought to be dying. His wife held her ear to his lips, as he lay gazing fixedly upward, and waving his arms as though fluttering to be gone, and heard him breathe, "Hail! hail! all hail!" On her asking what he saw, he replied, "The King in his beauty! I see light! light! light! I see!" he paused in silence awhile, then suddenly broke out in his own clear, natural voice, though somewhat faltering:

"Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath purchased our pardon;
We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan."

One asked, "Is all well?" He replied with ineffable sweetness, three times, "All is well!" The chill of death came on soon after, and pointed to the moment of speedy release. Once more he revived, however, and sung very sweetly,

"O how happy are they,"

all through; and then,

"My soul 's full of glory, inspiring my tongue;
Could I meet with angels, I'd sing them a
song," etc.

A few more struggles of nature, and the silver cord gradually loosened till half past ten on Monday, A. M., February 1st, 1858, when the warrior fell to rise immortal! As the pure spirit escaped the prison walls, a holy smile settled down on the beautiful clay, and the attendants seemed surrounded with the glorious cloud let down to bear the ransomed one away to paradise. "I thought not of myself," says his devoted companion, "but in the full consciousness of the reality—a spirit *redeemed forever*!—I cried out, 'Bless the Lord!—safe over;' and sank down filled with glorious contemplations of the spirit so free, now winging its way to the sight and presence of Jesus. I believe there never was one better fitted to be an affectionate companion, a counselling friend, and a spiritual hero; but God needed him, and has taken him to a new field of employ. I had thought he would soothe my last hours, as he did those of his precious mother, till life was fled. I miss his firm, gentle tones in hours of distress,—his ever sunny face, laughing eyes, and bold, cheerful songs, at all times and in all weathers; yet I stop and thank God that I was permitted to enjoy such exalted companionship so long."

Thus lived, labored, and died, this servant of the living God. He fell in the bloom of manhood, but he fell "at his post." His race was short, but brilliant with success. He disdained not the weakest lamb in the flock, nor feared the tallest sinner that walks the footstool of God. He gloried in the cross *everywhere*, and counted no sacrifice too

dear for God and truth. He never asked what is *expedient*, but what is *right*? He would not *dissimulate*;—the windows of his soul were ever open. He was a *pastor* at home, abroad, by the way, at camp-meetings,—*everywhere*. He was after *souls*. And O, how many remember not only his sermons, but his faithful personal efforts in things small and great! He walked in close fellowship with God, and feasted on bread that many knew not of. But his uncompromising course *cost* him something, as it will every one else who fully obeys the Lord. Who is willing to share the *toils and reproaches* of such a man, for the sake of the *success* that crowned his labors here, and the *glory* of his unfading crown in the sun-bright clime above?

Lima, N. Y.

How Another was Saved.

BY J. M. S.

I HAVE often thought that my peculiar experience has been permitted for the profit of others, as well as myself; and, although I have related it upon every proper occasion, still the impression has remained that good might be accomplished by its recital through the Guide. This alone induces me to write.

In the spring of 1849, and near my seventeenth birth day, I was first led by the Spirit to see myself a sinner against God. In answer to earnest prayer, Infinite Mercy pardoned all. I was let into a new life. A conviction fastened upon my mind that I should begin at once to labor for the salvation of souls. But what could such a young girl as I do to advance so vast a cause? "Speak," said the Spirit, "to every young friend you meet. Urge upon them the importance of their soul's interest." "No, no," said another whisperer, "do not thus, or you will be thought *fanatical*. You do not see others going forward in that way, and were it necessary for one to do so, in order to advance, it would be for all. You see many around you who have

been ten, twenty, and even forty years, in this narrow way, and yet you have never yourself been addressed by them on the subject of salvation." I first listened and very soon *began to obey*. I decided to be a *consistent Christian*, or that I would attend upon all the ordinary means of grace, make as little stir about it as possible, persevere while I lived, and look for a *triumphant death*. Something would occasionally suggest that I was too much like the world, particularly in my private conversation, and in my dress; that to please God I must not speak an idle word; and that, as a steward, I had no right to use my Lord's money in unnecessary adornments. I soon fell into a state of formality which lasted near five years. I was not a hypocrite; neither was I an accepted child of God. I never was absent from the prayer or class meeting during this time, when it was possible for me to get there. *I never neglected secret prayer. But this one thing I did: Whenever the duty of being peculiar for Christ's sake presented itself to my mind, the thought was dismissed as soon as possible.*

Occasionally I met with books on the subject of Holiness. The Spirit urged upon me the duty of investigating, and of seeking and enjoying it, did I find it attainable; but if I occasionally commenced the reading of a volume of this character, it was only to lay it aside unfinished. I had but very few times in my life heard an allusion to this subject from the pulpit, and had but a very incorrect idea of what it comprehended. I, however, always felt that *something was lacking*.

At the end of five years of such experience, I was taken suddenly and violently ill with fever. And now, thought I, suppose God should call me away, what would be my destiny? Much of the work of preparation for death was yet unperformed; but I hoped that, when the "trying hour" came, God would, for Christ's sake, give me victory, and that all would be well. 'I sent word to my class-mates that I was sustained,—that death had no terrors.

I do not know how long I had been ill, but one day I thought myself dying. Soon I thought my spirit was separated from the body, and conducted into a place so dark that the "blackness of darkness" would be language but faintly adequate to its description. I supposed this a place I must pass through in my passage to the "World of Light." For some time I groped my way patiently through the darkness, constantly expecting to see the "emerald gates" of the "Holy City" opened before me, and that I might at any moment be ushered into the presence of the "Majesty of Heaven." Soon, as I expected, the gates were opened before me; and, with joy indescribable, I hurried forward to be "forever with the Lord."

From another direction two little children, surrounded each with a halo of light, suddenly passed me,—entered the gates, and that instant they closed. What, thought I, can this mean? Am I shut out forever? "Yes, said conscience, forever! Your probation is closed! Time was when you might have been saved; but now this 'blackness of darkness,'—this banishment from God, is but the beginning of what eternity has in reserve for you."

But, thought I, I have been a Christian for years; my external life has been almost blameless, and how can it be that I am to fail of getting into the "Holy City?" Ah! said conscience, "You saw in life that not every one that said Lord, Lord, would enter into the Kingdom; you saw plainly that your work was not all done; and yet you ventured to leave a part until it was too late. If God had saved you, he could not have been just." Sure enough! it was all plain now; and in despair indescribable, my wail of disappointment began. Banished from God! Yes, eternally! eternally! I might have been saved, but I would not! O, if I only could commence life anew, how small every thing else would seem compared with a preparation to escape this dreadful place. How, were it possible, would I urge upon Christians the ne-

cessity of coming, from the world, and being separate from it. But it is too late, too late! Here I must live, live forever! Here I must "be banished from my God, and yet forbid to die." How long I remained thus I cannot tell. Suddenly I became conscious that I was yet in the body. My mother sat beside me. I at once told her that I would soon be among the lost. Prayer for me was proposed. I did not desire to hear it. I did not wish them to so insult God as to offer me in my last moments, when I had slighted his commands to so late a period.

My beloved pastor visited me,—urged me to believe that "whosoever will" reached me, but thought I knew better. Indeed I was not among those,—I did not now will to come,—I did not try to come. I felt that, should I leave to the Church an evidence that God had received me at so late a period, some of them, in hope of the same mercy, might defer a part of their work until the end, and find themselves in consequence shut out from the joys of Heaven.

My dear friends were in indescribable anguish at this change in my feelings. They wept and prayed for and with me; but, for a time, all in vain. They read to me from the word of God, that He had no pleasure in the death of any. They assured me that if I was lost it would be because I *willed* it —that God's provisions reached to me, and that all that was lacking was for me to accept. *But I did not desire to accept.* I felt, let me be lost,—if I may by my dying despair warn one Christian to be wholly devoted to God. For days this despair continued. I would scream, lost! lost! lost! until my exhausted powers failed; when, sinking away, I would earnestly wish that no means might be used to bring me back to life. Why would they not let me go, that I might know the worst?

My dear old mother would pray me not to thus destroy myself; urging that if, as I said, I was not prepared to die, I was using the very means to secure eternal death; when, if I remained quiet, my body might

recover, and give me an opportunity yet to adorn the Christian character, as I so much wished I had done before.

I at length began to wish to live, and accordingly began to be more quiet, if thereby I might facilitate recovery.

A beloved brother, in whose piety I had all confidence, and who is now a member of East Genesee Conference, was instrumental in leading me to claim Christ again as *my Savior*. No sooner did I hope that his blood availed for me, then I began rapidly to recover.

The Holy Spirit again commenced its work of urging me to higher attainments. I felt really desirous to fully understand the nature of holiness, as taught by our Church and the Bible.

Providentially the Conference, which had been in session during my illness, sent to our charge a minister and his wife, each of whom could say, "I know the blood of Christ cleanseth from all unrighteousness."

My friends thought that, had I died, I would have been *saved*. Brother and sister I. assured me that I would have been *lost*. This I believed. I sought their society. They placed in my hands numerous works on the subject of full salvation; and, while reading Foster's Christian Purity, I was led to see clearly what holiness was,—how it might be sought, obtained, and sustained; and more than all, *to feel that without it I could never see the Lord.*

Some two or three months passed, during which time I earnestly prayed God to show me just what he would have me do. All was at length made plain. I sat down and wrote out a formal consecration of myself to God, embracing every point that had been impressed upon my mind. This paper was kept near four weeks before I could attach my name. The hour came when this was to be done. The first letter made, I laid down my pen and earnestly prayed for more reliance upon the power and willingness of God to *keep* me. Letter by letter I thus in full placed my name to the writing. *T was done!* A deep calm broke in upon

my soul, and I, too, could say, *I know his blood doth cleanse.*

Since that hour I believe I have been, to the praise of Christ, a new creature. I have not constantly retained the confident assurance I at first had of the entireness of the work within, but during most of the time my peace has been beyond description.

Mokelumne Hill, Cal., May 29, 1858.

The City Above.

BY MARY A. HUDDARD.

The city above I long to behold,—
The pearly gates, the streets of gold,
The wall of jasper bright;
The river of life, like crystal clear,—
The trees that bear quite all the year,—
The saints, arrayed in white.

The place where night can never come,
And where they need no sun or moon,—
Where holy angels dwell;
The throne of God I long to see,
And him who suffered death for me,—
Whose love no tongue can tell.

If I am holy here below,
I soon shall to that city go,
And dwell forever there;
Shall meet the friends I dearly love
In that celestial clime above,
And in their bliss shall share.

I shall not bid them farewell then,
And ne'er shall need to write again,
For there we'll part no more;
There we shall never weep and sigh,
And no one there will ever die,—
All suffering will be o'er.

The sin that causes all our woe
Can never to that city go;
And there our Christ will be.
We shall behold his smiling face,
And triumph in redeeming grace
To all eternity.

But I would live and labor here,
And suffer, too, for many a year,
My God to glorify;
If God sustains me by his grace,
I'm truly blest in any place,—
Willing to live or die.

"Growth in Grace."

BY S. D.

WHATEVER may be the degree of spiritual life enjoyed by the soul just freed from the condemnation of sin, by the injunction of Peter, "But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ," we are assured that there is a higher state of experience and enjoyment to which it may attain. But we are quite sure that, in most cases, there is but a small measure of grace infused into the soul at its conversion to God; at least in comparison to the fulness of the gospel provision; and it is therefore made the duty of the true believer to urge onward his way to that state in which "Christ is all and in all." That this is neglected by many of those who have been made "partakers of Christ" is very evident from their own experience. After having been "born again" many years, grace is still a plant of small dimensions. And why? Not because they have not known that it was possible. Not because it did not appear desirable from the greater enjoyment of such as receive enlarged measures of grace. And certainly not because what they had, did not induce a desire for more. But, in many cases, it is because due attention has not been paid to the absolute necessity of an advancement in the Divine life. Carelessness, in reference to what God requires, is the reason why the host of the recently justified have not arrived nearer the goal of *Christian perfection*. So great is the work to be effected in the soul, before it is fit for the kingdom of glory, that after it is justified, there is much to be accomplished. That the soul may be purified from sin immediately must not be denied; but on all the duty is imposed, and where it is neglected there is a total disregard of a divine injunction. Were all to give due attention to the command, there would be many more among the ranks of the entirely sanctified, and Zion would flourish gloriously — becoming more than ever a "praise in the earth."

But there is another reason we would mention why believers do not grow in grace, or why they do not make more rapid progress in the way to the kingdom: it is neglect of self-examination. To advancement in the divine life this is particularly necessary. By performing it the believer becomes thoroughly acquainted with his own spiritual state; he learns how much grace he enjoys—how much love to God reigns in his soul. He will also discover what there is in him contrary to perfect holiness. Now, unless he knows his spiritual state definitely, how can he tell at a future period whether he has made advancement or not? He has nothing from which to draw a conclusion which can be fully satisfactory. He may form a conjecture on the point; but to be certain he surely cannot. But certainly, mere conjecture on such an important point of Christian experience is not sufficient—the soul may be eternally ruined by it. Such a person as merely forms a conjecture on the point, knows but little or nothing about his spiritual state, because he has given no attention to it. The very nature of the object sought by self-examination makes it appear absolutely necessary in order that we may know whether we are obeying the Divine command, "Grow in grace," or not. As well might the merchant pretend to know, at the end of the year, that he had made his intended profits on his stock, when he took no account of his stock at the beginning, and no account of his transactions since, and who now does not take stock nor cast his balance sheet, as for the Christian to be certain that he had grown in grace when he has neglected self-examination. But this neglect does not bear the marks of absurdity so much as of positive indifference; because he pays no attention to his spiritual interests at all in reference to whether all is secure and going right. He allows his vessel to sail whithersoever the winds drift it.

It may well be asked, can such ever gain the port of heaven? Reader, would you like to depend upon the probability?

We would rather choose the lot of him who was certain that he grew in grace,—who grew to the perfect "stature of a man in Christ."

Emotional Christianity.

BY H. W. DEKORER.

[Remarks, in prayer meeting, to a man who had determined to live a Christian life and to obey all the gospel precepts, but who hesitated about entering the church because he feared he had not love enough for Christ.]

EMOTION was not a condition of Christianity in Christ's time. It has come to be so in our day from our occidental mental philosophy. Whoever was willing to take Christ as his master and leader,—to follow his instructions, and to trust in him for salvation, was reckoned among his disciples. Christ's words were, "Whosoever keepeth my commandments, he it is that loveth me."

In the spring the magnolia tree is covered with blossom-buds long before the leaves appear. What if on the south and east branches, where the sun strikes warm, the buds should begin to unfold, exhaling delicious odor, and should exclaim, "Now we are happy! Now we know we have blossomed, because all the air is sweet about us;" and one little closed bud on the north side should say, "It is of no use for me to try to open, I have no fragrance."

"But," says the coaxing sun, "if you will only unclasp your leaves and let me shine upon you you will become like the others."

"No, I will not," answers the bud; "I am not worthy to join that perfume-breathing company."

True, it is but a bud, and it only smells green, but the odor is within it; and if it will give itself up to the sun a little while, and on all the round tree, there shall be no blossom which yields more sweetness to the air!

Now Christians are not to remain in the bud form for ever, waiting for the fragrance and joy of the blossom. *Unfolding*

will give fragrance. God lives wide open, and he commands men to do so. Do not be continually looking within, and hovering over the abyss of self-consciousness, but begin to do, to live, to love, and joy will follow.

Gathered Fragments.

FAITH stretches out her wand over the valley of death, and the dark clouds roll up in folds of glory, encircling the throne of a merciful Redeemer. To the believer's eye, life and death appear but as one beautiful apartment in the palace of Omnipotent power. This world is but the robing-room for the presence-chamber of the King of kings; and nature drops her travel-soiled garments, and arrays herself in the stainless robes of righteousness divine, ere she crosses the glittering threshold of immortality. And, as the Christian rises to his home above, he may carry, as it were, a cluster of golden chords of love from every heart with which he has sweetly communed on earth, and lay it down at the very feet of his God; and year by year, as His loving Providence revolves, He draws the cluster up, and one by one the pendent jewels rise.—[M. J. B.]

The sinner who seeks to lose his burden of guilt anywhere, whether in prayer-meeting, in the ordinance of baptism, or at the sacramental table—*anywhere*, besides at the foot of the cross, is deluded by a vain hope. Nothing can "give the guilty conscience peace," or wash away our sins, but the atoning blood of Christ. To *pass by* the cross does not satisfy the soul, but to *remain* there, till sprinkled with the gushing blood of Calvary—this alone can satisfy and save.—[M. H.]

With our glorious Redeemer, to *seek* is to *find* him. Now he bends from his majestic throne in interested affection, and casts a look of tenderest love upon the seeking soul. Are you pondering in your heart to turn at once to the mighty strong-

hold of a Savior's wounded side? The voices of heaven are inviting you to *come* in all your ignorance,—in all your impotence. Break fully with the world, and be willing to be saved *in God's own way*, and this day heaven will ring sweet hallelujahs over you, and earth will begin to array itself in peaceful Eden-smiles.

It has now been nearly two years since the blessed Lord poured out his Spirit upon me in such manner that all doubt was put to flight, and I felt that I could be a witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. Language would fail me to express the emotions of that happy hour. Christ took possession of my heart, and self was gone. I felt that my whole being was swallowed up in God. Love, pure love, filled my heart, and I was lifted far above earthly things. Oh then I felt for myself the reality and power of full salvation, as none may know but those who have experienced it. I would that every minister of the Gospel might receive this full anointing of the Holy Ghost, and know in their own hearts the freeness and fulness of that grace which they urge upon the acceptance of sinners. Then, indeed, would the spirit's power attend the word preached, and we might expect the Church to put on her beautiful garments and go forth "terrible as an army with banners."—[J. K.]

There are two incidents of my life which, above all others, awaken feelings of the deepest gratitude and praise to God, viz: That I was ever permitted to attend a camp meeting, and to form an acquaintance with the Guide to Holiness. The first circumstance opened my eyes to see my danger as I then stood,—a cold, formal, world-loving professor of religion. But Jesus heard the cry of the poor wanderer, and spoke words of peace and promise to his heart. O how precious, then, did the ordinances of God become, and his followers, how dear! Months passed, and found me still trusting in the Lord,—slowly advancing in spiritual life. At this time a

sister in Christ persuaded me to peruse a number of the Guide. I had not read far before the Spirit of God seemed to shed a halo of light, love, and beauty around the truths and teachings of its pages, that filled me with irresistible longings to become more fully acquainted with the soul-cheering theme. O what humbling views I had of self! How I saw the need of inward cleansing, and a more perfect union with Christ! A few days after, while supplicating the throne of grace with tearful eyes uplifted, my faith took hold of Calvary's victim, and the prize was mine! Inexpressible joy followed,—and deep-seated peace, that keeps and blesses me in temptation's darkest hour. — [S. M. B.]

The Christian religion has become to us a living reality; and love, perfected in the heart, our all-absorbing theme. Since the star of Bethlehem arose in our darkened sky, and the sacred fire of love was kindled in our heart, it has become intensified day by day, and hour by hour. No more we bow at the shrine of fashion, and become charmed by the glitter of earth; but, warmed by the genial rays of heaven, we enjoy a sweeter communion with the *world within*. We reach not after the pleasures or honors of this short-lived scene, but would fain stretch out our arms of mercy to grasp earth's victims, and lead them to the "living waters."

The darkness of temptation we expect to have; but this only brings into requisition the implements of spiritual warfare,—and furnishes occasion for gaining a *new victory*, which adds one more star to the crown of our rejoicing; and "darkness shows us worlds of light we never saw by day." — [L. W.]

SORROW IS THE NIGHT OF THE MIND.—What would be a day without its night? The day reveals one sun only,—the night brings to light the whole of the universe. The analogy is complete. Sorrow is the firmament of thought and the school of intelligence.

Little Bessie's Dying Request.

"WON'T YOU LOVE MY JESUS?"

EVENING was come.

The weary hours had slowly passed away,
While all unconscious still the sweet child lay;
Her cherub face, white as the robe she wore,
Beamed with a light we ne'er had seen before.
It was the glory of His likeness thrown
That now so clearly o'er her features shone.
See! the fringed eye-lid quivered once, and then
The full, expressive eyes glanced round again
To meet the look of one who ne'er had known
The wealth of joy that lives in Christ alone.
With seraph smile and earnest gaze she said:

"Oh! won't you love my Jesus?
He's close beside me now—
And while the cold, cold death-drops
Are gath'ring on my brow,
His hand, so soft and gentle,
Will wipe them all away.
How will you die, dear Uncle,
Without this only stay?"

"Then won't you love my Jesus,
Who died for love of you?
And can you slight such kindness—
Reject a friend so true?
I see him now all gleaming
With countless rays of light—
A crown upon his forehead,
Bedecked with gems so bright.

"What! will you love my Jesus?
Speak! do I hear aright?
Mamma!—papa!—blessed Savior!
How happy!—Oh how bright!
I'll linger now no longer,
For all so dear are thine,—
Come quickly,—come, my Jesus,—
Yes, mine,—forever mine!"

HOLY WATCHFULNESS.—One said, "The heart is full of unclean birds; it is a cage of them." "Ah, but," said another divine, "you must not make that an apology for sin, for a Christian's business is to wring their necks."

WE should continually examine ourselves, whether we are arguing for the love of truth or the love of triumph.

Peace the Legacy of Christ to the Believer;

OR, DIVINE PEACE NOT TO BE DISTURBED BY VICISSITUDES.

BY A. P. J.

"My peace I leave with you." John xiv: 27.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." Isaiah xvi: 3.

"Peace, be still." Mark iv: 39.

PAINFUL anxiety, or burdensome care, cannot exist in the mind that is entirely stayed upon the promises of God. The existence of one, proves the non-existence of the other. Agitation of mind is the extreme opposite of peace of soul, which is based upon established faith. The mind thus stayed, like "Abraham, staggers not at the promises of God, but fully believes that what he has promised he is able to perform," (Rom. iv: 20, 21.) and, consequently, is delivered from all painful apprehension. The injunction, "Be careful for nothing, or be not burdened with care about temporal things, is one of the conditions of this peace; for it stands in connection with the promise, "And the peace of God shall keep your hearts and minds, through Christ Jesus," (Phillip iv: 6, 7.) The promise embraces both heart and mind. It is not partial or occasional; "They shall be kept in peace." If peace then is the keeper, where is there room for agitation? For, as they are the opposite of each other, like fire and water, the one must extinguish the other. A faith that fails in perilous or adverse circumstances must be defective. And we see that the Savior addressed his apostles as if they had no faith, because they were agitated by the storm: "Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?" (Mark iv: 40.) Here was indeed a real cause for fearfulness; and if a child of faith could ever be excused for doubting and fearing, this would seem to have been the case. "There arose a great storm, and the waves beat into the ship so that it was now full." This drew from the apostles a question of

His carefulness for their preservation. "Master, carest not thou that we perish?" But, notwithstanding the extreme (seeming) cause, they received a signal rebuke. Some would say, the Savior was present in person. And so he is with us, by his spiritual presence and preserving power. "Behold I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." The apostles were more excusable for doubting than we are, for the dispensation that was brought in by the Savior's advent was not yet complete. His miracle-working power was not then fully manifested, and they had not received the witnessing presence of the Holy Ghost; therefore they had not that witness of the Spirit, which is more powerful than the evidence of sight or sense. For many who saw his miracles "did not perceive;" and many, who heard the words of life from his own lips, did not experience it as "the power of God unto salvation." To the converse many who never saw with the eyes, and never heard with the ears, the declaration from the Savior's lips, have received through the Spirit the witness of "his ability to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think," (Eph. iii: 20.) The advantages, then, of the apostles were not above nor equal to ours, as some erroneously suppose; at least not at that time. In addition to their evidences we have also that of the long line of saints and martyrs who, by the power of the Word, have triumphed over death, and the fear of death in its worst forms. If the Savior rebuked them as having no faith, may we not with more cause say, "where is the faith" of the Church of the living God, ("who ever liveth to make intercession for us,") of the present day? Where is your faith, that you do not claim your promised peace and consequent deliverance from all dread of adverse circumstances? "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." "And as thy day is so shall thy strength be." Peace is the legacy that the Savior left us; he died to secure it for us. "Peace I leave with you, my peace I

give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid," (John xiv: 28.) It is not, indeed, as the world giveth; for the world's peace depends upon worldly things, and will be disturbed when those things are removed; but this peace, being established on things "that cannot be removed," is permanent as "the Word that abideth forever." Therefore we may easily distinguish between true peace and false peace. For that peace that can be removed by adversity is not a part of the divine legacy, which every "heir of the promise" may possess for the asking. And why do we not claim it? We would not be as careless about an earthly legacy, but would press our claims to the utmost. But how shall we press our suit in the court of divine adjudication? First: we must have confidence in our advocate. "We have an advocate with the Father." He can as easily speak peace to the troubled breast as to the stormy wave.

"Depend on Christ, thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not,—his merits must prevail;
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done."

Secondly: we must "believe that God is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." Paul mentions this in connection with the declaration, that "without faith it is impossible to please God; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." (Heb. xi: 6.) Here the apostle seems to imply that it is as necessary for us to believe that God is a rewarder of those that diligently seek him, as to believe that he is. If this be so, let us arise and diligently seek this "perfect peace," that is promised to those that trust in him. And soon "the peace of God shall rule in our hearts, to the which we are also called." (Coloss. iii: 15.) Rule is a very strong term; and if this perfect peace obtains perfect dominion, it must subdue every anxious feeling, every troubled apprehension. "Let not your heart be

troubled, neither let it be afraid." "These things have I spoken unto you that ye might have peace." What things? This presents another aspect of the subject. "In the world ye shall have tribulation," (John xvi: 33.) This (in human estimation) would seem a strange thing to speak, "that they might have peace." Yet this was necessary for their peace in two ways. First: Worldly tribulation drives us out of our false rest to seek true peace, and by breaking up our worldly props, causes us to seek refuge in Christ alone. And affliction is in some sort necessary to reveal us to ourselves. We are not aware of our idolatry of human affections and worldly things, until we are informed by the grief which their removal causes. And there is idolatry even in grief. There is a form of grief that is as truly displeasing to God, as some forms of actual transgression, because it is a part of that same rebellion which refuses to say (in practice) "Thy will be done." It is when we have been thoroughly bereaved of our idols, that we see, and are willing to acknowledge, "other lords have had dominion over us, but by thee only will we make mention of thy name." "For thou wilt ordain peace for us; for thou also hast wrought all our works in us." This occurs in the same chapter that contains the promise of perfect peace. It seems that while other things had dominion, peace was not perfect; but when the discovery was made, where true peace was to be found, these other lords were renounced, and this was the condition. And upon this very principle, of the salutary effects of tribulation for the promotion of true peace. "For when thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness; but when thy hand is lifted up they will not see." (Isaiah xxvi: 9, 13.) Worldly tribulation is more frequently the beginning of true peace than we are aware of. The soil is hard and needs to be broken before the seed can be sown. The gold must be melted in the crucible, before it can be

moulded to the image of the government stamp, and pass for current coin. The image of "the King of Peace" must be engraved there, before "the peace of God, unto which we are called, can rule in our hearts." Anger, fear, grief, ambition, doubt, mortified pride, and many other lords have had dominion for a time, and have pierced our hearts with many sorrows. But we renounce them all, now; O, King of Peace, come in and take up thy rule, since thou hast promised "perfect peace to the mind that is stayed on thee." "Let this mind which was in Christ Jesus be also in us, who made himself of no reputation." So that that arbitrary lord, *human opinion*,—may have no more dominion over us. "Knowing that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God." (Luke xvi: 15; Phillip ii: 5, 8.) "These things have I told you, that ye might have peace; in the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Here, then, is the second reason why he declared the coming tribulation, that they might have peace; so that "they might not think it strange concerning the fiery trial which was to try them." (1 Peter iv: 12.) But in announcing this truth, he also announced the remedy. "I have overcome the world; therefore be of good cheer." The world cannot hurt you. Fire can only act upon the dross, it cannot consume the gold. "These things have I spoken that ye might have peace." He thus proclaims the consistency of the existence of outward tribulation, and inward peace at the same time. Arise, then, and claim thy peace. Do not wait for outward things to assume a more favorable aspect. God declares that you can have it independent of them. Faith has nothing to do with men and circumstances, but looks to the promise only. "Thus saith the Lord," is more to the eye of faith, than the outward promise of prosperous circumstances. To have our faith perfected, we must renounce our dependence on outward things. Let us at once

make the renunciation and "enter into the rest of faith;" and say of worldly peace as the poet said of some phases of human lore,—

"I had rather make my bed upon some icy
lake,
Where thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to peace so false as thine."

Heaven, the Home of the Holy.

BY T. J.

No subject is more calculated to cheer and inspire the Christian's heart, than that of his future home. Though its glories are not yet revealed, nor a full conception of its grandeur yet entered the heart of man, there is no lurking doubt of the existence and future revelation of that glory and grandeur. A few gleams of the "more excellent glory," shining down through the pages of revelation, must suffice, till death shall tear away the obscuring veil, and present the undimmed visions of the heavenly world. The legitimate sphere of the Christian on earth, however, furnishes him ideas of heaven, of which he would otherwise remain ignorant. That sphere is holiness. In the enjoyment of this blessing, he not only has accurate views of Christian privilege, and is led to praise God for the all-satisfying provisions of mercy; but under the impression that the soul is being thus preserved for the climes above, he cannot but have a lofty idea of the glory for which such great care is necessary to prepare the soul. Does it require separation from the world to fit the soul for heaven? Then heaven must be void of all those opposing influences which so frequently present themselves from this world of sin. Does it require undivided affection toward the God of heaven, while we are here? Then as death has no power to divide that affection, how strong must it become, when we are permitted to see Jesus face to face!

The enjoyments, also, which the holy Christian realizes even while here, afford a glimpse of that bliss to which he is tending.

Perfect love casteth out fear below;—there will be no fear above. Holiness implies freedom from all sin;—how pure must be that place which is lit up by the full blaze of Infinite Holiness! The peace which passeth all understanding here, is only a foretaste of the ocean of peace in heaven.

But, reader, is heaven your future home? Are you enjoying a glimpse of its rapturous glories through the medium of faith? Does that faith, as it ascends to God, waft down to you an echo of heaven's praises? By faith, do you discern a crown of life—a palm of victory—a harp of gold! Perhaps your prospects are not thus clear. You may be hoping for heaven, instead of living and believing for it. O, be not deceived! There is no corner in heaven for the unholy, the moralist, the formal professor. Its inmates are all holy; and they were so before they went there. Let us be sure to have on the blood-washed robes, that we may be eternal sharers in the "home of the pure!"

Woodstock, C. W.

Christ a Refuge.

BY M. J. B.

WHEN an unfortunate Israelite had inadvertently slain a brother, as the woeful spectacle lay before him, how may he vainly have striven to stop the gushing wound. With what mingled agony, terror, and confusion, he now looks each way for help! He has slain a brother; Israel disowns him, and "life must go for life." Yet, even now, can he but gain a city of the Levites, he is safe. He flees, and pauses not until Jericho's walls receive him; for within its peaceful gate no vengeance can harm him.

Such is our refuge in Jesus. All have broken the law,—all have gone astray,—all are alike exposed to infinite justice. But He has met the demands of that justice, and now offers to spread the mighty

shield of his protection over all who fly to him. And Oh! how much we need that divine protection! This is a world of woe. Sorrow will surely come, however distant it may now appear. Death will enter the family circle, taking, perhaps, the one most dearly prized; and in the hour of bitterness, where shall we flee for consolation and support? How sad must be such dispensations to those who have no Christ for their refuge! To those, however, who take refuge in the world's Redeemer, all these trials of life become "blessings in disguise." Jesus covers their sorrowing heads with his wings of mercy, and turns their mourning into joy.

Conscience may sometimes whisper that you cannot meet the demands of a perfect law, any more than you could span the heavens. It may be that in some lonely hour you have held converse with your heart, and have found its motives shrinking back from the eye of an all-seeing God. Yet, were it the purest heart that ever beat within a human bosom;—were heavenly love, and ardent faith, and a long catalogue of holy deeds yours, would you then, with no other refuge than these, dare to meet your God? Reflect! The heavens,—the shining walls of his own high palace,—are not pure in his infinite gaze; and mighty minded angels he charges with folly;—"how much more abominable," then, is man! Rebellion has poisoned the stream at the fountain. In the fall, our whole nature lay prostrate. If you doubt it, then bring your thoughts and actions to the bar of conscience, and sit as judge upon your heart. Be not influenced by your own inclinations,—not by your neighbor's idea of right,—not by the world's standard; but go where Sinai flashes around you the burning requisitions of the law. Then sit at the feet of Jesus, while he unfolds the spiritual meaning of that law, and think if, without a hiding place, you can meet that day when the parting heavens shall disclose the Lord as the king,—the Judge of all.

Yet, "Look unto me and be ye saved,"

speaks that loving Lord,—that mighty king,—that awful Judge. How ardently he pleads! how sweetly he invites a world to fly to the refuge of his grace! And for those who accept him alone as their salvation; who believe in him, love him, and lay their life of service at his feet, he will be a *mighty refuge* amid the wreck of worlds, and the unheeded cries of wicked men, for rocks and mountains to hide them from the fury of the final storm.

Letter From Mrs. Palmer.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Oct. 14, 1858.

DEAR BROTHER DEGEN,—I enclose you a letter dated Sept. 29, which might ere this have reached you, but from the fact that we have been in almost daily expectation of leaving for Boston. I presume you wonder that we permit ourselves to be so long detained, in view of our responsibilities, in connection with you, to the public, in relation to our anticipated publication. But no apology would be needful could either yourself or the religious community from abroad behold the great things that God is doing for this beautiful and highly favored island.

When we accepted the invitation of the Wesleyan Church in this place, it was with the understanding that we could not permit ourselves to be detained over four or five days. But the Church began to awake and put on her strength; and how wonderful the power she may put forth when she clothes herself with Christ and brings her dormant energies into action.

Oct. 15,—It is now three weeks this morning since we came here. During which time, daily and evening meetings have been held, and hundreds have been added to the Lord. The work began with the Church, and I doubt not that from three to four hundred have received the witness of entire sanctification. Ministers and people have come in from the surrounding country from twenty, thirty, forty, and even eighty miles distant, and after receiving

the baptism of fire, have scattered again to spread the holy flame in all the adjacent countries round about. All the ministers on the district have been present with their beloved District Chairman, all of whom are now enabled to testify, from their own experimental realizations, that the way into the holiest is open for every redeemed child of Adam, and is entered by faith in the blood of the everlasting covenant. How important that those who are called to take the lead of the sacramental hosts of God's elect should

... "themselves believe
And put salvation on."

The promise of the Father is received by *faith*. And as ministers are in the order of God set before the people as ensamples in *faith* as well as in doctrine, how needful that the entire ministry should be pioneers in faith, and by their experience show that the gift of power promised to all Christ's disciples is received by faith.

Never shall I forget the scene of power I witnessed at one of the afternoon meetings about two weeks since, when four or five of the ordained ministry and others of the local ministry, and perhaps over a score of the laity, among whom were several class leaders and other prominent members, who all received the baptism of fire. The circumstances were in some respects peculiar. We had observed to the people at the opening of the exercises about thus: "We often have *prayer meetings*, and these surely are very important, for what should we do if we could not approach the throne of grace by prayer. We have also had, under some of extraordinary circumstances, '*praise meetings*,' and these also have been greatly blest with remarkable manifestations of Divine approval, but neither prayer, or praise, though most needful and pleasing to God, will take the place of FAITH, inasmuch as it is written, 'Without faith it is impossible to please God.' What more proper then, then that we should have

A BELIEVING MEETING.

Many of us, perhaps, have our sacrifice already upon the altar. At least all is there with the exception of that *will* which requires signs and wonders. Let us get that *will* upon the altar now, and resolve at once on taking God at his word irrespective of emotion or any *sensible* demonstration, for it is written, 'The just *shall* live by *faith*,' and to the degree we have *sensible* manifestations, faith is not necessary. It is faith that honors God. Abraham believed God, and his faith was counted to him for righteousness."

Well we had, indeed, a believing meeting. Many now brought their sacrifices to the altar, and in faith waited for the descent of the hallowing, consuming fire. But Abraham's sacrifice became the Lord's property the moment he laid it upon the altar. Just as truly the Lord's as though he had been permitted to ascend to the throne of God in heaven and laid the sacrifice there on Heaven's altar before the myriads of angelic beholders. "The altar sanctifieth the gift." The moment he laid it upon the altar it became virtually God's property. All Abraham had now to do was to watch the offering. It was just as sacredly the Lord's before it was consumed as it was afterward. When he saw the fire descend and consume the sacrifice, faith on that point was no longer necessary. It was sight. But it is faith that honors God. And now we have reason to believe that scores resolved to take God at his word. Of course Abraham could not have believed that his offering was accepted before it was laid on the altar. Neither could his offering have been consumed unless it had been laid on the altar. But the offering once laid on the altar and kept there, God always does his part of the work. No danger of failure here; his name is faithful and true. Such a baptism of fire as descended on this company during the process of this believing meeting I will not attempt to describe.

From this point the work progressed

with great power. I do not doubt but as many as a thousand in all have been blest with either sanctifying or justifying grace. It is now Friday. I have not heard the number of those newly converted since last Monday. The District Chairman then informed us that over five hundred names had been taken of those who had been newly gathered from the world, beside those who had been restored from their backslidings who were before members. The work has been going on with still greater power during the present week, and the newly justified now is doubtless not less than from six to seven hundred.

What hath God wrought! Surely you will give him all the glory. My heart exclaims with the sainted Fletcher "O, for a gust of praise to go through the earth." Let all the people praise Him, and let the saints shout aloud for joy.

Dr. P. unites in Christian salutations.

Yours in Jesus,

PHOEBE PALMER.

[The letter of September 29th, to which Mrs. Palmer refers, we append below, as our friends will all feel gratified, no doubt, in its perusal.]

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Sept. 29, 1858.

DEAR BROTHER DEGEN: Still we are delayed in these British Provinces. It was our expectation to have been in England at this time. In answer to letters received from Europe, we wrote to our friends, by way of encouraging them, to look for us in September, if not the latter part of August. They will wonder at not either seeing or hearing from us; yet, we cannot doubt but the Captain of the hosts of Israel has, in ordering our steps here, led us forth by a right way. Never have we been more fully assured of divine direction than in our detention in these Provinces. Dr. P. wrote you of the work in St. John. We have since received letters from correspondents there, assuring us that the fruit remains, and that the work is most graciously widen-

ing and deepening. A letter from the Rev. Mr. Albrighten, one of the excellent ministers resident in St. John, says: "Since your departure, although our congregations have not been so large as when you were with us, we have not forfeited the blessings which were so richly bestowed upon us during that wondrous visitation. Our Quarterly Love-feast was held last Monday evening, at the Centenary Church, and it was indeed one of the most hallowing and blissful seasons I ever enjoyed. Many noble testimonies were given of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost, and many young converts spoke very sweetly of the preciousness of our Jesus. Ten o'clock came, and every one appeared amazed, and grieved that the time for separation had come. The language of all appeared to be,

"My happy soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss."

Glory, glory to the Lamb, for all his mercy, and his grace."

One engagement has succeeded another, in such rapid succession, that I cannot now remember whether we wrote you of the revival which commenced in Halifax during our visit there. While at St. John, we were induced to accept an urgent invitation from the Wesleyan Churches in Halifax. Perhaps you may have seen the official recognition of this, and also of our visit to St. John, as published in the "Provincial Wesleyan" of Aug. 26th, and Sept. 16th. During our stay at Halifax, the secretaries of the meeting reported one hundred and seventy names as among the newly blest. One hundred and forty of these were gathered from the world. From a dozen to twenty soldiers were among the newly enlisted in the service of the Captain of our salvation. They came forward in their fine scarlet uniform, and interspersed themselves among other kneeling, weeping penitents. And it was to us a most interesting sight, to

see these hardy men, who, but a few months since, were engaged in bloody conflict in the Crimean war, now commencing their eternal God-service, and acknowledging allegiance to the blessed, and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords. Several of these, after receiving pardon, came forward the second time, and again bowed at the communion rail. At this, we at first wondered, in view of the fact that their conversion had been very clear. But on inquiry, we found that the Holy Spirit had convinced them of the necessity of a further work, and they were pleading for the witness of inward purity. Nearly all of these, we trust, with several others, had not only a new song put into their mouths, but their *goings established*.

We have seen many beautiful illustrations of this, in our labors at various places, of which I may write you as opportunity occurs. I cannot forbear mentioning one or two cases of entire sanctification, which occurred in but a few days after conversion, at St. John. One, of a man who received the blessing of justification, one evening, in the gallery, while we were telling *how* a sinner might be saved. We were pointing out the simplicity of faith, and had asked that some one or more might be enabled to believe unto salvation. After we had finished speaking, this man came down from the gallery, and hastened forward to the altar. Soon as an opportunity was given for confession, he stepped forward, and facing the congregation, said that he had been convicted of sin at one of the meetings two or three days previous, and had come to the meeting this evening, resolved to seek an interest in Christ. While the way to Jesus was being pointed out, he thought why need I wait? Why not trust in Christ to save me *just now*? He believed and was saved. He had come forward now, not to profess himself as a *seeker*, but to confess that he had *found* the Savior. He was induced at once to manifest his love to Jesus by *co* straining others to come to the gospel-feast, and a brother, and other of

his relatives were induced to accept of the conditions of salvation.

About one week subsequent to the conversion of this earnest man, we again saw him bowed with the earnest seekers, surrounding the communion rail. On inquiring, we found that he was earnestly seeking the witness of entire purity, believing it to be his privilege to have the bent to back-slidings taken away, and his goings established. He did not seek in vain. Definite and importunate petitions bring definite answers, and definite answers to prayer demand definite acknowledgements. In less than an hour from the time he approached the altar of prayer, he rose and gave a precious testimony of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost.

One evening as we were approaching the church door, we were introduced to an intelligent, gay young lady. I urged her most affectionately to yield herself up to the service of the Savior, and could only succeed in obtaining an answer that she would, in the strength of the Lord, try. She did try. That evening she presented herself among the seekers of salvation, and obtained a joyful witness that her sins were pardoned, and her name written in the book of life. Two or three days after her conversion, she came to me, at an early hour, one morning, so distressed in mind, that I presume she had slept but little, if any, during the night.

The occasion of her distress was that she feared she had grieved her Savior, in not having invited a gay lady to seek an interest in Christ, whom she had seen in the congregation the evening before. Yet she had not been wholly negligent of the duty, but had endeavored to do by proxy, that which the Holy Spirit assured her ought to have been done personally. Feeling as though the cross was too heavy for her to bear, she called for the Rev. Mr. A., and sent him to the lady, but he failed in speaking to the right one, and the work was left undone. Thankful to see the tenderness of conscience of this precious lamb

of Christ's fold, yet longing to assuage her distress, I expressed my regret that she had not been ready to obey at once the gentle monitions of the Spirit, and by not following it, had brought upon herself a degree of condemnation. I proposed a plan by which I suggested the cruel tempter might be more than outmatched. "Go," said I, "to the lady this morning, and tell her how distressed you feel for not having done your duty, in inviting her to the Savior last evening." She exclaimed, "O I would if I only knew who she was, or where I might find her!" I had supposed that the lady who was the object of her solicitude was one of her former companions, when in friendship with the world, and could not but feel that the Lord was about to make this lovely young convert an example to believers, in the duty of being "instant in season and out of season". I advised her to manifest that she had been renewed in mind, by her outward conformity to the self-sacrificing principles of the gospel, and put aside the badges of friendship with the world. She acknowledged that my suggestions were scripturally correct, but I could see the conflict depicted in her countenance. Nature and grace were striving for the mastery. "Ye cannot serve two masters." "What agreement hath the temple of God with idols?" "What do you think," said she, "of the Christians at F—; I spent a gay winter there. I saw Christians in gay parties, and I could not see that they differed from others; indeed I used to think that I was about as good as any of them?" I assured her in return, that such Christians were, in fact, not Christians, but mere professors, and, as such, stumbling blocks, over which, she could now perceive, she was in danger of stumbling into perdition, and entreated her to resolve that she would never thus stand in the way of others, but show that she was resolved on being a Bible Christian.

She then and there resolved that she would indeed come out from the world and be separate, and manifest her detachment from.

the world, by laying aside her superfluities. She did so, and I was interested to see her, on the afternoon of that day, appearing more as one professing godliness. From that point she began to run on in the way of God's commandments. And why not, as she had now resolved on laying aside every weight? At one of the subsequent afternoon meetings, she came to me with a most glowing countenance. O, it seemed that my spirit's eye could see, legibly written on that happy brow, "HOLINESS TO THE LORD", as she exclaimed, "I have washed my garments white in the blood of the Lamb!" The evening previous to our leaving, she rose, before congregated hundreds, and testified to the power of Christ, not only to forgive sins, but to cleanse from all unrighteousness. Surely the time has come when judgment must begin at the house of God. It will not do for these thousands which are being brought out of spiritual Egypt, to be hindered by the example of older professors, from entering into the Canaan of perfect love. These masses which have been brought out of Egypt, must be led at once, up into the rest of faith.

"A rest where all the soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear and unbelief expire,
Cast out by perfect love."

Not only must worldly conformed professors remove the stumbling block of their example, but those who lead forth the hosts of Israel must furnish examples in faith as well as in doctrine, and from their own inspiring experience, be enabled to testify, "We are well able to go up and possess the goodly land." Authoritative or theoretical teachings are seldom effective in leading the soul onward to the rest of perfect love. The religion of Christ is a religion of love, and all its indices are equalizing, and seem to say, "Ye are all brethren." Paul yet again and again presented his own inspiring experiences of the grace of God, to encourage others to come up to the

Christian standard of experience, "Let us, as many of us as be perfect, be thus minded." And in like manner does he also enforce the doctrine of conversion, by the repetition of his own conversion. Said a beloved young minister who was in attendance at one of our recent meetings, where many to whom he would be called to minister had been raised up to testify that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin, "What shall I do? Last night, as I saw the people crowding forward for prayers, I was so concerned about my own condition that I felt as if I could not work until I had something farther done for my own soul." He had been wrestling with the angel of the covenant during the night. "And now," said he, "I see that I must preach holiness to the people, and I am resolved to do so; but it will be hard work to preach the doctrine theoretically, unless I have experience of the grace." We presented the simple way of faith, and said, "If the prophet had told thee to do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? It is simply wash, and be clean. The cleansing fountain is now flowing. Christ is the Lamb, newly slain from the foundation of the world, and all you have to do is to present all your redeemed powers a living sacrifice to God, through Christ, and then rely upon the declaration, the blood of Jesus cleanseth. Not that it *did* cleanse, or *will* cleanse, but *cleanseth*,—cleanseth *now*. Is not an offering presented to God through Christ, 'holy, acceptable?'" He dared doubt no longer, and exclaimed, "I *will*, I *do* believe!" O what glorious confirmation of his faith followed. Never shall I forget the affectingly interesting scene which succeeded, when, before several witnesses, he shortly afterward nobly professed his faith in the infinitely efficacious, all-cleansing blood of Jesus.

CHRIST'S RIGHTEOUSNESS.—Whatever is of nature's spinning must be all unraveled before Christ's righteousness can be put on. [WILCOX.

Retrospect of a Year.

TIME by moments steals away,—
First the hour, and then the day;
Small the daily loss appears,
Yet it soon amounts to years;
Thus another year is flown,
And is now no more our own,
(Though it brought or promised good,)
Than the years before the flood.

But each year—let none forget—
Finds and leaves us deep in debt;
Favors from the Lord received,
Sins that have the spirit grieved,
Marked by God's unerring hand,
In His book recorded stand.
Who can tell the vast amount
Placed to every soul's account!

We have *nothing*, Lord, to pay,—
Take, O! take our sins away;
Self-condemned, on Thee we call;
Freely, Lord, forgive us all.
If we see another year,
May we spend it in Thy fear;
All its days devote to Thee,
Living for eternity,

Personal Responsibility.

BY LOISE.

JUDGING men in general by their actions, one might justly conclude that they either do not regard themselves personally responsible for their own happiness, and the well-being of others, or, that they consider their own, and the best interests of mankind, only as relating to the temporal concerns of this life. For, if we will pause to inquire whither the aspirations of our fellow men are tending, we shall find, with here and there an individual exception, that the great problem of life to the mass of mankind is, "What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" So engaged are they in its solution, that they seem to forget that they are on trial for eternity, and rulers of their own destiny, for happiness or misery.

Though men are found pursuing a course so inconsistent with their present and future happiness, it may not be inferred that they are ignorant of their true interests, or

the high destiny awaiting them. A contemplation of the plain truths of Scripture ought to arouse the most indifferent to a sense of the true aim of life, and incite them to engage their energies in accomplishing the design of their creation. Indeed, one would think that the teachings of nature and reason *alone*, would condemn their folly in wasting their energies in accumulating a super-abundance of the perishing wealth of earth, to supply the wants of their more perishing bodies, as though they were destined to live here forever. Men would not act thus unwisely if they would but pause and reflect. But this they will rarely suffer themselves to do, lest calm reflection should arouse them to a conviction of their fearful responsibilities, the discharge of which, they are aware, may require a frequent crossing of the evil inclinations of their natures, and a life-long effort. They wish to forget their obligations, and strive to hush the clamorings of conscience, by cherishing a delusive hope that all may be well; and engaging yet more eagerly in the pursuit of some fair illusion. Many succeed too well in deluding themselves, and ere they are aware, they have pursued the phantom to the grave; and their lamp of life goes out, leaving none wiser or better for their having lived.

If it be true that man is a responsible being, would it not be wise in him to investigate the nature and extent of his responsibilities? That he is most deeply responsible for his own welfare, is evident from the fact, that, while he has no power to choose good or evil for others, his will is absolute in regard to his own choice. That the practice of vice brings misery, and virtue, happiness, the history of man, since the fall of our first parents, has clearly demonstrated. And thus it is, by man's choice of good or evil, that he becomes the arbiter of his own destiny.

He is in possession of a moral, intellectual, and physical nature, for the proper development of which, he is also deeply responsible. To neglect the cultivation of his

moral nature, would be more or less destructive to his physical and intellectual nature. For it is a fact, universally admitted, that physical evil is the result of moral evil; and sinful indulgence is always degrading to the mind, also. In the case of men noted for strong and vicious passions, however vigorous and elevated may be the natural tone of their intellect, their mental operations become retarded and weakened; and they are usually marked as early victims for the grave. If he neglects to cultivate his intellect, he suffers one of the richest endowments of his nature to lie dormant, and thus cuts off a source of much enjoyment to himself, and usefulness to his fellow men. Again, if he neglects the proper development of his physical nature, he also detracts from his own enjoyment, weakens the vigor of his mind, and shortens his days; thus abridging his usefulness, and rendering himself culpable in the sight of his Maker.

Though man discharge all *these* responsibilities, his personal obligations do not terminate here. He is also responsible, in a degree, for the happiness or misery of those whom the providence of God has placed subject to his influence. If one doubt that surrounding influences do affect the destiny of any, let memory bring before him the events of his past life, and let him, if he can, measure the influence that others have exerted over his own enjoyment or suffering. Who has not spent long hours in mental anguish through the influence of a word? How often has a word changed the whole tenor of some wayward life, or inspired some thoughtless, aimless creature, with high and holy aspirations. Well may we adopt the sentiment of the poet, when he says:

"'T is a strange mystery—the power of words!
Life is in them, and death. A word can send
The crimson color hurrying to the cheek,—
Hurrying with many meanings; or can turn
The current, cold and deadly, to the heart.
Anger and fear are in them;—grief and joy
Are in their sound; yet slight, impalpable,
A word is but a breath of passing air."

Yes, the influence of a word may be lasting as eternity.

It is a fearful thing to wreck one's own happiness; but still more so to add to it the wreck of another's. Though there were no other, should not the happiness of *this* life be a sufficient motive to induce men to be cautious of their influence, and the manner in which they discharge their responsibilities? Brookfield.

Notes by the Way.

BY T.

A BROTHER in the ministry, after having spoken of his exercises, and loathing of sin, previous to his entering into the sanctified state, said, "For three days after this, my soul was in paradise, I was so perfectly happy,—I never before knew such bliss—but suddenly, while sitting alone, a cloud obscured my spiritual vision, and my soul felt the darkness. Ah, now I have lost the blessing, was the sad exclamation of my heart.

"I retired to my favored spot, to pour out my complaint, and bemoan my loss, but felt no relief while I prayed to have the blessing restored to me; my sadness continued. I ceased praying, and began to think what have I done? I have not withdrawn my offering from the Lord; I know I love him; I am His. Then what is it that I have lost? My heart replied, the emotion is gone, my joy is departed; but the faith which still saves me, is here.

"I rose from my knees with the lesson learned, that I must live by faith, and not by joyous emotions. This has been to me abiding instruction in the way of the Lord."

Methought, when we listened to this experience, that many in the same way, *think* they have lost the blessing of a clean heart, when the Holy Spirit is only teaching them the way of faith; and they grope about a longer time in darkness.

For the aid of such we have made this memento, that they may become fixed and settled in the work God has wrought in their souls, and not become faithless when emotion is not lively.

Labor.

BY MARIA J. BISHOP.

"LET them labor with their hands," are the words of inspiration; and if they were faithfully observed by all who acknowledge the authority of the Scriptures, what a lesson would be impressed upon mankind! Many labor—thousands labor—yet in no spirit of obedience to this precept. They do so from pure selfishness; and if their own personal interests were not advanced thereby, their labors would cease. But the Christian has a higher, holier motive for activity, which can never be affected by change of calling or position. He labors not for the poor consideration of his daily bread, for his God could provide for him independently of his own exertions; but to the Lord does he perform whatever his hands find to do. While the ability remains, the obligation, he knows, rests upon him. Obedience to God, and benevolence to man, strengthen his arm and direct his hands. There is always something by which he may glorify God or assist his fellow men; and the mere pleasure of doing so should be his recompense.

Surely, from Christian lips the expression should never fall, "I have nothing to do." This is not a misfortune—it is a sin; at least, a sad mistake. Are there none in this wide world that need assistance? No sick to attend? no young or ignorant to instruct? no aged or infirm to support? no naked to clothe, or hungry to feed? Alas! there is a thousand times more to be done than there are hands to do it. It is rebellion to refuse to do what our hands find to do, in any station. Moreover, there is a peace found in exertion, and a rest in obedience, which are sought in vain by the idle and repining. The very circumstances that discourage the wordly exalt the Christian's courage; the wordly exalt the Christian's faith, strengthen his patience, and furnish him a glorious opportunity for praising God, by trusting his promise alone, and obeying him, unconditionally.

It is the mistake of man, and nothing in

the necessity of the thing, which has so linked the ideas of labor and temporal subsistence. A raven or an angel might supply the children of God with all they require, as well as their own hands. O, for that lofty faith which looks to God for all temporal, as well as spiritual blessings, and performs all its labors to Him alone!

The Christian.

BY M. OSBORN.

I saw his life-boat fiercely struggling
With the waters wild and dark,
While the tempest, o'er him bending,
In its fearful power descending,
Rocked his fragile bark.

But his brow was calm and trustful,
And his gaze was fixed on high;
For a star, in beauty gleaming,
O'er the waves its radiance streaming,
Looked from the stormy sky.

Then I saw him in life's valley,
Threading slow its dangerous way;
While temptations fierce beset him,
And his foes in phalanx met him,
In their dark array.

But the Christian kept right onward,
In the straight and narrow way;
Neither storms nor perils moved him,
Neither smiles nor sunshine lured him;
He was fixed in God.

An exile and a stranger here,
He lives, nor dreams that earth is fair;
Just now upon the shore of time,
Yet native of another clime,
And longing to be there.

Yet oft he pauses by the way,
To light again hope's blessed ray
Within some dark, despairing breast;
To whisper to the weary, "rest,"
To the despairing, "pray."

Soon shall he leave his dusty robes
With joy, upon this foreign shore;
No more by storms of sorrow driven,
He soon shall reach his native heaven,
To leave it never more.

Butler, Milwaukee Co., Wis.

The Guide to Holiness.

DECEMBER, 1858.

EDITORIAL PAPERS.

THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE.

THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE, by Rev. W. E. BOARDMAN. Boston: Henry Hoyt. Chicago: Wm. Tomlinson.

THIS book has been looked for with impatience since its first announcement. It is the production of a Presbyterian clergyman, and is issued by a publisher of a kindred denomination. These facts invest it with a peculiar interest, as they indicate a spirit of enquiry and progress, truly refreshing to the believer. Its positions will be assailed; and it would be assuming, doubtless, more than even the author would be willing to concede, that the book is free from imperfections. Indeed, to our mind, it has defects, serious ones, too, and yet, we cannot but hail its appearance with joy. It will do good. It will be read by thousands that would reject the same truths, if emanating from any other source; and even those who read to criticise, cannot fail to be impressed with many of its arguments and illustrative facts; and last, though not least, the sweet spirit in which they are presented. We have thought it due to our readers, to state some of the objections that have occurred to us, not with a view of deterring any from reading it, for they will be richly rewarded in its perusal; but to contribute as far as we are able to the cause of TRUTH.

The first objection we have to offer is, the substitution of man-made terms for those employed in the Bible. We know that this is a mere matter of accommodation, and there are instances where such terms, if properly chosen and well defined, are not objectionable; but great care should be used in their selection, and they should be scrupulously avoided where the Holy Ghost has given us those which express the same thing. A favorite term of the author, in denoting this higher experience, is "second conversion,"—a term so susceptible of misconstruction, that he finds it necessary both in the "preface" and body of the work, to constantly guard its meaning. Its frequent use, also, if it has not befogged his own mind in regard to the distinction between "conversion, and second conversion," is certainly cal-

culated to produce this effect on the mind of the reader. As an illustration of this point, we give our readers an extract:

"The analogies between conversion and second conversion, are complete in all things—save one.

"There is a radical difference between the pardon of sins, and the purging of sins. Pardon is instantaneously entire, but cleansing from sin is a process of indefinite length. Even here, however, the analogy, though not complete, is not entirely wanting; for in the second as in the first, the apprehension of Christ as the way, is instantaneous, the difference being simply that in the first, the work of Christ is already done the instant the soul believes; while in the second, the work of Christ remains yet to be done in the future after the soul believes. In the one the atonement has been made, and the moment it is accepted, the pardon is complete; in the other, although the righteousness of Christ is perfect in which the soul is to be clothed, yet the work of unfolding the heart to itself in its wants, and the unfolding of Christ to the heart from glory to glory, in his sympathizing love, and purifying presence and power, as the soul shall be prepared to go onward and upward from faith to faith, is a work of time and progress."

Now, does the author mean by this "analogy," that "conversion" or regeneration are synonymous with justification? that all that is done for us, when we are converted, is a pardon of our past sins? We hardly think this can be his only conception of this wonderful change; and yet, we do not see how his language is capable of any other construction. According to that, second conversion is only another name for that expansion of spiritual vision by which Christ is discovered as a sanctifier;—the entering upon a life of faith in which Christ is "unfolded to the heart from glory to glory." If, however, when the soul is justified or pardoned, it is also born of God, renewed, sanctified, (though not wholly,) what propriety is there in calling an advanced stage of the same work, "second conversion?" The term, *entire sanctification*, suggested by the language of the apostle to the Thessalonians, would not, we are aware, be a correct substitute, as it would imply more than our author would be willing to allow. This, according to his view, is a life-long process, marked, it may be, by successive stages; but, when reached, like the "full corn in the ear," the soul must be gathered by the angel reapers into the heavenly garner. Not so, Paul; else he would not have prayed that his brethren might be *preserved blameless*, unto the coming of the Lord.

— Another Bible term which the author eschews

is "*perfection*." This he regards as a stumbling-stone, deterring "many thousands in Christendom from gaining the higher heights and deeper depths of the knowledge and love of Jesus as a Savior from sin." If a stumbling-stone, we should bear in mind that it was put in our way by the Holy Ghost, and it is infinitely better to search after "the mind of the Spirit" in the terms it employs, than to reject or ignore them. If they have been abused or misapplied, it becomes us to show in what way, by explaining those passages where they occur; else, whatever illustrations of experience we may give to the contrary, the stumbling-stone will continue to exist and retard the soul in its progress whenever it reads in the Sacred Record such passages as this, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." If the state of grace enjoined in such passages is different from what our author describes under the title of "*second conversion*," "*full salvation*," or, "*the higher Christian life*," what is it? Surely, if a conscientious Christian, I cannot rest short of anything that the Scriptures enjoin, or Jesus has provided for.

Of the way in which these terms may prove a stumbling-stone, we have the following illustration, on pp. 70—72.

"This whole subject, experience and theory together, had been forced upon the attention of one who had been then three years or more a cheerful, decided, happy Christian. It was disagreeable to her, not because she was not anxious to gain all that such an one as she might reasonably hope for. Already she had found more in religion, than in all the round of the gay world most fully tried, and really enjoyed by her. The nectar of love, sipped from the lily of the valley and from the rose of Sharon, had been too sweet to her to be turned from with disgust, or disrelish even. But heresy! the fear of heresy! or of fanaticism, or extravagance! She shrank from the approach of anything threatening in the least to drive her into ultraism. She could not bear the thought of separating between herself and the Christian world, in which she had found such sweet and happy fellowship. Every book upon this subject was avoided. All conversation about it carefully eschewed. At last, however, in a leisure, and yet a sacred hour, one Sabbath morning, when kept from the house of prayer by slight illness, her eye fell upon the story of another's experience of this second conversion, or as he called it, Christian perfection. The version, or as he called it, Christian perfection. The narrative was simple, sincere, and truthful. She saw it to be true and real, and she saw it to be as blessed as true, and as necessary as blessed. In that hour her resolution was taken. She gave up her fears, resolved nobly to take the truth, and take with it whatever of loss or cross it might bring. The struggle was severe but short. The Lord graciously

led her to believe in Jesus most fully, and she found rest. Peace as a river, joy in its sweet fullness, love inexpressible flowed in from Christ the fountain, and she was beyond measure happy. Her conversion had been bright, but not brighter than this, her second conversion. At once the desire that all might know of this, the Christian's precious privilege, rose like the waters of a spring newly opened, filling her heart to the brim, and ready to overflow. She sought opportunity to make the matter known. But now arose a practical difficulty. What should she say she had experienced? A few friends were to meet socially, a parlor gathering, to talk by the way, of what the Lord had done for them in bringing them hitherto in their pilgrimage. She became perplexed, really distressed with the question, 'what shall I tell them?' 'Shall I tell them I have experienced entire sanctification? I never felt my unholiness more, or so much. Shall I say I have been made perfect? That would indeed prove me perverse, for I never saw my imperfection so clearly, or felt it so deeply. I see Christ a perfect Savior, and he is mine and all I want; but I am a perfect sinner, needing a perfect Savior indeed. I cannot say I am perfect. What then shall I say? for I must witness for Jesus. I must try and get others to trust fully in him.'

"In her perplexity she appealed for advice to a friend, who wisely counselled her that she had nothing at all to do with the question of perfection, least of all to profess herself to be perfect. She had only to tell what a sinner she herself was, and what a Savior she had found.

"This gave her relief at once and forever. And although now for many years she has been a constant, faithful, earnest, successful witness for Jesus, testifying the things, and none other than the things he has done for her, she has never felt herself under any necessity to profess Christian perfection, nor yet has she felt her joys and comforts, or her usefulness one jot the less for steering clear of that profession, but greater. She has the *liberty* as well as the *fulness* of the blessings of the gospel."

The stumbling-stone in the case here given, lay not in the term but in the misapprehension of the term, and a fear that it would convey more to the minds of others than this person intended. She acknowledges that Christ is a perfect Savior, and that that perfect Savior,—the great need of her soul, was hers—then indeed, she had a perfect salvation, or deliverance from moral defilement. It is true, she says, "I never felt my unholiness more, or so much;" but this cannot mean that she never had so much unholiness, but that she never had such a *sense*, such a *loathing* of the exceeding sinfulness of sin. This is felt, we admit, by every sanctified heart, but it is accompanied with the joyous sense of a present, complete, or perfect salvation. This is all we understand by Christian perfection, or perfection in Christ.

If the term is not generally so understood, let such words be employed when we testify, as shall convey a distinct idea of what God hath done for us, and we doubt not joy and peace will follow, and God will be honored as in the case above cited. But let us be careful, lest Satan incline us to reject terms because they are more or less obnoxious to those around us.

Another point on which we feel bound to take exceptions is, the distorted view given of the Wesleyan theory. We do not say that this is intentional, but it is, nevertheless, real. We have no denominational interests to subserve, and so far as the peculiarities of *Methodism* are concerned, we are perfectly willing that they should be rejected by those who cannot harmonize with them as helps in the Way of Life; but it seems to us unjust and calculated to lessen the influence of a denomination, to give partial or one-sided views of their faith on so cardinal a doctrine. The passages to which we refer, may be found on pp. 50—61. That our readers may see their bearing, we venture to give them entire. After showing how far all harmonize, our author thus states the differences:

"Now the differences are, first as to whether this experience is that of *entire, instantaneous sanctification* or not. Whether the instant the sinner is given up to Christ, to be 'Sanctified soul, body, and spirit, and preserved blameless until the coming of our Lord,' as the apostle prays that the Thessalonians may be, whether then the sinner is indeed, in that moment, made perfect in holiness or not. Or if not, whether in any proper sense he may be spoken of as perfect.

"Oberlinians affirm, in the case, absolute moral perfection.

"Wesleyans affirm a modified perfection called 'Christian.'

"Lutherans affirm neither, but deny both. Then as to terms descriptive of the experience, there is a corresponding difference.

"Oberlinians use freely and without qualification, the term '*entire sanctification*.'

"Wesleyans leave off the word, *entire* and call it '*sanctification*,' though their favorite names are '*Perfect love*' and '*Christian perfection*,' as modifying, and qualifying the idea of absolute perfection.

"Lutherans have discussed the experience less as a thing distinct, and therefore have known it less, and named it less distinctively, than either Wesleyans or Oberlinians.

"Cases of it have always occurred in every great awakening, and often also in solitary instances, in the furnace of affliction or under the special influences of sovereign grace and power. Such cases have generally received the convenient name '*second conversion*;' but in the standards, as in the

Westminster Assembly's Confession, it is called, '*The full assurance of grace and salvation*,' and elsewhere, '*The full assurance of faith*,' while in hymns it is often named, '*Full salvation*.'

"Now as to the reasons of these agreements and these differences, it will be easy to see them, if we scan the matter closely.

"All agree in the facts of the experience, because the facts themselves are in harmony in all cases. And all agree in the doctrine of sanctification by faith, because in every case, that is the great principle received experimentally in place of sanctification by works. And all agree that this experimental reception of Christ for sanctification is instantaneous, because it could not be otherwise. For in every change of one principle of action for another, however long the matter may be under consideration before hand, the change at last, when it does occur, must, from the nature of the case, be instantaneous.

"But while all agree in this, and thus far—just here the separation begins.

"Oberlinians look upon the soul's sanctification as complete, entire, wanting nothing, the instant Christ is accepted, for entire sanctification.

"Lutherans look upon this, the acceptance of Christ as the soul's sanctification, as the *entrance* merely upon the true and only way of being made holy, as the *first full discovery* of the real and the right way.

"Wesleyans take a middle view, indefinite, and therefore indefinable. They do not believe in the absolutely perfected holiness of the soul the instant it trusts fully in Jesus for holiness of heart. They freely admit that imperfections may and do still exist, while yet a sort of modified perfection is attained, as they think.

"Now what is the right and the truth of the matter? Exactly what is attained in this experience?

"Christ. Christ in all his fullness. Christ as all in all. Christ objectively and subjectively received and trusted in. That is all. And that is enough.

"But what as to holiness of heart? Nothing! Nothing but a sense of self-emptiness, and vileness, and helplessness. Nothing but a sense of unholiness, and a full consciousness that all efforts, and resolutions, and strugglings, and cries for holiness of heart, are just as vain as the attempts of a leopard or an Ethiopian to bathe white in any waters. This, with a sense of absolute dependence upon Christ for holiness of heart and life, just as for the forgiveness of sin is the sum and substance of the soul's attainment. At the same time, while this deep self-abasement and utter self-aborrence fills the soul, there is on the other hand just as deep a sense of the all-sufficiency and perfect loveliness of Christ, and a realization of the fulness of his love, and an assurance of his ability to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us. And a confidence that he *will* do it, according to the plan of God.

"Then what follows?

"Then follows the work according to our faith.

"By faith the soul is now placed in the hands of Christ, as the clay in the hands of the potter; and by faith, Christ is received by the soul as the potter, to mould it at his own sovereign will, into a vessel for the Master's own use and for the King's own table.

"By faith the soul now is opened as a mirror to the Master, and as in a crystal fount of unrippled face, the Master's image is taken in all its meekness and majesty.

"By faith the soul is put into the hands of Christ, like paper into the hands of the printer, to be unfolded, and softened, and printed, with all the glorious things of God. And by faith Christ is taken to the soul like an unopened book, title page read, it may be, and portrait frontispiece scanned and admired, but its leaves uncut, and its treasures of wisdom and knowledge all unexplored, all in reserve, to be gained by daily and hourly reading, in all after time.

"By the power of God, in the light of truth, a new starting point has been gained. A new and higher level has been reached, and in the new light all things take on a new loveliness, and from the new starting point the race becomes swifter and yet easier. A starting point it is, however, and not the goal reached, or the mark of the prize won. Let this be specially noted, and kept ever in mind. This being the case, it is easy to see why the Lutherans should reject the terms and ideas of perfection, as attained in this experience, for it is the beginning, not the end; only the entrance, fully and consciously, by the right principle, upon the process of sanctification—not sanctification completed.

"When a man, sick unto death, has become fully convinced of the utter hopelessness of his case in his own hands, and thrown away every remedy devised by himself, or recommended by his friends, and sent for a physician who has wisdom to understand, and skill to heal his disease, it would be folly to say that at the moment his case was entrusted to the physician, his cure was complete. So in the Lutheran view, the transfer and the trust of the soul, for the whole work of sanctification by the Holy Spirit, is but the first effectual step in the work. It is the door of the way fairly entered, and the way clearly perceived. So much, no more. The goal and the crown are yonder in the glorious future, and in the open vision and unveiled presence of the King immortal and eternal—but as yet invisible—the only wise God our Savior.

"And it is also easy to see why the Wesleyans reject the idea of absolute perfection attained in the experience, for they see and know that, according to their standard of sinless obedience, it is not true. While at the same time, it is easy to see how the fact that it is an experimental apprehension of the true way of sanctification, together with the desire to give the experience a distinctive name, has led to the adoption of such terms as '*Christian perfection*,' and '*Perfect love*,' with a disclaimer of any profession of sinless perfection or absolute angelic holiness of heart and life."

If we understand our author, the faith which the term "*second conversion*" implies is not an *appropriating* faith; it in no way makes the blood of Christ available to my heart *now*, but only sees him as the sanctifier of his people in the *future*. It is not a faith that *he doeth it*, but that *he will do it*. It seems a mystery to us how Christ can be "*attained*" by the soul "*in all his fulness*," and yet *nothing* be attained as to holiness of heart. But let this pass.

The Wesleyan theory, as here given, is indeed indefinite. Had our author stated what they (the Wesleyans) mean, by the imperfections that they allow may, and must exist with the highest attainments in holiness in this life, he would have given his readers a better opportunity to judge of what he means by a *modified* perfection. Mr. Wesley's views are thus given in his works, vol. vi: pp. 500-1.

"QUESTION. What is Christian perfection?"

"ANSWER. The loving God with all our heart, mind, soul, and strength. This implies, that no wrong temper, none contrary to love, remains in the soul; and that all the thoughts, words, and actions, are governed by pure love.

"Q. Do you affirm, that this perfection excludes all infirmities, ignorance, and mistake?"

"A. I continually affirm quite the contrary, and always have done so.

"Q. But how can every thought, word, and work, be governed by pure love, and the man be subject at the same time to ignorance and mistake?"

"A. I see no contradiction here: 'A man may be filled with pure love, and still be liable to mistake.' Indeed, I do not expect to be freed from actual mistakes till this mortal puts on immortality. I believe this to be a natural consequence of the soul's dwelling in flesh and blood. For we cannot now think at all, but by the mediation of those bodily organs which have suffered equally with the rest of our frame. And hence we cannot avoid sometimes thinking wrong, till this corruptible shall put on incorruption.

"But we may carry this thought farther yet. A mistake in judgment may possibly occasion a mistake in practice. For instance: Mr. De Renty's mistake touching the nature of mortification, arising from prejudice of education, occasioned that practical mistake, his wearing an iron girdle. And a thousand such instances there may be, even in those who are in the highest state of grace. Yet, where every word and action springs from love, such a mistake is not properly a sin. However, it cannot bear the rigor of God's justice, but needs the atoning blood.

"Q. What was the judgment of all our brethren who met at Bristol, in August, 1758, on this head?"

"A. It was expressed in these words:

1. "Every one may mistake as long as he lives.
2. "A mistake in opinion may occasion a mistake in practice.

3. "Every such mistake is a transgression of the perfect law. Therefore,

4. "Every such mistake, were it not for the blood of atonement, would expose to eternal damnation.

5. "It follows, that the most perfect have continual need of the merits of Christ, even for their actual transgressions; and may say for themselves, as well as for their brethren, 'Forgive us our transgressions.'

"This easily accounts for what might otherwise seem to be utterly unaccountable; namely, that those who are not offended when we speak of the highest degree of love, yet will not bear of living without sin. The reason is, they know all men are liable to mistake, and that in practice as well as in judgment. But they do not know, or do not observe, that this is not sin, if love is the sole principle of action.

"Q. But still, if they live without sin, does not this exclude the necessity of a Mediator? At least is it not plain that they stand no longer in need of Christ in his priestly office?

"A. Far from it. None feel their need of Christ like these; none so entirely depend upon him. For Christ does not give life to the soul separate from but in and with, himself. Hence his words are equally true of all men, in whatever state of grace they are: 'As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me: without' (or separate from) 'me ye can do nothing.'

"In every state we need Christ in the following respects.

1. "Whatever grace we receive, it is a free gift from him.

2. "We receive it as his purchase, merely in consideration of the price he paid.

3. "We have this grace, not only from Christ, but in him. For our perfection is not like that of a tree, which flourishes by the sap derived from its own root, but, as was said before, like that of a branch which, united to the vine, bears fruit; but severed from it, is dried up and withered.

4. "All our blessings, temporal, spiritual, and eternal, depend on his intercession for us, which is one branch of his priestly office, whereof therefore we have always equal need.

5. "The best of men still need Christ in his priestly office, to atone for their omissions, their shortcomings, (as some not improperly speak,) their mistakes in judgment and practice, and their defects of various kinds. For these are all deviations from the perfect law, and consequently need an atonement. Yet that they are not properly sins, we apprehend may appear from the words of St. Paul, 'He that loveth, hath fulfilled the law; for love is the fulfilling of the law,' Rom. xiii. 10. Now, mistakes, and whatever infirmities necessarily flow from the corruptible state of the body, are no way contrary to love; nor, therefore, in the Scripture sense, sin.

"To explain myself a little farther on this head:

1. "Not only sin, properly so called, (that is, a voluntary transgression of a known law,) but sin, im-

properly so called, (that is, an involuntary transgression of a divine law, known or unknown,) needs the atoning blood.

2. "I believe there is no such perfection in this life as excludes these involuntary transgressions, which I apprehend to be naturally consequent on the ignorance and mistakes inseparable from mortality.

3. "Therefore *sinless perfection* is a phrase I never use, lest I should seem to contradict myself.

4. "I believe, a person filled with the love of God is still liable to these involuntary transgressions.

5. "Such transgressions you may call sins, if you please: I do not, for the reasons above mentioned

It will be seen by these extracts, that the imperfections allowed by Mr. Wesley do not involve guilt; that the reason he hesitated to employ the term *sinless* perfection, was that his meaning might be misapprehended; but so far from denying entire sanctification or holiness to those fully trusting in Jesus, he constantly reiterates it; and though our author charges him and his followers with dropping the word "*entire*," it is well known by those acquainted with Methodist writers, that this prefix is insisted on, as distinguishing this grace from that wrought at conversion; indeed, he himself admits this on page 41, though he strangely forgets himself and denies it in the foregoing extract. Mr. Wesley, it is true, denied this perfection to be absolute. "Absolute perfection belongs not to man, nor to angels, but to God alone." But if we cannot be absolutely (independently) perfect or holy, we may be perfect in Christ—hence the term *Christian* perfection—a term used not so much to denote the completeness or incompleteness of this state of grace, as the source from whence it derives its life. And in what, let us ask, does this differ from what our author calls "the right and the truth of the matter?" Simply in this. The Wesleyan believes that when the soul fully commits itself to Christ by a perfect faith, he (Christ) imparts himself in such a sense, that his holiness and purity is made available to that soul, so that the heavenly bridegroom can look with complacency on the bride, and say, "Thou art all fair, my love,"—not apart from him, but in him. It is impossible to explain the mystic union—but the result of that union is a fact that scripture and experience attest. Our author makes this a gradual development attained by slow stages, and "gained only in the glorious future," when "the goal is reached, and the mark of the prize won;"—while the Wesleyan insists that it does not require a lifetime for the Great Physician to effect a perfect

cure; that the atonement is co-extensive with sin, and when that is cast out, the soul will be in a condition to grow more rapidly in the knowledge of Christ, and in the development of grace;—a growth begun on earth, but to continue through the ages of eternity.

The last objection that we shall refer to, touches a point more fatal in its consequences. Were we to give it a name, we should call it, an attributing to Satan suggestions which we believe often emanate from the Spirit of God. The following extract will make our meaning more apparent. The author is speaking of the distorted notions with which Satan plies the soul who would enter upon a life of entire consecration, as to what that state implies.

“ ‘Would you be a whole-souled disciple of Christ,’ he says, ‘Your person:—You will have to conform all your personal habits to a rigid rule first of all. You must put on the straight jacket of propriety tight-laced. It would ill become one wholly consecrated to God to wear ornaments or elegancies. Gold and jewelry and costly array must be wholly eschewed. Luxuries of the table must never be touched; superfluities, like tea and coffee, and everything else but the coarsest fare must be let alone, or rather denounced as a wicked waste of money.

“Your reading must be solidly and only religious. Your associates must be Christians only, and those the best. Your conversation should never be gay. Your face should be solemn and your words measured. You should never smile yourself or cause others to do it. Every garment, every movement, every word, every tone of your voice, should tell all around you that you are holy in no common degree.

“Then as to your home: carpets and curtains, parlor ornaments and table elegancies, would ill become one who professes to be wholly given up to the Lord.

“Bare floors, hard chairs, plain tables and mirrors, no pictures or expensive works of art, no elegant books, no costly comforts, but everything the plainest and cheapest, would better suit your professions. It would never do for you to own fine carriages and splendid horses, or spend money and time in ornamenting your grounds.”

To all this, and more of a like kind, our author says:

“There is no where in the Bible one single line or precept of rigid requirement binding the Christian to any rigid rules about living and dress, or anything of the sort. Much less a single word, making such things a condition of salvation, whether of justification or sanctification. Christ is the free gift of God to sinners, and all who believe in him really and truly will be saved, whether arrayed like Solomon in his glory, in purple and gold, or like John the Baptist, in a coarse garment, with a leathern girdle; and whether, like Solomon, living in palaces of marble, upon the delicacies of every clime, amid the spicery

of the south and the jewels of the east, and the splendors of pencil and chisel, or living in a cave in the wilderness, upon locusts and wild honey, as did the greatest of all the prophets.

“The kingdom of God is not in meat and drinks, nor in broadcloth and satins, or plate and perfumery, and jewels, nor in the absence of these things.”

Here, in our judgment, is a mixing up of truth with error, which cannot fail to perplex and mislead. We readily concede that Christ is the only *Savior*. But may not some of this very self-indulgence described in the foregoing, be an obstacle in the way of our coming to Christ. We read of one who was hindered by “his great possessions,” and yet we would not conclude from this that the requirement to “go and sell all that he had,” applies to every one. Covetousness, the “tap root” sin, could never have been destroyed in that heart so long as it had “great possessions” to feed upon; but with others the obstruction may be in another direction. The creatures of God are all good when rightly used; but we very much doubt whether the epicure would find Christ as a Sanctifier, while “feeding upon the delicacies of every clime;” or the vain and proud while nourishing the accursed sin by ornament and display. It is true that the Scriptures do not specify how much of the world I may use, and yet they do teach me to mortify my members that are upon the earth; “to come out from the world and be separate;” and whether I eat, drink, or whatsoever I do, to do all to the glory of God. Among those things which will be to his glory, because, in his sight it is of great price, they specify that our adorning be not an “outward adorning,” but “the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.” If consecration to Christ has nothing to do with these matters, we see not in what respects such are distinguished from the world. That we may be driven to extremes by Satan’s suggestions, is too palpable to be denied—but while we guard well this point, let us beware lest our adversary succeeds in stifling convictions which the Spirit of God produces in every enlightened conscience. The danger of the present day is in worldly conformity. It is this that has paralyzed the faith of the Christian church, and prevented her from putting on her strength. We know that the Scriptures give no rigid rule about living or dress, and we see the fitness of the omission. A rule that would apply to one would not apply to another, Providence having placed us in varied

circumstances and endowed us with different temperaments. But into every individual conscience the Spirit of God pours light, and if we walk in that light the blood of Jesus Christ will cleanse us from all sin. If we are in doubt as to duty, let us ask wisdom of God, who giveth liberally, and he will not allow our minds to be perplexed by Satanic suggestions. The way to become the Lord's freemen, is not merely to be free from the trammels of these trivial questions, as our author intimates, but to be free from that bondage to which "these questions" point. Let the man of the world be made free from the love of the world, from the spirit of the world, a liberty which Christ alone can effect for him, THEN SHALL HE BE FREE INDEED.

With some such defects, the book has numberless excellencies, some of which we may give in future issues. The price of the work is \$1.00. We will forward it, *free of postage*, on receiving the retail price.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

BEREAVEMENT.—The critical condition of our eldest daughter was referred to in our last issue; since then it has pleased God to take her to himself. We are too well persuaded of his merciful design, not to acquiesce fully in his will; and yet, we are free to admit that never but once has the blow fallen so heavily. We pray that this chastening may prove a means of rendering us and ours larger "partakers of his holiness," and as a natural result, of drawing us into closer sympathy with the "unseen and eternal." Beloved, will you join us in this request, when

"Though sundered far, by faith we meet,
Around one common mercy seat?"

BOOKSELLERS.—We are exceedingly desirous of extending our medium for the circulation of books. To effect this, we would send, if we but knew their address, circulars to the general trade throughout the Union. The friends of the Guide could aid us very materially in this matter if they would, when writing on business, send us the names of Booksellers in their respective localities. As we shall now be receiving letters from all parts of the country, we affectionately beg our friends to keep this in mind. It may give them a little trouble, but the cause of holiness will be advanced by

it, and this should swallow up every other consideration. In sending us this information, our friends will oblige us by appending an A. B. (*All Books*) to the names of those who deal in nothing but books; and a P. B. (*Part Books*) if their trade is divided between books and something else.

GUIDE COVER.—We beg our readers to peruse with attention the advertisements, etc. on the cover. The new books just published; the premiums offered to new subscribers; notices, etc. etc., are all deserving of special attention at this season of the year.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE CONVERSION OF A SKEPTIC: A MEMOIR OF THE BAR. By Rev. MAXWELL P. GADDIS. Cincinnati, Ohio: Swormstedt and Poe.

We love to peruse Religious Biography. We not only find in it more or less of incident to interest, but always much in the delineation of character to profit. The book before us contains a biographical sketch of Mr. Charles R. Baldwin; in early life a skeptic, but transformed by the power of Divine grace into a useful and faithful minister of Jesus. The author exhibits much judgment in the selection and arrangement of his materials, and has furnished altogether a very readable book.

STAND UP FOR JESUS; a Christian Ballad, with Notes, nine Pictorial Illustrations, and three pieces of Music. Philadelphia: T. H. STOCKTON, No. 1400 Chestnut Street.

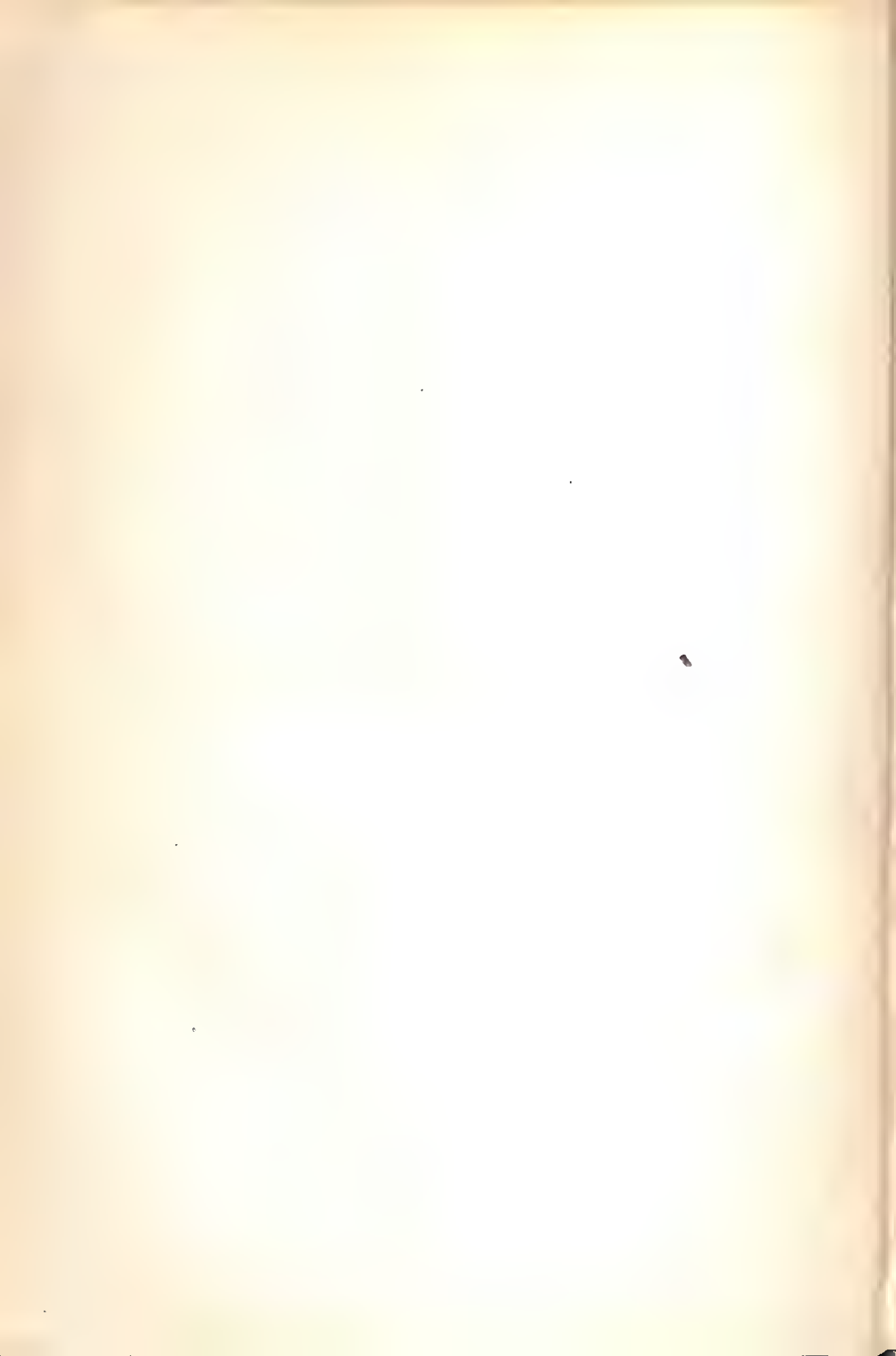
The ballad itself has been so extensively copied by the press, that its merits are generally known. It is a GEM put up in a beautiful *casket*. The engravings are of the first class, and the whole thing is got up with remarkable taste. Price, fancy cloth, 50 cents; paper, 40 cents. Sent by mail, *post paid*. Address the publisher at Philadelphia.

ROLLO IN ROME, by JACOB ABBOTT. Boston: Brown, Taggard and Chase. For sale also by J. P. Magee.

This completes the series of "Rollo's Tour in Europe." Few men have exhibited more skill in combining the useful with the entertaining than Mr. Abbott. His books always have been and always will be, as long as they are known, a source of attraction to the young.







DREW UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

